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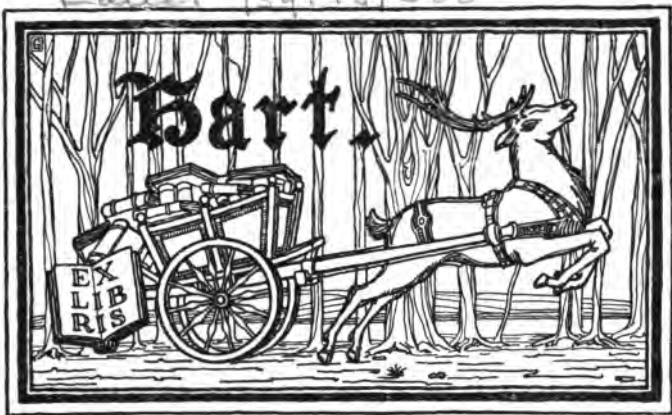
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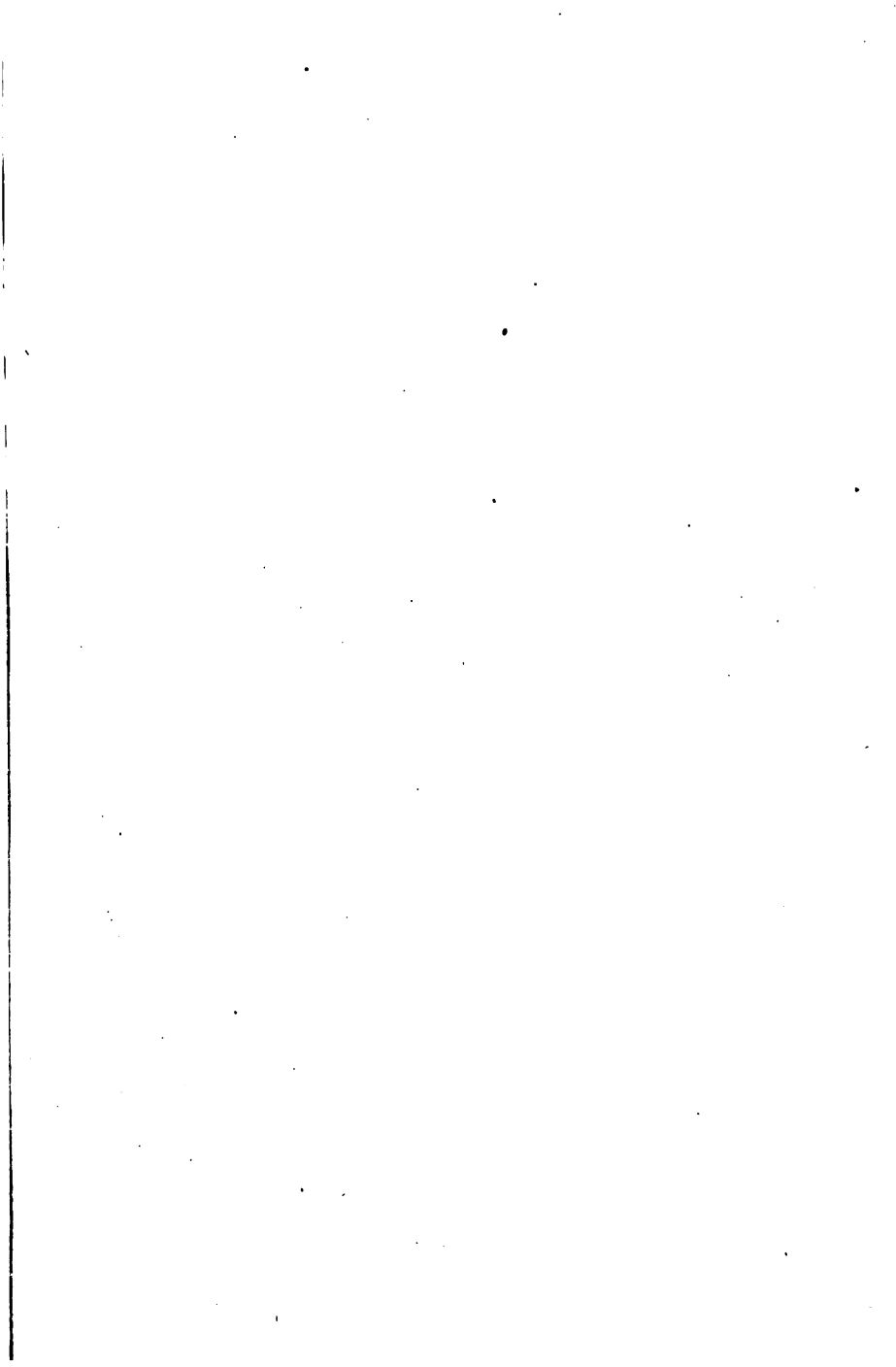
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THE HOME AND COUNTRY  
READERS

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BOOK THREE

## **The Home and Country Readers**

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**BOOK I, 65 cents**

**BOOK II, 65 cents**

**BOOK III, 65 cents**

**BOOK IV, 65 cents**







PIONEERS





PIONEERS



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## FOREWORD

THE presentation of a collection of special literature such as that contained in the Home and Country Readers would be opportune at any time ; it is doubly opportune just now. The need of educating and intensifying an appreciation of the home as a universal institution absolutely essential to the well-being of individuals and the soundness of our national life ; the need of a re-birth of devotion, of resolute determination such as once enveloped and established at untold sacrifice those principles of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity, and human progress which are the very foundation of our democracy ; these needs are more clearly and adequately recognized to-day than they have been at any time in a generation. To meet these needs the Home and Country Readers are admirably adapted.

Appreciation of Home and Country requires the education of the heart. The feelings must be aroused, the emotions must be stirred, the will must be challenged, in support of the ideals of Home and Country. Such is the peculiar function of the literature of inspiration that these books present. This literature, which forms the larger part of the collection, finds appropriate accompaniment in the highest book of the series in several selections of practical information by foremost authorities on the building, furnishing, managing, and hygiene of the home.

I foresee a double service that these books may render. They may be used advantageously in grammar grades, in intermediate or junior high schools; in pre-vocational and vocational schools; in short, in any type of school enrolling boys and girls of ten to sixteen years of age: but they may also be used with equal advantage in schools and classes whose function it is to instruct adult foreigners. It is, indeed, important that our adult foreign residents acquire literacy; but it is far more important that they be taught to appreciate, to espouse, to support loyally the ideals of the nation that is affording them a livelihood, protection, and priceless advantages and opportunities.

The long, varied, and always eminently successful experience that the author of the collection and compiler of the literature of these Readers has enjoyed; her own keen and loyal appreciation of Home and Country that she here presents; her pedagogic wisdom and instructional skill, give ample assurance concerning all important details of gradation, arrangement, and presentation.

FRANK E. SPAULDING.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL, 1918.



## PREFACE

THE Home and Country Readers are textbooks in patriotism.

The purpose of the Home and Country Readers is to quicken and intensify love and appreciation of Home and of America by presenting to pupils :

(a) Literature that describes home life and home friends with charm and distinction ;

(b) Inspiring stories and poems upon American Ideals as they are symbolized in the American Flag and as they influence daily life ;

(c) Dramatizations : Scenes that suggest the good home as the institution upon which civilization is based.

(d) Interesting and significant stories and poems of Outdoor Life.

One of the most hopeful signs of modern times is the quickening of an American spirit that is intensely loyal, having abounding hope and faith in American institutions, and that yet is very humble, in view of the tremendous opportunities and responsibilities of America in the great World Family.

The strongest of America's bulwarks is the American Home. It is the Home, also, that is a beacon light, shining serenely and steadily in the midst of the fog

and vapors caused by doubts, perplexities and questionings.

It is the hope of the compiler of this series of Home and Country Readers that by presenting Home and America through the word pictures of writers who can charm and stimulate, American boys and girls may be led to feel a greater reverence for their home and country and a greater desire to render them good service.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GRATEFUL acknowledgment for encouragement and help in preparing this series is due to Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. James R. McDonald, Educational Manager for Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company, and Miss Mabel C. Bragg, Assistant Superintendent of Schools at Newton, Massachusetts.

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Thanks are also due to Mr. John Alcott for consent to the use of the charming stories by Louisa M. Alcott which contribute so materially to the excellence of this collection.

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## HYMN OF AMERICAN PIONEERS

Have the elder races halted ?  
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied there be-  
yond the seas ?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the  
lesson,

Pioneers ! O Pioneers !

All the pulses of the world,  
Falling in, they beat for us, with the western movement  
beat ;  
Holding single or together, steady moving, all for us,  
Pioneers ! O Pioneers !

\* \* \* \*

Has the night descended black ?  
Was the road of late so toilsome ? Did we lag there  
on our way ?  
Yet a passing hour I yield you, in your tracks to pause  
oblivious,  
Pioneers ! O Pioneers !

Till with sound of trumpet-peal,  
Far, far off the day-break call — hark ! how clear I  
hear it wind ;  
Swift ! Spring forward to your places ! — Swift ! and  
bear the brunt of danger,  
Pioneers ! O Pioneers !

— *Walt Whitman.*

# THE HOME AND COUNTRY READERS

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## BOOK III

### SERVICE

America was born into the world to do mankind's service, and no man is an American in whom the desire to do mankind's service does not take precedence over the desire to serve himself. If I believed that the might of America was any threat to any free man in the world I would wish America to be weak. But I believe the might of America is the might of righteous purpose and of a sincere love for the freedom of mankind.

Let us see to it that America has the kind of government that matches her ancient ideals, that every time we look at the flag that symbolizes our unity and our nationality we shall have a fresh thrill with the thought that we have not deceived mankind, that we have set up liberty and justice, that we have shown the way to the emancipation of mankind from that which is evil and wrong and of bad repute.

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

## HOME LIFE AND HOME PLEASURES

## PLAYING PILGRIMS

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

"It's so dreadful to be poor!" sighed Meg, looking down at her old dress.

"I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all," added little Amy, with an injured sniff.

"We've got father and mother and each other," said Beth contentedly, from her corner.

The four young faces on which the firelight shone brightened at the cheerful words, but darkened again as Jo said sadly :

"We haven't got father, and shall not have him for a long time." She didn't say "perhaps never", but each silently added it, thinking of father far away where the fighting was.

Nobody spoke for a minute; then Meg said in an altered tone :

"You know the reason mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas was because it is going to be a hard winter for every one; and she thinks we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army. We can't do much, but we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I am afraid I don't"; and Meg shook her head, as she thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted.

"But I don't think the little we should spend would do any good. We've each got a dollar, and the army wouldn't be much helped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy 'Undine and Sintram' for myself; I've wanted it so long," said Jo, who was a bookworm.

"I planned to spend mine in new music," said Beth, with a little sigh, which no one heard but the hearth-brush and kettle-holder.

"I shall get a nice box of drawing-pencils; I really need them," said Amy decidedly.

"Mother didn't say anything about our money, and she won't wish us to give up everything. Let's each buy what we want, and have a little fun; I'm sure we work hard enough to earn it," cried Jo, examining the heels of her shoes in a gentlemanly manner.

"I know *I* do, — teaching those tiresome children nearly all day, when I'm longing to enjoy myself at home," began Meg, in the complaining tone again.

"You don't have half such a hard time as I do," said Jo. "How would you like to be shut up for hours with a nervous, fussy old lady, who keeps you trotting, is never satisfied, and worries you till you're ready to fly out of the window or cry?"

"It's naughty to fret; but I do think washing dishes and keeping things tidy is the worst work in the world. It makes me cross; and my hands get so stiff, I can't practise well at all"; and Beth looked at her rough hands with a sigh that any one could hear that time.

"I don't believe any of you suffer as I do," cried Amy; "for you don't have to go to school with im-

pertinent girls, who plague you if you don't know your lessons, and laugh at your dresses, and label your father if he isn't rich, and insult you when your nose isn't nice."

"If you mean libel, I'd say so, and not talk about labels, as if papa was a pickle-bottle," advised Jo, laughing.

"I know what I mean, and you needn't be *statirical* about it. It's proper to use good words, and improve your *vocabulary*," returned Amy, with dignity.

"Don't peck at one another, children. Don't you wish we had the money papa lost when we were little, Jo? Dear me! how happy and good we'd be, if we had no worries!" said Meg, who could remember better times.

"You said, the other day, you thought we were a deal happier than the King children, for they were fighting and fretting all the time, in spite of their money."

"So I did, Beth. Well, I think we are; for, though we do have to work, we make fun for ourselves, and are a pretty jolly set, as Jo would say."

"Jo does use such slang words!" observed Amy, with a reproving look at the long figure stretched on the rug. Jo immediately sat up, put her hands in her pockets, and began to whistle.

"Don't, Jo; it's so boyish!"

"That's why I do it."

"I detest rude, unladylike girls!"

"I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits!"

"Birds in their little nests agree," sang Beth, the peace-maker, with such a funny face that both sharp

voices softened to a laugh, and the "pecking" ended for that time.

"Really, girls, you are both to be blamed," said Meg, beginning to lecture in her elder-sisterly fashion. "You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave better, Josephine. It didn't matter so much when you were a little girl; but now you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady."

"I'm not! and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty," cried Jo, pulling off her net, and shaking down a chestnut mane. "I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a China aster! It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boys' games and work and manners! I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy; and it's worse than ever now, for I'm dying to go and fight with papa, and I can only stay at home and knit, like a poky old woman!" And Jo shook the blue army sock till the needles rattled like castanets, and her ball bounded across the room.

"Poor Jo! It's too bad, but it can't be helped; so you must try to be contented with making your name boyish, and playing brother to us girls," said Beth, stroking the rough head at her knee with a hand that all the dish-washing and dusting in the world could not make ungente in its touch.

"As for you, Amy," continued Meg, "you are altogether too particular and prim. Your airs are funny now; but you'll grow up an affected little goose, if you don't take care. I like your nice manners and



refined ways of speaking, when you don't try to be elegant; but your absurd words are as bad as Jo's slang."

"If Jo is a tomboy and Amy a goose, what am I, please?" asked Beth, ready to share the lecture.

"You're a dear, and nothing else," answered Meg warmly; and no one contradicted her, for the "Mouse" was the pet of the family.

As young readers like to know "how people look", we will take this moment to give them a little sketch of the four sisters, who sat knitting away in the twilight, while the December snow fell quietly without, and the fire crackled cheerfully within. It was a comfortable old room, though the carpet was faded and the furniture very plain; for a good picture or two hung on the walls, books filled the recesses, chrysanthemums and Christmas roses bloomed in the windows, and a pleasant atmosphere of home peace pervaded it.

Margaret, the eldest of the four, was sixteen, and very pretty, being plump and fair, with large eyes, plenty of soft brown hair, a sweet mouth, and white hands, of which she was rather vain. Fifteen-year-old Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt; for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes, which appeared to see everything and were by turns fierce, funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty; but it was usually bundled into a net, to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, big hands and feet, a fly-away look

to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman, and didn't like it. Elizabeth — or Beth, as every one called her — was a rosy, smooth-haired, bright-eyed girl of thirteen, with a shy manner, a timid voice, and a peaceful expression, which was seldom disturbed. Her father called her "Little Tranquillity", and the name suited her excellently; for she seemed to live in a happy world of her own, only venturing out to meet the few whom she trusted and loved. Amy, though the youngest, was a most important person, — in her own opinion at least. A regular snow-maiden, with blue eyes, and yellow hair curling on her shoulders, pale and slender, and always carrying herself like a young lady mindful of her manners.

The clock struck six; and, having swept up the hearth, Beth put a pair of slippers down to warm. Somehow the sight of the old shoes had a good effect upon the girls; for mother was coming, and every one brightened to welcome her. Meg stopped lecturing, and lighted the lamp; Amy got out of the easy-chair without being asked, and Jo forgot how tired she was as she sat up to hold the slippers nearer to the blaze.

"They are quite worn out; Marmee must have a new pair."

"I thought I'd get her some with my dollar," said Beth.

"No, I shall!" cried Amy.

"I'm the oldest," began Meg, but Jo cut in with a decided —

"I'm the man of the family now papa is away, and

*I shall provide the slippers, for he told me to take special care of mother while he was gone."*

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Beth; "let's each get her something for Christmas, and not get anything for ourselves."

"That's like you, dear! What will we get?" exclaimed Jo.

Every one thought soberly for a minute; then Meg announced, as if the idea was suggested by the sight of her own pretty hands, "I shall give her a nice pair of gloves."

"Army shoes, best to be had," cried Jo.

"Some handkerchiefs, all hemmed," said Beth.

"I'll get a little bottle of cologne; she likes it, and it won't cost much, so I'll have some left to buy my pencils," added Amy.

"How will we give the things?" asked Meg.

"Put them on the table, and bring her in and see her open the bundles. Don't you remember how we used to do on our birthdays?" answered Jo.

"I used to be so frightened when it was my turn to sit in the big chair with the crown on, and see you all come marching round to give the presents, with a kiss. I liked the things and the kisses, but it was dreadful to have you sit looking at me while I opened the bundles," said Beth, who was toasting her face and the bread for tea, at the same time.

"Let Marmee think we are getting things for ourselves, and then surprise her. We must go shopping to-morrow afternoon, Meg; there is so much to do about the play for Christmas night," said Jo, marching up and down, with her hands behind her back and her nose in the air.

"I don't mean to act any more after this time; I'm getting too old for such things," observed Meg, who was as much a child as ever about "dressing-up" frolics.

"You won't stop, I know, as long as you can trail round in a white gown with your hair down, and wear gold-paper jewelry. You are the best actress we've got, and there'll be an end of everything if you quit the boards," said Jo. "We ought to rehearse to-night. Come here, Amy, and do the fainting scene, for you are as stiff as a poker in that."

"I can't help it; I never saw any one faint, and I don't choose to make myself all black and blue, tumbling flat as you do. If I can go down easily, I'll drop; if I can't, I shall fall into a chair and be graceful; I don't care if Hugo does come at me with a pistol," returned Amy, who was not gifted with dramatic power, but was chosen because she was small enough to be borne out shrieking by the villain of the piece.

"Do it this way; clasp your hands so, and stagger across the room, crying frantically, 'Roderigo! Save me! Save me!'" and away went Jo, with a melodramatic scream which was truly thrilling.

Amy followed, but she poked her hands out stiffly before her, and jerked herself along as if she went by machinery; and her "Ow!" was more suggestive of pins being run into her than of fear and anguish. Jo gave a despairing groan, and Meg laughed outright, while Beth let her bread burn as she watched the fun with interest.

"It's no use! Do the best you can when the time comes, and if the audience laugh, don't blame me. Come on, Meg."

Then things went smoothly, for Don Pedro defied the world in a speech of two pages without a single break; Hagar, the witch, chanted an awful incantation over her kettleful of simmering toads, with weird effect; Roderigo rent his chains asunder manfully, and Hugo died in agonies of remorse and arsenic, with a wild "Ha! ha!"

"It's the best we've had yet," said Meg, as the dead villain sat up and rubbed his elbows.

"I don't see how you can write and act such splendid things, Jo. You're a regular Shakespeare!" exclaimed Beth, who firmly believed that her sisters were gifted with wonderful genius in all things.

"Not quite," replied Jo modestly. "I do think 'The Witch's Curse, an Operatic Tragedy,' is rather a nice thing; but I'd like to try Macbeth, if we only had a trap-door for Banquo. I always wanted to do the killing part. 'Is that a dagger that I see before me?'" muttered Jo, rolling her eyes and clutching at the air, as she had seen a famous tragedian do.

"No, it's the toasting-fork, with mother's shoe on it instead of the bread. Beth's stage-struck!" cried Meg, and the rehearsal ended in a general burst of laughter.

"Glad to find you so merry, my girls," said a cheery voice at the door, and actors and audience turned to welcome a tall, motherly lady, with a "can-I-help-you" look about her which was truly delightful. She was not elegantly dressed, but a noble-looking woman, and the girls thought the gray cloak and unfashionable bonnet covered the most splendid mother in the world.

"Well, dearies, how have you got on to-day? There was so much to do, getting the boxes ready to go to-morrow, that I didn't come home to dinner. Has any one called, Beth? How is your cold, Meg? Jo, you look tired to death. Come and kiss me, baby."

While making these maternal inquiries Mrs. March got her wet things off, her warm slippers on, and sitting down in the easy-chair, drew Amy to her lap, preparing to enjoy the happiest hour of her busy day. The girls flew about, trying to make things comfortable, each in her own way. Meg arranged the tea-table; Jo brought wood and set chairs, dropping, overturning, and clattering everything she touched; Beth trotted to and fro between parlor and kitchen, quiet and busy; while Amy gave directions to every one, as she sat with her hands folded.

As they gathered about the table, Mrs. March said, with a particularly happy face, "I've got a treat for you after supper."

A quick, bright smile went round like a streak of sunshine. Beth clapped her hands, regardless of the biscuit she held, and Jo tossed up her napkin, crying, "A letter! a letter! Three cheers for father!"

"Yes, a nice long letter. He is well, and thinks he shall get through the cold season better than we feared. He sends all sorts of loving wishes for Christmas, and an especial message to you girls," said Mrs. March, patting her pocket as if she had got a treasure there.

"Hurry and get done! Don't stop to quirk your little finger, and simper over your plate, Amy," cried Jo, choking in her tea, and dropping her bread, butter side down, on the carpet, in her haste to get at the treat.

Beth ate no more, but crept away, to sit in her shadowy corner and brood over the delight to come, till the others were ready.

"I think it was so splendid in father to go as a chaplain when he was too old to be drafted, and not strong enough for a soldier," said Meg warmly.

"Don't I wish I could go as a drummer, a *vivan* — what's its name? or a nurse, so I could be near him and help him," exclaimed Jo, with a groan.

"It must be very disagreeable to sleep in a tent, and eat all sorts of bad-tasting things, and drink out of a tin mug," sighed Amy.

"When will he come home, Marmee?" asked Beth, with a little quiver in her voice.

"Not for many months, dear, unless he is sick. He will stay and do his work faithfully as long as he can, and we won't ask for him back a minute sooner than he can be spared. Now come and hear the letter."

They all drew to the fire, mother in the big chair with Beth at her feet, Meg and Amy perched on either arm of the chair, and Jo leaning on the back, where no one would see any sign of emotion if the letter should happen to be touching. Very few letters were written in those hard times that were not touching, especially those which fathers sent home. In this one little was said of the hardships endured, the dangers faced, or the homesickness conquered; it was a cheerful, hopeful letter, full of lively descriptions of camp life, marches, and military news; and only at the end did the writer's heart overflow with fatherly love and longing for the little girls at home.

"Give them all my dear love and a kiss. Tell them

I think of them by day, pray for them by night, and find my best comfort in their affection at all times. A year seems very long to wait before I see them, but remind them that while we wait we may all work, so that these hard days need not be wasted. I know they will remember all I said to them, that they will be loving children to you, will do their duty faithfully, fight their bosom enemies bravely, and conquer themselves so beautifully that when I come back to them I may be fonder and prouder than ever of my little women."

Everybody sniffed when they came to that part; Jo wasn't ashamed of the great tear that dropped off the end of her nose, and Amy never minded the rumpling of her curls as she hid her face on her mother's shoulder and sobbed out, "*I am* a selfish girl! but I'll truly try to be better, so he mayn't be disappointed in me by and by."

"We all will!" cried Meg. "I think too much of my looks, and hate to work, but won't any more, if I can help it."

"I'll try and be what he loves to call me, 'a little woman', and not be rough and wild; but do my duty here instead of wanting to be somewhere else," said Jo, thinking that keeping her temper at home was a much harder task than facing a fighter or two.

Beth said nothing, but wiped away her tears with the blue army sock, and began to knit with all her might, losing no time in doing the duty that lay nearest her, while she resolved in her quiet little soul to be all that father hoped to find her when the year brought round the happy coming home.



Mrs. March broke the silence that followed Jo's words, by saying in her cheery voice, "Do you remember how you used to play Pilgrim's Progress when you were little things? Nothing delighted you more than to have me tie my piece-bags on your backs for burdens, give you hats and sticks and rolls of paper, and let you travel through the house from the cellar, which was the City of Destruction, up, up, to the house-top, where you had all the lovely things you could collect to make a Celestial City."

"What fun it was, especially going by the lions, fighting Apollyon, and passing through the Valley where the hob-goblins were!" said Jo.

"I liked the place where the bundles fell off and tumbled downstairs," said Meg.

"My favorite part was when we came out on the flat roof where our flowers and arbors and pretty things were, and all stood and sang for joy up there in the sunshine," said Beth, smiling, as if that pleasant moment had come back to her.

"I don't remember much about it, except that I was afraid of the cellar and the dark entry, and always liked the cake and milk we had up at the top. If I wasn't too old for such things, I'd rather like to play it over again," said Amy, who began to talk of renouncing childish things at the mature age of twelve.

"We never are too old for this, my dear, because it is a play we are playing all the time in one way or another. Our burdens are here, our road is before us, and the longing for goodness and happiness is the guide that leads us through many troubles and mistakes to the peace which is a true Celestial City. Now, my

little pilgrims, suppose you begin again, not in play, but in earnest, and see how far on you can get before father comes home."

"Really, mother? Where are our bundles?" asked Amy, who was a very literal young lady.

"Each of you told what your burden was just now, except Beth; I rather think she hasn't got any," said her mother.

"Yes, I have; mine is dishes and dusters, and envying girls with nice pianos, and being afraid of people."

Beth's bundle was such a funny one that everybody wanted to laugh; but nobody did, for it would have hurt her feelings very much.

"Let us do it," said Meg thoughtfully. "It is only another name for trying to be good, and the story may help us; for though we do want to be good, it's hard work, and we forget, and don't do our best."

"We were in the Slough of Despond to-night, and mother came and pulled us out as Help did in the book. We ought to have our roll of directions, like Christian. What shall we do about that?" asked Jo, delighted with the fancy which lent a little romance to the very dull task of doing her duty.

"Look under your pillows, Christmas morning, and you will find your guide-book," replied Mrs. March.

They talked over the new plan while old Hannah cleared the table; then out came the four little work-baskets, and the needles flew as the girls made sheets for Aunt March. It was uninteresting sewing, but to-night no one grumbled. They adopted Jo's plan of dividing the long seams into four parts, and calling the quarters Europe, Asia, Africa, and America,

and in that way got on capitally, especially when they talked about the different countries as they stitched their way through them.

At nine they stopped work, and sang, as usual, before they went to bed. No one but Beth could get much music out of the old piano; but she had a way of softly touching the yellow keys, and making a pleasant accompaniment to the simple songs they sang. Meg had a voice like a flute, and she and her mother led the little choir. Amy chirped like a cricket, and Jo wandered through the airs at her own sweet will, always coming out at the wrong place with a croak or a quaver that spoiled the most pensive tune. They had always done this from the time they could lisp

“Crinkle, crinkle, ’ittle ’tar,”

and it had become a household custom, for the mother was a born singer. The first sound in the morning was her voice, as she went about the house singing like a lark; and the last sound at night was the same cheery sound, for the girls never grew too old for that familiar lullaby.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

## WORDS AND PURPOSE

Prune thou thy words, thy thoughts control,  
That o’er thee swell and throng;  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

— *Cardinal Newman.*

## THE LOVE OF HOME

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin or obscure origin a matter of personal merit. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin ; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements of the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist ; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living ; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood

of a seven years' Revolutionary War shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.

— *Daniel Webster.*

### WHAT IS GOOD ?

“What is the real good?”

I asked in musing mood.

“Order,” said the law court ;

“Knowledge,” said the school ;

“Truth,” said the wise man ;

“Pleasure,” said the fool ;

“Love,” said the maiden ;

“Beauty,” said the page ;

“Freedom,” said the dreamer ;

“Home,” said the sage ;

“Fame,” said the soldier ;

“Equity,” the seer ; —

Spake my heart full sadly,

“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom

Softly this I heard :

“Each heart holds the secret ;

Kindness is the word.”

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

## STEPPING-STONES

When Nat went into school on Monday morning, he quaked inwardly, for now he thought he should have to display his ignorance before them all. But Mr. Bhaer gave him a seat in the deep window, where he could turn his back on the others, and Franz heard him say his lessons there, so no one could hear his blunders or see how he blotted his copy-book. He was truly grateful for this, and toiled away so diligently that Mr. Bhaer said, smiling, when he saw his hot face and inky fingers —

“Don’t work so hard, my boy; you will tire yourself out, and there is time enough.”

“But I *must* work hard, or I can’t catch up with the others. They know heaps, and I don’t know anything,” said Nat, who had been reduced to a state of despair by hearing the boys recite their grammar, history, and geography with what he thought amazing ease and accuracy.

“You know a good many things which they don’t,” said Mr. Bhaer, sitting down beside him, while Franz led a class of small students through the intricacies of the multiplication table.

“Do I?” and Nat looked utterly incredulous.

“Yes; for one thing, you can keep your temper, and Jack, who is quick at numbers, cannot; that is an excellent lesson, and I think you have learned it well. Then, you can play the violin, and not one of the lads can, though they want to do it very much. But, best of all, Nat, you really care to learn something, and that is half

the battle. It seems hard at first, and you will feel discouraged, but plod away, and things will get easier and easier as you go on."

Nat's face had brightened more and more as he listened, for, small as the list of his learning was, it cheered him immensely to feel that he had anything to fall back upon. "Yes, I can keep my temper — father's beating taught me that; and I can fiddle, though I don't know where the Bay of Biscay is," he thought, with a sense of comfort impossible to express. Then he said aloud, and so earnestly that Demi heard him —

"I *do* want to learn, and I *will* try. I never went to school, but I couldn't help it; and if the fellows don't laugh at me, I guess I'll get on first rate — you and the lady are so good to me."

"They shan't laugh at you; if they do, I'll — I'll — tell them not to," cried Demi, quite forgetting where he was.

The class stopped in the middle of 7 times 9, and every one looked up to see what was going on.

Thinking that a lesson in learning to help one another was better than arithmetic just then, Mr. Bhaer told them about Nat, making such an interesting and touching little story out of it that the good-hearted lads all promised to lend him a hand, and felt quite honored to be called upon to impart their stores of wisdom to the chap who fiddled so capitally. This appeal established the right feeling among them, and Nat had few hindrances to struggle against, for every one was glad to give him a "boost" up the ladder of learning.

Till he was stronger, however, much study was not

good for him, and Mrs. Jo found various amusements in the house for him while others were at their books. But his garden was his best medicine, and he worked away like a beaver, preparing his little farm, sowing his beans, watching eagerly to see them grow, and rejoicing over each green leaf and slender stalk that shot up and flourished in the warm spring weather. Never was a garden more faithfully hoed; Mr. Bhaer really feared that nothing would find time to grow, Nat kept up such a stirring of the soil; so he gave him easy jobs in the flower garden or among the strawberries, where he worked and hummed as busily as the bees booming all about him.

"This is the crop I like best," Mrs. Bhaer used to say, as she pinched the once thin cheeks now getting plump and ruddy, or stroked the bent shoulders that were slowly straightening up with healthful work, good food, and the absence of that heavy burden, poverty.

Demi was his little friend, Tommy his patron, and Daisy the comforter of all his woes; for, though the children were younger than he, his timid spirit found a pleasure in their innocent society, and rather shrank from the rough sports of the elder lads. Mr. Laurence did not forget him, but sent clothes and books, music and kind messages, and now and then came out to see how his boy was getting on, or took him into town to a concert; on which occasions Nat felt himself translated into the seventh heaven of bliss, for he went to Mr. Laurence's great house, saw his pretty wife and little fairy of a daughter, had a good dinner, and was made so comfortable that he talked and dreamed of it for days and nights afterward.



It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands, or lonely little hearts. Feeling this, the Bhaers gathered up all the crumbs they could find to feed their flock of hungry sparrows, for they were not rich, except in charity.

Many of Mrs. Jo's friends who had nurseries sent her the toys of which their children so soon tired, and in mending these Nat found an employment that just suited him. He was very neat and skillful with those slender fingers of his, and passed many a rainy afternoon with his gum-bottle, paint-box, and knife, repairing furniture, animals, and games, while Daisy was dressmaker to the dilapidated dolls. As fast as the toys were mended, they were put carefully away in a certain drawer which was to furnish forth a Christmas-tree for all the poor children of the neighborhood, that being the way the Plumfield boys celebrated the birthday of Him who loved the poor and blessed the little ones.

Demi was never tired of reading and explaining his favorite books, and many a pleasant hour did they spend in the old willow, revelling over "Robinson Crusoe", "Arabian Nights", "Edgeworth's Tales", and the other dear immortal stories that will delight children for centuries to come. This opened a new world to Nat, and his eagerness to see what came next in the story helped him on till he could read as well as anybody, and felt so rich and proud with his new accomplishment that there was danger of his being as much of a bookworm as Demi.

Another helpful thing happened in a most unexpected

and agreeable manner. Several of the boys were "in business", as they called it, for most of them were poor, and knowing that they would have their own way to make by and by, the Bhaers encouraged any efforts at independence. Tommy sold his eggs; Jack speculated in live stock; Franz helped in the teaching, and was paid for it; Ned had a taste for carpentry, and a turning-lathe was set up for him in which he turned all sorts of useful or pretty things, and sold them; while Demi constructed water-mills, whirligigs, and unknown machines of an intricate and useless nature, and disposed of them to the boys.

"Let him be a mechanic if he likes," said Mr. Bhaer. "Give a boy a trade, and he is independent. Work is wholesome, and whatever talent these lads possess, be it for poetry or ploughing, it shall be cultivated and made useful to them if possible."

So when Nat came running to him one day to ask with an excited face —

"Can I go and fiddle for some people who are to have a picnic in our woods? They will pay me, and I'd like to earn some money as the other boys do, and fiddling is the only way I know how to do it," —

Mr. Bhaer answered readily —

"Go, and welcome. It is an easy and pleasant way to work, and I am glad it is offered you."

Nat went, and did so well, that when he came home he had two dollars in his pocket, which he displayed with intense satisfaction, as he told how much he had enjoyed the afternoon, how kind the young people were, and how they had praised his dance-music, and promised to have him again.

"It is so much nicer than fiddling in the street, for then I got none of the money, and now I have it all, and a good time besides. I'm in business now as well as Tommy and Jack, and I like it ever so much," said Nat, proudly patting the old pocketbook, and feeling like a millionaire already.

He *was* in business truly, for picnics were plenty as summer opened, and Nat's skill was in great demand. He was always at liberty to go if lessons were not neglected, and if the picnics were respectable young people. For Mr. Bhaer explained to him that a good plain education is necessary for every one, and that no amount of money should hire him to go where he might be tempted to do wrong. Nat quite agreed to this, and it was a pleasant sight to see the innocent-hearted lad go driving away in the gay wagons that stopped at the gate for him, or to hear him come fiddling home, tired but happy, with his well-earned money in one pocket, and some "goodies" from the feast for Daisy or little Ted, whom he never forgot.

"I'm going to save up till I get enough to buy a violin for myself, and then I can earn my own living, can't I?" he used to say, as he brought his dollars to Mr. Bhaer to keep.

"I hope so, Nat; but we must get you strong and hearty first, and put a little more knowledge into this musical head of yours. Then Mr. Laurie will find you a place somewhere, and in a few years we will all come to hear you play in public."

With much congenial work, encouragement, and hope, Nat found life getting easier and happier every day, and made such progress in his music lessons that

his teacher forgave his slowness in some other things, knowing very well that where the heart is the mind works best. The only punishment the boy ever needed for neglect of more important lessons was to hang up the fiddle and the bow for a day. The fear of losing his bosom friend entirely made him go at his books with a will; and having proved that he *could* master the lessons, what was the use of saying "I can't"?

Daisy had a great love of music, and a great reverence for any one who could make it, and she was often found sitting on the stairs outside Nat's door while he was practising. This pleased him very much, and he played his best for that one quiet little listener; for she never would come in, but preferred to sit sewing her gay patchwork, or tending one of her many dolls, with an expression of dreamy pleasure on her face that made Aunt Jo say, with tears in her eyes, —

"So like my Beth," and go softly by, lest even her familiar presence mar the child's sweet satisfaction.

Nat was very fond of Mrs. Bhaer, but found something even more attractive in the good professor, who took fatherly care of the shy feeble boy, who had barely escaped with his life from the rough sea on which his little boat had been tossing rudderless for twelve years. Some good angel must have watched over him, for, though his body had suffered, his soul seemed to have taken little harm, and came ashore as innocent as a shipwrecked baby. Perhaps his love of music kept it sweet in spite of the discord all about him; Mr. Laurie said so, and he ought to know. However that might be, Father Bhaer took real pleasure in fostering poor Nat's virtues, and in curing his faults,

finding his new pupil as docile and affectionate as a girl. He often called Nat his "daughter" when speaking of him to Mrs. Jo, and she used to laugh at his fancy, for Madame liked manly boys, and thought Nat amiable but weak, though you never would have guessed it, for she petted him as she did Daisy, and he thought her a delightful woman.

One fault of Nat's gave the Bhaers much anxiety, although they saw how it had been strengthened by fear and ignorance. I regret to say that Nat sometimes told lies. Not very black ones, seldom getting deeper than gray, and often the mildest of white fibs; but that did not matter, a lie is a lie, and though we tell many polite untruths in this queer world of ours, it is not right, and everybody knows it.

"You cannot be too careful; watch your tongue, and eyes, and hands, for it is easy to tell, and look, and act untruth," said Mr. Bhaer, in one of the talks he had with Nat about his chief temptation.

"I know it, and I don't mean to, but it's so much easier to get along if you ain't very fussy about being exactly true. I used to tell 'em because I was afraid of father and Nicolo, and now I do sometimes because the boys laugh at me. I know it's bad, but I forget," and Nat looked much depressed by his sins.

"When I was a little lad I used to tell lies! What fibs they were, and my old grandmother cured me of it — how, do you think? My parents had talked, and cried, and punished, but still did I forget as you. Then said the dear old grandmother, 'I shall help you to remember, and put a check on this unruly part.' With that she drew out my tongue and snipped the end

with her scissors till the blood ran. That was terrible, you may believe, but it did me much good, because it was sore for days, and every word I said came so slowly that I had time to think. After that I was more careful, and got on better, for I feared the big scissors. Yet the dear grandmother was most kind to me in all things, and when she lay dying far away she prayed that little Fritz might love God and tell the truth."

"I never had any grandmothers, but if you think it will cure me, I'll let you snip my tongue," said Nat heroically, for he dreaded pain, yet did wish to stop fibbing.

Mr. Bhaer smiled, but shook his head.

"I have a better way than that ; I tried it once before and it worked well. See now, when you tell a lie I will not punish you, but you shall punish me."

"How?" asked Nat, startled at the idea.

"You shall ferule me in the good old-fashioned way. I seldom do it myself, but it may make you remember better to give me pain than to feel it yourself."

"Strike you? Oh, I couldn't!" cried Nat.

"Then mind that tripping tongue of thine. I have no wish to be hurt, but I would gladly bear much pain to cure this fault."

This suggestion made such an impression on Nat that for a long time he set a watch upon his lips, and was desperately accurate, for Mr. Bhaer judged rightly, that love of him would be more powerful with Nat than fear for himself. But alas! one sad day Nat was off his guard, and when peppery Emil threatened to thrash him, if it was he who had run over his garden and broken down his best hills of corn, Nat declared he

didn't, and then was ashamed to own up that he did do it, when Jack was chasing him the night before.

He thought no one would find it out, but Tommy happened to see him, and when Emil spoke of it a day or two later, Tommy gave his evidence, and Mr. Bhaer heard it. School was over, and they were all standing about in the hall, and Mr. Bhaer had just sat down on the straw settee to enjoy his frolic with Teddy; but when he heard Tommy, and saw Nat turn scarlet, and look at him with a frightened face, he put the little boy down, saying, "Go to thy mother, I will come soon," and taking Nat by the hand led him into the school, and shut the door.

The boys looked at one another in silence for a minute, then Tommy slipped out and, peeping in at the half-closed blinds, beheld a sight that quite bewildered him. Mr. Bhaer had just taken down the long rule that hung over his desk, so seldom used that it was covered with dust.

"My eye! he's going to come down heavy on Nat this time. Wish I hadn't told," thought good-natured Tommy, for to be feruled was the deepest disgrace at this school.

"You remember what I told you last time?" said Mr. Bhaer, sorrowfully, not angrily.

"Yes; but please don't make me, I can't bear it," cried Nat, backing up against the door with both hands behind him, and a face full of distress.

"Why don't he up and take it like a man? I would," thought Tommy, though his heart beat fast at the sight.

"I shall keep my word, and you must remember to

tell the truth. Obey me, Nat; take this and give me six good strokes."

Tommy was so staggered by this last speech that he nearly tumbled down the bank, but saved himself, and hung on to the window-ledge, staring in with eyes as round as the stuffed owl's on the chimney-piece.

Nat took the rule, for when Mr. Bhaer spoke in that tone every one obeyed him, and, looking as scared and guilty as if about to stab his master, he gave two feeble blows on the broad hand held out to him. Then he stopped and looked up, half-blind with tears, but Mr. Bhaer said steadily, —

"Go on, and strike harder."

As if seeing that it must be done, and eager to have the hard task soon over, Nat drew his sleeve across his eyes and gave two more quick hard strokes that reddened the hand, yet hurt the giver more.

"Isn't that enough?" he asked in a breathless sort of tone.

"Two more," was all the answer, and he gave them, hardly seeing where they fell, then threw the rule all across the room, and hugging the kind hand in both his own, laid his face down on it, sobbing out in a passion of love, and shame, and penitence —

"I will remember! Oh! I will!"

Then Mr. Bhaer put an arm about him, and said in a tone as compassionate as it had just now been firm —

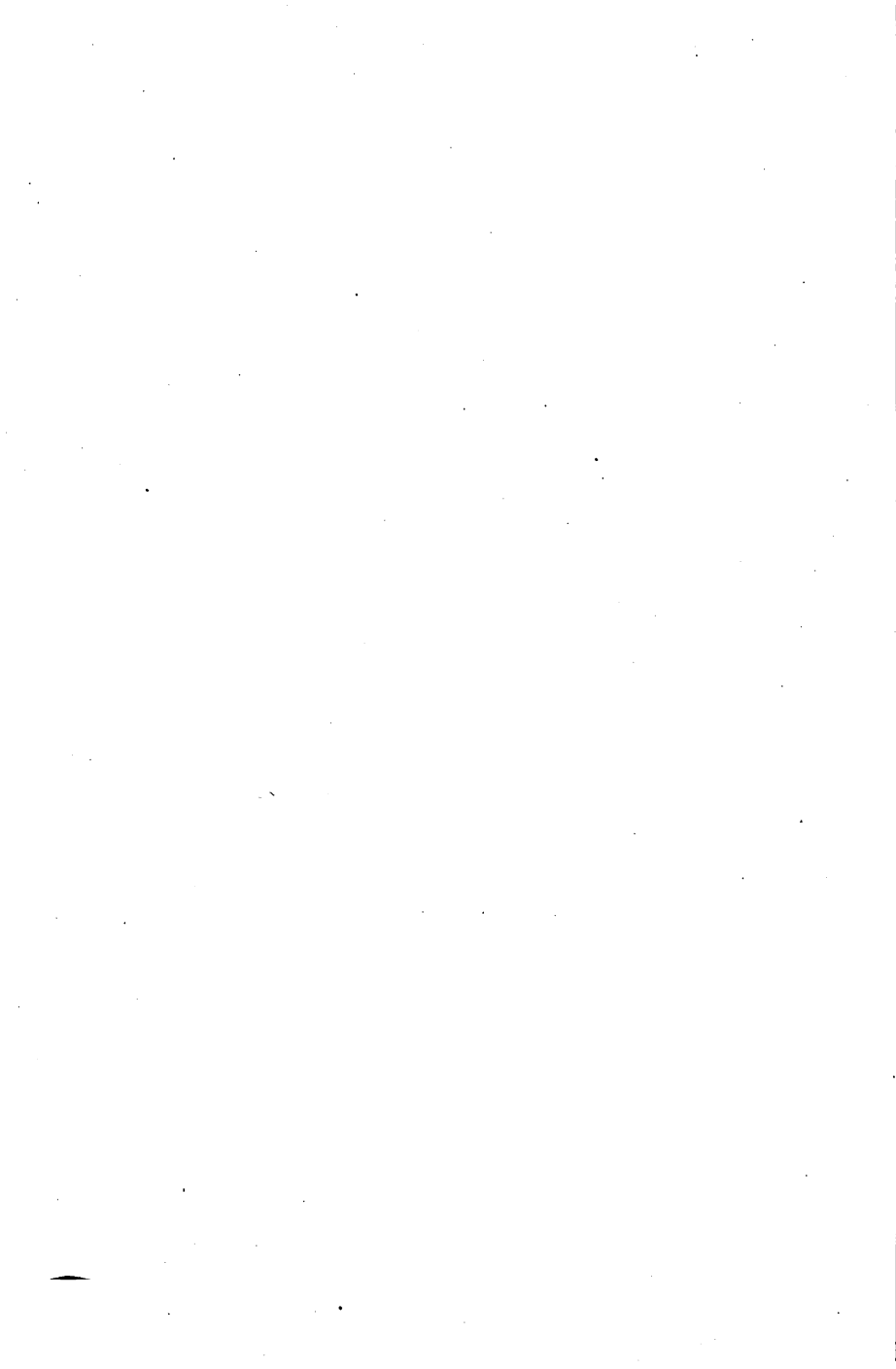
"I think you will. Ask the dear God to help you, and try to spare us both another scene like this."

Tommy saw no more, for he crept back to the hall, looking so excited and sober that the boys crowded round him to ask what was being done to Nat.





"NAT DREW HIS SLEEVE ACROSS HIS EYES"



In a most impressive whisper Tommy told them, and they looked as if the sky was about to fall, for this reversing the order of things almost took their breath away.

"He made me do the same thing once," said Emil, as if confessing a crime of the deepest dye.

"And you hit him? dear old Father Bhaer? By thunder, I'd just like to see you do it now!" said Ned, collaring Emil in a fit of righteous wrath.

"It was ever so long ago. I'd rather have my head cut off than do it now," and Emil mildly laid Ned on his back instead of cuffing him, as he would have felt it his duty to do on any less solemn occasion.

"How could you?" said Demi, appalled at the idea.

"I was hopping mad at the time, and thought I shouldn't mind a bit, rather like it perhaps. But when I'd hit Uncle one good crack, everything he had ever done for me came into my head all at once somehow, and I couldn't go on. No, sir! if he'd laid me down and walked on me, I wouldn't have minded, I felt so mean;" and Emil gave himself a good thump in the chest to express his sense of remorse for the past.

"Nat's crying like anything, and feels no end sorry, so don't let's say a word about it; will we?" said tender-hearted Tommy.

"Of course we won't, but it's awful to tell lies," and Demi looked as if he found the awfulness much increased when the punishment fell, not upon the sinner, but on his best Uncle Fritz.

"Suppose we all clear out, so Nat can cut upstairs if he wants to," proposed Franz, and led the way to the barn, their refuge in troublous times.

Nat did not come to dinner, but Mrs. Jo took some up to him, and said a tender word, which did him good, though he could not look at her. By and by the lads playing outside heard the violin, and said among themselves: "He's all right now." He was all right, but felt shy about going down, till, opening his door to slip away into the woods, he found Daisy sitting on the stairs with neither work nor doll, only her little handkerchief in her hand, as if she had been mourning for her captive friend.

"I'm going to walk; want to come?" asked Nat, trying to look as if nothing was the matter, yet feeling very grateful for her silent sympathy, because he fancied everyone must look upon him as a wretch.

"Oh yes!" and Daisy ran for her hat, proud to be chosen as a companion by one of the big boys.

The others saw them go, but no one followed, for boys have a great deal more delicacy than they get credit for, and the lads instinctively felt that, when in disgrace, gentle little Daisy was their most congenial friend.

The walk did Nat good, and he came home quieter than usual, but looking cheerful again, and hung all over with daisy-chains, made by his little playmate while he lay on the grass and told her stories.

No one said a word about the scene of the morning, but its effect was all the more lasting for that reason, perhaps. Nat tried his very best, and found much help, not only from the earnest little prayers he prayed to his Friend in heaven, but also in the patient care of the earthly friend, whose kind hand he never touched without remembering that it had willingly borne pain for his sake.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

## I LEAVE HOME

My father died, leaving me an orphan. My uncle, Gabriel Hyde, a man about town, was my only relative. The vicar of Lowestoft wrote to him, on my behalf. A fortnight later (the ways were always very foul in the winter) my uncle's man came to fetch me to London. There was a sale of my father's furniture. His books were sent off to his college at Cambridge by the Lowestoft carrier. Then the valet took me by wherry to Norwich, where we caught a weekly coach to town. That was the last time I ever sailed on the Waveney as a boy, that journey to Norwich.

When I next saw the Broads, I was a man of thirty-five. I remember how strangely small the country seemed to me when I saw it after my wanderings. But this is away from my tale. All that I remember of the coach-ride was my arrival late at night at the London inn, a dark house full of smells, from which the valet led me to my uncle's house.

I lay awake, that first night, much puzzled by the noise, fearing that London would be all streets, a dismal place. When I fell asleep, I was waked continually by chiming bells. In the morning, early, I was roused by the musical calling made by milkmen on their rounds, with that morning's milk for sale. At breakfast my uncle told me not to go into the streets without Ephraim, his man; for without a guide, he said, I should get lost. He warned me that there were people in London who made a living by seizing children

(kidnapping or "trepanning" them, as it was called) to sell to merchant captains bound for the plantations. "So be very careful, Martin," he said. "Do not talk to strangers." He went for his morning walk after this, telling me that I might run out to play in the garden.

I went out of doors feeling that London must be a very terrible place, if the folk there went about counting all who met them as possible enemies. I was homesick for the Broads, where everybody, even bad men, like the worst of the smugglers, was friendly to me. I hated all this noisy city, so full of dirty jumbled houses. I longed to be in my coracle on the Waveney, paddling along among the reeds, chucking pebbles at the water-rats. But when I went out into the garden I found that even London held something for me, not so good as the Broads, perhaps, but pleasant in its way.

Now before I go further, I must tell you that my uncle's house was one of the old houses in Billingsgate. It stood in a narrow, crowded lane, at the western end of Thames Street, close to the river. Few of the houses thereabouts were old; for the fire of London had nearly destroyed that part of the city, but my uncle's house, with a few more in the same lane, being built of brick, had escaped. The bricks of some of the houses were scorched black.

I remember, also, at the corner house, three doors from my uncle's house, the melted end of a water-pipe, hanging from the roof like a long leaden icicle, just as it had run from the heat eighteen years before. I used to long for that icicle: it would have made

such fine bullets for my sling. I have said that Fish Lane, where my uncle lived, was narrow. It was very narrow. The upper stories of the houses opposite could be touched from my bed-room window with an eight-foot fishing-rod. If one leaned well out, one could see right into their upper rooms. You could even hear the people talking in them.

At the back of the house there was a garden of pot-herbs. It sloped down to the river-bank, where there were stairs to the water. The stairs were covered in, so as to form a boat-house, in which (as I learned afterwards) my uncle's skiffs were kept. You may be sure that I lost no time in getting down to the water, after I had breakfasted with my uncle, on the morning after my arrival.

A low stone parapet, topped by iron rails, shut off the garden from the beach. Just beyond the parapet, within slingshot, as I soon proved, was the famous Pool of London, full of ships of all sort, some with flags flying. The mild spring sun (it was early in April) made the sight glorious. There must have been a hundred ships there, all marshalled in ranks, at double-moorings, head to flood. Boats full of merchandise were pulling to the wharves by the Custom House. Men were working aloft on the yards, bending or unbending sails. In some ships the sails hung loose, drying in the sun. In others, the men were singing out as they walked round the capstan, hoisting goods from the hold.

One of the ships close to me was a beautiful little Spanish schooner, with her name, *La Reina*, in big gold letters on her transom. She was evidently one

of those very fast fruit boats from the Canary Islands of which I had heard the seamen at Oulton speak. She was discharging oranges into a lighter, when I first saw her. The sweet, heavy smell of the bruised peels scented the river for many yards.

I was looking at this schooner, wishing that I could pass an hour in her hold, among those delicious boxes, when a bearded man came on deck from her cabin. He looked at the shore, straight at myself as I thought, raising his hand swiftly as though to beckon me to him. A boat pushed out instantly, in answer to the hand, from the garden next to the one in which I stood. The waterman, pulling to the schooner, talked with the man for a moment, evidently settling the amount of his fare. After the haggling, my gentleman climbed into the boat by a little rope-ladder at the stern. Then the boatman pulled away upstream, going on the last of the flood, within twenty yards of where I stood.

I had watched them idly, attracted, in the beginning, by that sudden raising of the hand. But, as they passed me, there came a sudden puff of wind, strong enough to flurry the water into wrinkles. It lifted the gentleman's hat, so that he saved it only by a violent snatch which made the boat rock. As he jammed the hat down he broke or displaced some string or clip near his ears. At any rate his beard came adrift on the side nearest to me. The man was wearing a false beard. He remedied the matter at once, very cleverly, so that I may have been the only witness; but I saw that the boatman was in the man's secret, whatever it was. He pulled hard on his star-



board oar, bringing the boat partly across the current, thus screening him from everybody except the workers in the ships. It must have seemed to all who saw him that he was merely pulling to another arch of London Bridge.

I was not sure of the man's face. It seemed handsome; that was all that I could say of it. But I was fascinated by the mystery. I wondered why he was wearing a false beard. I wondered what he was doing in the schooner. I imagined all sorts of romantic plots in which he was taking part. I watched his boat go through the bridge with the feeling that I was sharing in all sorts of adventures already. There was a fall of water at the bridge which made the river dangerous there even on a flood tide. I could see that the waves there would be quite enough for such a boat without the most tender handling. I watched to see how they would pass through.

Both men stood up, facing forward, each taking an oar. They worked her through, out of sight, in a very clever fashion; which set me wondering again what this handsome gentleman might be who worked a boat so well. I hung about at the end of the garden until dinner-time, hoping that they would return. I watched every boat which came downstream, finding a great pleasure in the watermen's skill, for indeed the water at the bridge was frightful; only a strong nerve could venture on it. But the boat did not come back, though one or two other boats brought people, or goods, to the stairs of the garden beside me. I could not see into the garden; the party wall was too high.

I did not go indoors again till Ephraim came to fetch

me, saying that it was time I washed my hands for dinner. I went to my room; but instead of washing my hands, I leaned out of the window to watch a dancing bear which was sidling about in the lane, just below, while his keeper made a noise on the pan-pipes. A little crowd of idlers gathered round the bear. Some of them were laughing at the bear, some at his keeper. I saw two boys sneaking about among the company; they were evil-looking little ruffians, with that hard look in the eyes which always marks the thoroughly wicked. As I watched, one of them slipped his hand into a man's pocket, then withdrew it, passing something swiftly to his companion, who walked unconcernedly away. I ran out of doors at once to the man who had been robbed.

"Sir," I said, when he had drawn away from the little crowd. "Have you not been robbed of something?"

He turned to look down on me, searching his pockets with both hands. It gave me a start to see him, for he was the bearded man who had passed me in the boat that morning. You may be sure that I took a good note of him. He was a handsome, melancholy-looking man, with a beard designed to make him look fairer than he really was.

"Robbed of something?" he repeated in a quiet voice. "Yes, I have been robbed of something." It seemed to me that he turned pale, when he found that he had been robbed. "Did you see it?" he asked. "Don't point. Just describe him to me. No. Don't look round, boy. Tell me without looking round."

"Sir," I said, "do you see two little boys moving about among the people there?"

"Yes," he said.

"It's the boy with the bit of broken pipe in his hat who has the, whatever it was, sir, I'm sure. I saw it all."

"I see," he said. "That's the coverer. Let this be a warning to you, boy, never to stop in a crowd to watch these street-performers. Where were you when you saw it?"

"Up above there, sir. In that house."

"In Mr. Hyde's house. Do you live there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Since when? Not for long, surely?"

"No, sir. Only since yesterday. I'm Mr. Hyde's nephew."

"Ah! Indeed. And that is your room up there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you come from then? You've not been in town before. What is your father?"

"My father's dead, sir. I come from Oulton. My father was rector there."

"Ah," he said quietly. "Now give this penny to the bear-ward."

While I was giving the penny to the keeper, the strange man edged among the lookers-on, apparently watching the bear's antics, till he was just behind the pickpocket's accomplice. Watching his time, he seized the boy from behind by both wrists.

"This boy's a pickpocket," he cried aloud. "Stop that other boy. He's an accomplice." The other boy, who had just taken a purse, started to run,

letting the booty drop. A boatman who was going towards the river tripped him up with an oar so that he fell heavily. He lay still where he had fallen (all the wind was knocked out of him) so that he was easily secured. The boy who had been seized by the bearded man made no attempt to get away. He was too firmly held. Both boys were then marched off to the nearest constable where (after a strict search) they were locked into a cellar till the morrow.

The crowd deserted the bear-ward when the cry of pickpockets was raised. They followed my mysterious friend to the constable's house, hoping, no doubt, that they would be able to crowd in to hear the constable bully the boys as he searched them. One or two, who pretended to have missed things, managed to get in. The bearded man told me to come in, as he said that I should be needed as a witness. The others were driven out into the street, where, I suppose, their monkey-minds soon found other game, a horse fallen down, or a drunken woman in the gutter, to divert their idleness. Such sights seem to attract a London crowd at once.

The boys were strictly searched by the constable. The booty from their pockets was turned out upon the table.

"Now, sir!" said the constable to the bearded man, after he had made a note of my story. "What is it they had of you, sir?"

"A shagreen leather pocket-book," said the man. "There it is."

"This one?" said the constable.

"Yes."

"Oh," said the constable, opening the clasps, so

that he could examine the writing on the leaves.  
"What's inside?"

"A lot of figures," said the man. "Sums. Problems in arithmetic."

"Right," said the constable, handing over the book.  
"Here you are, sir. What name, sir?"

"Edward Jermyn."

"Edward German," the constable repeated.  
"Where d' you live, sir?"

"At Mr. Scott's in Fish Lane."

"Right, sir," said the constable, writing down the address. "You must appear to-morrow at ten before Mr. Gatty the magistrate. You, too, young master, to give your evidence."

At this the boys burst out crying, begging us not to appear, using all those deceptive arts which the London thieves practise from childhood. I, who was new to the world's deceits, was touched to the marrow by their seeming misery. The constable roughly silenced them.

"I know you," he said. "I had my eye on you two ever since Christmas. Now you'll go abroad to do a bit of honest work, instead of nickin' pockets. Stow your blubbing now, or I'll give you Mogador Jack." He produced "Mogador Jack", a supple shark's backbone, from behind the door. The tears stopped on the instant.

After this, the bearded man showed me the way back to Fish Lane, where Ephraim (who was at the door, looking out for me) gave me a shrewd scolding, for venturing out without a guide. Mr. Jermyn silenced him by giving him a shilling.

The next day, Mr. Jermyn took me to the magistrate's house where the two thieves were formally committed for trial. Mr. Jermyn told me that they would probably be transported for seven years, on conviction at the Assizes; but that, as they were young, the honest work abroad, in the plantations, might be the saving of them. "So do not be so sad, Mr. Martin," he said. "You do not know how good a thing you did when you looked out of the window yesterday. Do you know, by the way, how much my book is worth?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Well. It's worth more than the King's crown," he said.

"But I thought it was only sums, sir."

"Yes," he said, with a strange smile. "But some sums have to do with a great deal of money. Now I want you to think to-night of something to the value of twenty pounds or so. I want to give you something as a reward for your smartness. Don't decide at once. Think it over. Here we are at our homes, you see. We live just opposite to each other."

We were standing at this moment in the narrow lane at my uncle's door. As he spoke, he raised his hand in a farewell salute with that dignity of gesture which was in all his movements. On the instant, to my surprise, the door of the house opposite opened slowly, till it was about half open. No one opened it, as I could see; it swung back of itself. After my friend had stepped across the threshold it swung to with a click in the same mysterious way. It was as though it had a knowledge of Mr. Jermyn's mind, as

though the raised hand had had a magical power over it.

When I went indoors to my uncle's house I was excited. I felt that I was in the presence of something romantic, something mysterious. I liked Mr. Jermyn. He had been very kind. But I kept wondering why he wore a false beard, why his door opened so mysteriously, why he valued a book of sums above the worth of a King's crown. As for his offer of a present, I did not like it, though he had not given me time to say as much. I remembered how indignant the Oulton wherrymen had been when a gentleman offered them money for saving his daughter's life. I had seen the man robbed; what else could I have done? I could have done no less than tell him. I resolved that I would refuse the gift when next I saw him.

At dinner that day, I was full of Mr. Jermyn, much to my uncle's annoyance.

"Who is this Mr. Jermyn, Martin?" he asked. "I don't know him. Is he a gentleman?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Do you know him, Ephraim?"

"No, sir. I know him by sight, sir. Gentleman who lives over the way, Mr. Hyde."

"That's Mr. Scott's, though."

"No, sir. Mr. Jermyn's been there ever since February."

"But the house is empty."

"The lower floor is furnished, sir."

"Do you know anything of him? Do you know his man?"

"They say he's in the fruit way, sir. In the Spanish

trade. His men are Spaniards. They do say he's not quite to be trusted."

"Who says this?" my uncle asked.

"I don't like to mention names, sir," Ephraim said.

"Quite right. Quite right. But what do they say?"

"Very queer things goes on in that 'ouse," said Ephraim. "I don't 'ardly like to say. Awful noises goes on there. I seen some things myself there, as I don't like to talk of. Well! I saw a black bird as big as a man stand flapping in the window. Then I seen eyes glaring out at the door. They give the 'ouse a bad name, sir; every one."

"H'm," said my uncle. "What's he like, Martin, this Mr. Jermyn?"

"A tall man, with a beard," I answered. I thought it wrong to mention that I knew the beard to be false. "He's always stroking the bridge of his nose with his hand."

"Ha," my uncle said, as though recognizing the trait. "But with a beard, you tell me?"

"Yes, sir. With a beard."

"H'm," he answered, musing, "I must have a look at this Mr. Jermyn. Remember, Martin, you're to have nothing more to do with him, till I know a little more of what he is. You understand?"

"Yes, uncle."

"One cannot be too careful in this town. I won't allow you in the streets, Martin. No matter who has his pockets picked. I told you that before."

"Please, uncle, may I go on the river, then, if I'm not to go into the street? I'm used to boats."



"Yes. You may do that. But you're not to go on board the ships, mind."

"Beg pardon, sir," Ephraim put in. "The fall at the bridge is very risky, sir."

"Is it?" said my uncle, testily. "Then of course you can't go in a boat, Martin. You must play in the garden, or read."

— *John Masefield.*

# LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town  
 That is seated by the sea ;  
 Often in thought go up and down  
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
 And my youth comes back to me ;  
 And a verse of a Lapland song  
 Is haunting my memory still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips  
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
 And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships  
 And the magic of the sea.  
 And the voice of that wayward song  
 Is singing and saying still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
 — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE MOTHER ON THE FARM

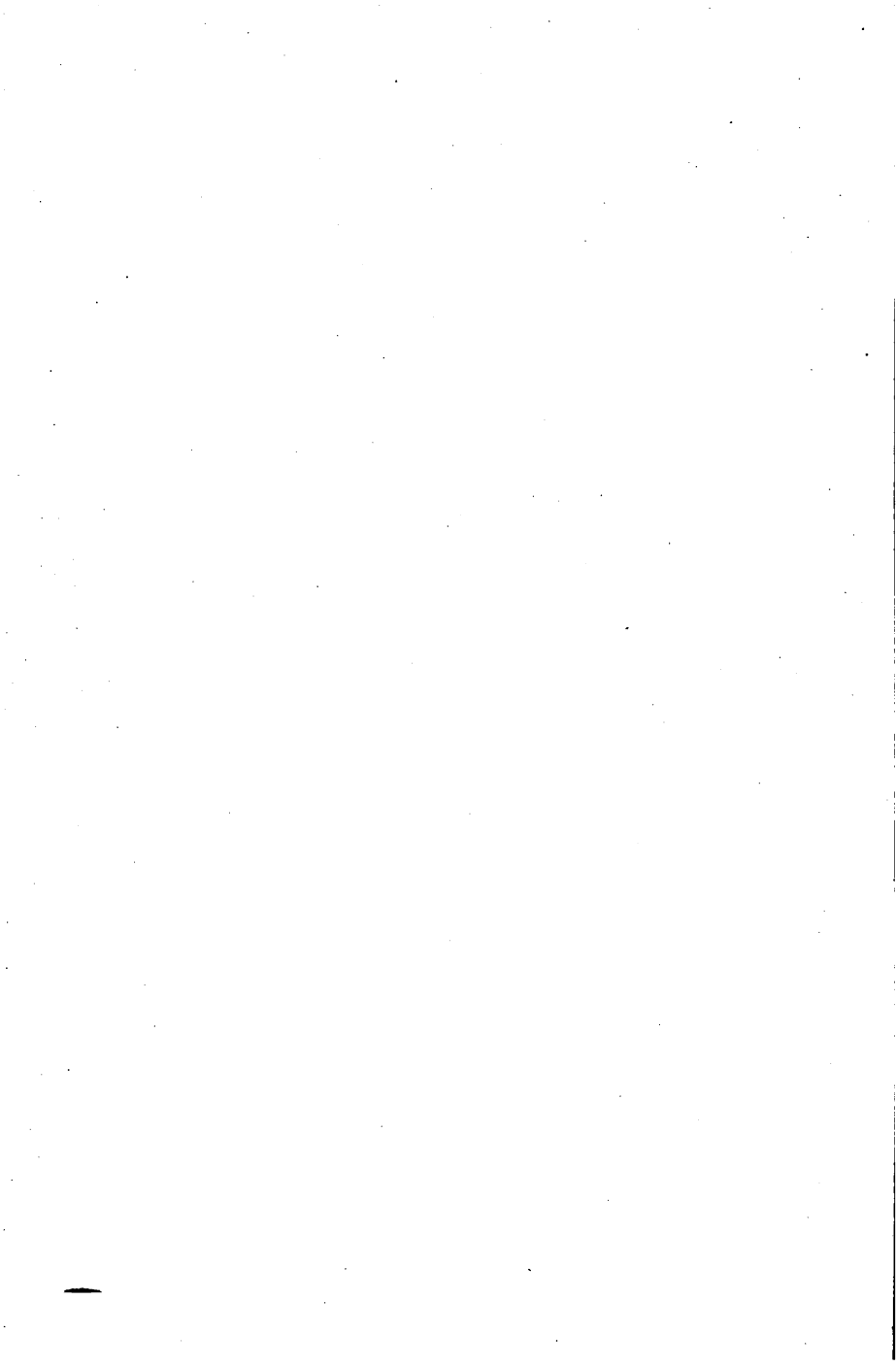
It is an interesting circumstance that, while a person who has never lived even for a brief summer on a farm may hold somewhat pessimistic opinions of farm life and descant at great length upon its loneliness, its endless toil, and narrow opportunities, in the mind of a man or woman who has been an inmate of a farmhouse, either as a member of its household or as a guest, farm life would seem never to lose a certain beauty and sweetness — the beauty of simple living. It possesses the sweetness of labor which, beginning with each sunrise and ending with each sunset, as a crowning reward invites the laborer at the close of the day to rest, "to look, each night, on some plain work well wrought." All the tortuous noise and haste and fever of the city cannot take from one who is country-bred the memory of that quiet which with the coming of evening crept over the spirit of the farmer's household.

One day in Chicago, at the Board of Trade, to which the weird recollection of a much earlier visit had impelled me to go for a newer impression, I chanced to meet a woman, an old acquaintance, whose childhood had been passed on a farm in Minnesota. She had lived three times as many years in Chicago as on the farm; but as we slowly left the balcony from which we had been gazing, not without sympathetic excitement, upon the tumultuous scene below, her sole comment was:

"To have seen wheat produced, and then to see it



**THE MOTHER ON THE FARM**



sold, constitutes to my mind what Thomas Hardy would call one of 'life's little ironies.'"

Her words recalled to my mind a farm in Nebraska, upon which, many years ago, I once spent a long and sunny summer day. The farm at that time was new and not very large: its household consisted of the owner, a young man who performed unaided more than half of the outdoor work of the place; his wife, a woman not so old in years as the average junior in a girls' college, upon whom devolved not only the entire care of the house, but also much of the labor connected with the minor enterprises of the farm itself; and their first and only child, a baby girl, with wide blue eyes, whose name was Ruth.

"I thought Ruth just the right name to give to a little girl who would grow up with wheat and corn fields around her," the mother had said, in quaint explanation, when I asked why the baby had been given a name not borne by some relative or friend.

Later, with the remembrance of that day at the Nebraskan farm, came also a desire to know what had since befallen the small blue-eyed Ruth.

"You may perhaps have forgotten me," I concluded my letter to her mother, "but I remember you, and your baby, too — and the wheat and corn fields surrounding your home."

Long before I reached Nebraska, in the course of my investigation, I received a reply to my letter, inviting me to come again to the farm to spend a day, "though the month being January, not 'a summer day,'" and telling me that the baby girl, now fourteen years of age, was in Omaha for the winter, going to

school, and hoping to go subsequently to the State University.

"She has grown like the other Ruth, 'mid the golden corn,'" wrote the mother, using the form and emphasis of expression which had been habitual to her during the small girl's babyhood. "Her father and I couldn't wish a better daughter than she is. You admired her when she was a baby, and I think you'd love her now. It's hard for her to be away from us — she never was before — and it is hard for us to have her away; but she wants the education, and we want her to have it."

It was not possible for me to go to the farm, even for one day; but while I was in Omaha, in February, I had the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the little daughter of the farm. Her mother had given me the address of the cousin with whom the little girl was making a temporary home; and one cold and windy afternoon I found my way to the house. After a prolonged interval of waiting on its wind-swept piazza, a German servant maid opened the door in answer to my repeated ringing of the bell.

"Nobody's home," she instantly said; "'cep' the children," she amended, "and they's out coastin'."

She finally yielded, though not without reluctance, to my request that she ask them to come in, if only for a moment, to see me; and even relented to the extent of suggesting that I come in myself out of the cold. She left me in a room the furnishings of which betokened an elaborate and somewhat lavishly gratified taste; and while I waited I could not forbear comparing it with the small, plain living-room which had been

to me one of the pleasantest places in the house among the fields of corn and wheat.

While I was still reflecting upon their distinctly interesting differences the servant-maid returned, followed by two little girls of very nearly the same size. One of them greeted me with shy and pretty courtesy, and then slipped quietly away; but the other, after a most affectionate welcome, seated herself upon a hassock at my feet, and, taking both my hands in hers, gazed up at me and said eagerly :

"My mother wrote that you remembered exactly what I was like when I was a baby! You must remember just what she was like, too, then! Please tell me!"

As I told her I looked at her. She was a radiant little girl; her tumbled brown hair had bright strands in it, her blue eyes shone, and, notwithstanding her extreme youth, her lips were very sensitive and sweet.

"You remind me of your mother," I said, as I finished a minute account of my one visit to the farm.

"Do I?" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad when I remind people of her. Oh, it's been lovely to hear what she was like when I was a baby!"

"But, surely, a great many persons can tell you that," I suggested.

"Yes," agreed the little girl; "but I specially wanted you to, because she says you remember exactly about me; so I knew you would about her. I've been so anxious to see you ever since she told me you were coming!"

The charm of her fervent italics is as indescribable as it was subtly reminiscent of her mother, regarding my recollections of whom she could not hear too much.

She put many questions to me respecting my one brief visit to her home; some of these inquiries were with regard to her father, several of them related to her own characteristics as a baby, and a few were concerned with the farm itself; but the large majority of them had reference to her mother. All her questions, while not unnaturally childish, were yet significant, and the queries touching her mother were of especial interest; but more significant even than the number and proportions of her inquiries was the explanation she presently gave me of the peculiarly intimate friendship which she, though only fourteen years old, so obviously had with her mother.

"You know, I've always lived on the farm until this winter," she began, when I said finally that I had told her quite everything I could recall in connection with that pleasant summer day of which she had no memory whatever; "so I've been with my mother a great deal!"

"Isn't one, usually, up to fourteen, even though one doesn't live on a farm?" I ventured, as she paused.

"Not nearly so much!" dissented the little girl emphatically. "Now, there's my cousin — the one who came in with me; she's my second cousin, of course, you know — she doesn't know her mother half so well as I do mine."

"She may know her differently," I suggested, fall-



ing into my small companion's italics; "but probably she knows her quite as well."

The child from the farm considered for a moment, and then she lifted a thoughtful face.

"I don't think so," she said slowly. "You see, I've seen my mother almost all the whole time ever since I was born. I almost always could do everything she did, and go everywhere she went. It was so unusual when I couldn't that I always heard afterward every word about what happened. Now my cousin — the one you saw — doesn't do that way with her mother. They couldn't! Her mother goes to too many places and does too many things that — she says — aren't for children. And it takes her so much time to do them that she wouldn't have time to tell about them even if her daughter wanted to hear, which she doesn't much. There are a lot of things of her own that my cousin is interested in doing, things that don't happen on a farm; and she has a good many friends of her own age, which I, of course, couldn't have at home, because no one lived very near. Oh, she's perfectly happy; it's what she's used to; but — you see, I have been more with my mother?" she concluded, interrogatively.

"City life has its complications," I said, forgetting that the speaker to whom I had been listening was a very little girl; "especially for a mother."

"Yes," instantly agreed the child beside me; "it has! That's why I'm glad my home has been in the country. If my mother had lived in the city, I suppose she would have had to do the way my cousin does; but on a farm she doesn't have to, because she can't."

The little girl was silent for a moment, and then, with a lovely smile, she said, softly, "I'm glad; and I think she is, too!"

As we were going together to my car somewhat later, I said to the child: "Did you go home at Christmas?"

"Oh, yes!" she returned; "I went home then; and I shall be at home Easter, too; and all next summer. We write letters, too; I never had letters from home before, because I never was away before."

She looked at me soberly for an instant. "I miss my mother dreadfully," she continued; "that's because I have been with her all the time, always." She reflected for another moment. "Do you know the saying, 'What is home without a mother?'" she inquired with quaint gravity. "Well," she went on, without waiting for my reply, "it might be something of a home, perhaps, in the city, where there is so much else; but it wouldn't be anything on a farm!"

— *Elizabeth McCracken.*

## GOOD MANNERS

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things: each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened with usage. You cannot rightly train one to an air and manner except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## AN INDIAN BOY AND HIS MOTHER

"Such a little boy, and such glib lying! My goodness!" said I.

"That's why we've got him here at the government school. They couldn't hold him at all at the Mission. We don't seem to be doing much better."

A few weeks after that I drove in to the school grounds. The boys, drawn up in a long row graduated according to size, were standing to salute the flag, which at sunset was being hauled down. I stopped to watch them. At the end of the row, quite out of his proper place, stood a boy of twelve or so, his coat and boots several sizes too big for him. The line wavered and broke, the boys scattered in all directions; only the misfit boy walked alone. He halted strangely in his gait.

The superintendent came out to me. "How d'ye do?" he said. He pointed to the slow-moving boy. "See Herman? Yes, we got him back. It took a couple of policemen and the agent in person to do it. I licked him till — well, I licked him good and proper, I can tell you. But — do you know — we caught him that very night sliding down the rain-pipe. Oh! He beats anything I ever saw. That's why I put the ball and chain on him."

"The — what?"

"Ball and chain. I suppose that if an inspector caught him with it he'd give me something to remember, but by Jove! the agent's always after me for not holding that boy. What am I to do? I wish some of

those cocky inspectors would stay awhile and tackle one or two of our chronic cases. They just come and take a look and slip away to some other field. We have to do all the devising." He turned toward the retreating figure of the boy. "Hey there, Herman! You hurry up and get those chores done, d'ye hear?"

The slow-moving boy lifted patient unsmiling eyes, dropped them again, toiled haltingly on his way.

"How long shall you keep it on him?"

"Oh! till I think he's reformed. But you can't tell. He's a sure slick one."

The next time I went to the school I asked for the boy. The superintendent shot me a side-long look. "Gone," he said. "That ball and chain business got on my nerves —"

"It's been on mine!" I interrupted.

"— so I took it off. I declare I hadn't got it stowed away before he was gone." He looked at me whimsically. Then we both laughed.

"What next?" asked I.

He shook his head. "A long vacation for Herman, I guess. I think I'm at the end of my resources."

It was three days later that, wishing to send a telegram, I drove to the school to use its telephone, which connected directly with the telegraph office in the station at Rawdon. Our telephone at the ranch was only a local one. There was a sound of talking in the office. I went in tentatively.

The superintendent sat behind his desk. In front of him on a straight-backed chair was an Indian woman. She was thin to emaciation. Her lean, lined face

wore a harassed expression. Her bony hands held together the folds of her blanket which supported the weight of a sleeping child. Her moccasins, made obviously of the denim of old overalls, were ragged; her hair straggled untidily. Backed against the wall, hat in hand, head drooped, stood the listless figure of a boy. The superintendent was speaking. I paused, listening. With a ruler he tapped his desk, emphasizing his words.

"No more lickings, no more lock-up, no more ball and chain. But, understand, the police of this reservation have something better to do than to hunt up the same runaway all the time. Herman, I shall keep you in school and just as free as the other boys. But this I say to you, the next time you go, I shall send directly down to your camp, and your mother," he made a little gesture toward her, "shall go straight to the lock-up. Your mother, you understand, not you. . ."

The boy jerked suddenly, lifted a startled face.

"Interpret," commanded the superintendent inexorably. "Tell her just what I said."

Without looking at her the boy spoke; his voice, pronouncing the guttural Indian words, was low and halting.

The woman made a faint inarticulate cry, looked quickly from the boy to the superintendent, and then back to the boy. She spoke to him suddenly in an eager voice. He shook his head.

"Does she understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, you may go. That's all."

The boy made a sign to his mother and turning, sidled out of the office. The woman gathered her shawl more securely about the baby and followed him.

When I finished my telephoning and went out, I saw them sitting side by side and close together on the edge of the board walk. As I passed them she got up. Stooping, she lifted the sleeping baby to her back and balanced it there, its little face against her neck, while, with hands extended behind her back, she drew her shawl up over it and gathered the folds tight across her breast. She bent down still further and kissed the bowed face of the boy. Then, rising, she walked away from him, striding a little with her long, flat-footed steps. He sat where she had left him, upon the edge of the walk, a huddled bunch of misfitting clothes.

"And did he ever run away again?" It was the next year at the school Christmas tree that I asked the question.

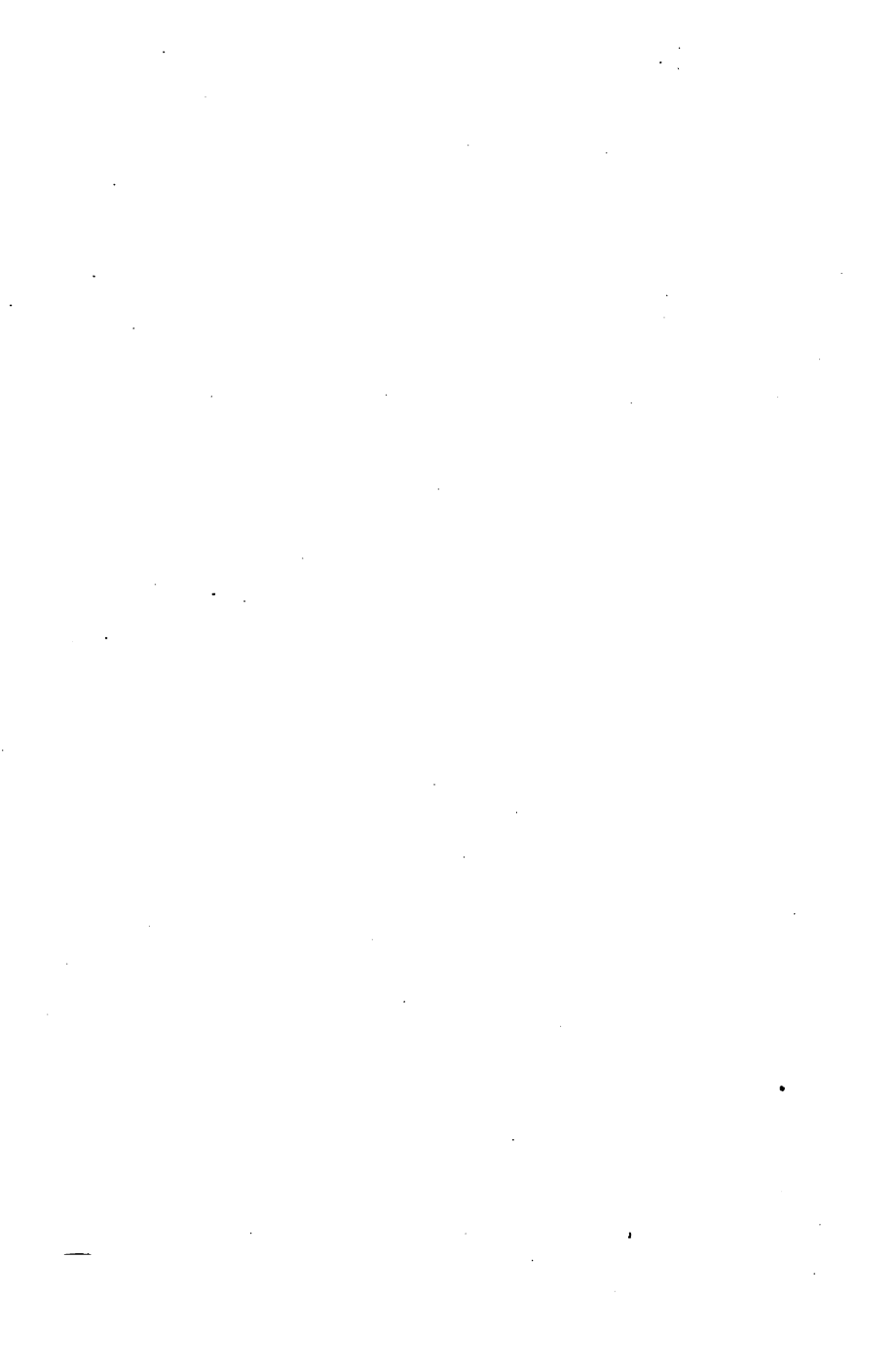
The superintendent beamed upon me. "Never!" he said.

Santa Claus, of orthodox shape and costume, standing on a chair, reached down from the tree a big bundle and handed it to the superintendent, who turned it over to read the name on it. Holding it high, and with a smile on his not unkindly face, he called out over the hubbub of murmuring children and crackling peanut-shells: "Come up and get your stuff, Herman Island."

— *Grace Coolidge.*



"I SAW THEM SITTING SIDE BY SIDE"





## THE TEMPEST

## DRAMATIZATION

## SCENE I

PLACE : *An island*

## CHARACTERS

PROSPERO

ARIEL

MIRANDA

FERDINAND

*(The stage may be sprinkled with sand and have upon it representations of rocks; palms and ferns may be used in making the scene more realistic. PROSPERO seems to be pointing to a ship in distress.)*

*Miranda* O my dear father, if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed with all the precious souls within her.

*Prospero* Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda, there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a

time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age.

*Miranda* Certainly I can, sir.

*Prospero* By what? By any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child.

*Miranda* It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?

*Prospero* You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?

*Miranda* No, sir, I remember nothing more.

*Prospero* Twelve years ago, Miranda, I was Duke of Milan and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything, and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy.

*Miranda* Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

*Prospero* My child, they durst not, so dear was

the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without tackle, sail or mast, where he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel and some books, which I prize above my dukedom.

*Miranda* O my father, what a trouble must I have been to you then!

*Prospero* No, my love, you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island. Since then my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.

*Miranda* Heaven thank you, my dear father! Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?

*Prospero* Know then that by means of this storm, my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.

(*PROSPERO touches his daughter with his magic wand and she falls fast asleep. ARIEL appears.*)

*Prospero* Well, my brave spirit, how have you performed your task? Hast thou raised the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ariel* I boarded the king's ship, now on the beak, now in the waist, on the deck, in every cabin; I flamed amazement.

*Prospero* My brave spirit! Who was so firm,

so constant, that his reason was not infected by this great tempest?

*Ariel* None, my master. The king's son, Ferdinand, was the first man that leaped into the flood.

*Prospero* Was not this nigh shore?

*Ariel* Close by, my master.

*Prospero* But are they safe, Ariel?

*Ariel* Not a hair perished. The king's son I have landed by himself; but he is safe in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. . Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before.

*Prospero* That's my delicate Ariel! bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?

*Ariel* I left them searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor.

*Prospero* Ariel, thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet.

*Ariel* Is there more work? Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling.

*Prospero* How now? You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the

wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak! tell me!

*Ariel* Sir, in Algiers.

*Prospero* Oh, was she so? I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from.

*Ariel* Pardon me, dear master, I will obey your commands.

*Prospero* Do so, and I will set you free.

*Ariel* That's my noble master! What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

*Prospero* Go make thyself like a nymph of the sea; be subject to no sight but thine and mine; go hence with diligence!

(*ARIEL leaves the stage and soon is heard singing outside. FERDINAND'S voice is heard.*)

*Ferdinand* Where should this music be? I' the air or earth? It sounds no more; and, sure, it waits upon some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank, weeping at the loss of my dear father, this music crept by me upon the waters, allaying both their fury and my passion with its sweet air; thence I have followed it, or it hath drawn me, rather. But 't is gone. No, it begins again.

## SCENE II

(*ARIEL enters singing and is followed by FERDINAND.*)

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange ;  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell ;  
Hark ! I hear them — Ding-dong, bell.

(*music*)

*Prospero* Miranda, tell me what you are looking at yonder ?

*Miranda* O father, surely that is a spirit ! How it looks about ! Is it not a spirit ?

*Prospero* No, girl. It eats and sleeps and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He has lost his companions and is wandering about to find them.

*Miranda* I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

*Ferdinand* May I know if you remain upon this island, and can you tell me how to bear me here ?

*Prospero* A word, good sir ; I fear you have done yourself some wrong ; a word.

*Miranda* Why speaks my father so ungently ? May pity move my father !

*Prospero* (*advancing sternly*) Follow me, I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink

sea-water ; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food.

*Ferdinand* No, I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy.

(*FERDINAND draws his sword, but PROSPERO waving his wand, FERDINAND remains fixed to the spot.*)

*Miranda* Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir ; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems to be a true one.

*Prospero* Silence, one word more will make me chide you, girl. What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban. Come on, young man, you have no power to disobey me.

*Ferdinand* I have not, indeed.

(*FERDINAND follows PROSPERO from the stage.*)

### SCENE III

(*PROSPERO calls ARIEL.*)

*Prospero* Tell me, Ariel, where are my brother and the King of Naples, and how do they fare?

*Ariel* They are almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things they have seen and heard. When they were almost famished for want of food, I suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, I appeared before them in the shape of a harpy and the feast vanished

away. I told them of their cruelty in driving you from your dukedom, and leaving you and your infant daughter to perish in the sea. I am sure they repent of the injustice they have done you, and I can but pity them, my master.

*Prospero* Then bring them hither, Ariel, if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.

*(ARIEL goes out and returns quickly with the king, ANTONIO, and old GONZALO. ARIEL is playing on a fife or flute. They do not recognize PROSPERO.)*

*Prospero* Gonzalo, good Gonzalo, preserver of my life, do you not know Prospero?

*(ANTONIO falls upon his knees and breaks forth into sobs.)*

*Antonio* My brother, forgive me for my wicked conduct. I do truly repent of my conduct.

*King* Prospero, forgive me for my part in this wicked work.

*Prospero* I forgive you both and I have a gift in store for you, too.

*(PROSPERO opens a door and shows FERDINAND playing at chess with MIRANDA.)*

*Miranda* O wonder, what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.



*King* Who is this maid? She seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us together.

*Ferdinand* No sir, she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is the daughter to this Prospero, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father.

*King* Then I must be her father; but, oh! how oddly it will sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness.

*Prospero* No more of that, let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended. Your ship is safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and my daughter and I will accompany you home on the morrow. In the mean time, partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords. My quaint Ariel, I shall miss you, yet you shall have your freedom.

*Ariel* Thank you, my dear master, but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit, and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live.

(*ARIEL sings*)

Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough;  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

(*music*)

— William Shakespeare.

## TRIBUTES TO HOME

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing nor flies,  
Where idle warblers roam ;  
But high she shoots through air and light  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight  
Nor shadows dim her way. — *Thomas Moore.*

Home ! My Home !  
Fairer than fairest ; if thou wert a rock,  
Thou wouldst be dearer to me than the blest  
Hesperides. — *Frederick Tennyson.*

Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man.  
— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding or overbearing spirits ; there will be no peevishness nor fretfulness ; unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found in the tongue. Oh the tears, the wasting of life and health and strength and much of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words ! — *Jonathan Edwards.*

There is always something about home which addresses us with a friendly air and touches the heart, even after having just come from direct intercourse with objects that are great and beautiful.

— *Alexander Humboldt.*

Home joys are the most delightful Earth affords.

— *Pestalozzi*

The sweetest type of Heaven is Home.

— *J. G. Holland.*

Such is the patriot's boast where'er he roam,  
His first best country ever is at home.

— *Oliver Goldsmith.*

No genuine observer can decide otherwise than that the homes of a nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety and thrift.— *J. G. Holland.*

A man who in the struggles of life has no home to retire to, in fact or in memory, is without life's best rewards and life's best defences.— *J. G. Holland.*

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.— *Mrs. Sigourney.*

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.— *Goethe.*

There is no place more delightful than one's own fireside. — *Cicero.*

Everyone in his own home and God in all of them.

— *Cervantes.*

The home of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose. — *Sir Edward Coke.*

We may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

Humble and dear corner of the world, modest fireside where first appeared on the horizon of our souls the silhouettes of men and of things, those who remain most faithful to thee, who are proudest to recognize in themselves thy characteristic stamp, are the strong and fearless. They go through life combating, illumining, inspiring, forgiving, building; but they well know that the best they have they owe to a loving mother, a brave father; and as one guards a treasure, they preserve in the depths of their hearts the filial sentiment, pure homage to the virtues of the sanctuary of home. — *Charles Wagner.*

## GROWTH

Thank God, a man can grow! He is not bound  
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground,

Though his beginnings be but poor and low;  
Thank God a man can grow!

The fire upon his altars may burn dim,  
The torch he lighted may in darkness fall,  
And nothing to rekindle it avail,  
But high beyond his dull horizon's rim  
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him.

— *Florence Earle Coates.*

## BEING NEIGHBORLY

"What in the world are you going to do now, Jo?" asked Meg, one snowy afternoon, as her sister came tramping through the hall in rubber boots, old sack and hood, with a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other.

"Going out for exercise," answered Jo, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I should think two long walks this morning would have been enough! It's cold and dull out; and I advise you to stay warm and dry by the fire, as I do," said Meg, with a shiver.

"Never take advice! Can't keep still all day, and, not being a pussy-cat, I don't like to doze by the fire. I like adventures, and I'm going to find some."

Meg went back to toast her feet and read "Ivanhoe"; and Jo began to dig paths with great energy. The snow was light, and with her broom she soon swept a path all round the garden, for Beth to walk in when the sun came out and the invalid dolls needed air.

Now, the garden separated the Marches' house from that of Mr. Laurence. Both stood in a suburb of the city, which was still countrylike, with groves and lawns, large gardens, and quiet streets. A low hedge parted the two estates. On one side was an old, brown house, looking rather bare and shabby, robbed of the vines that in summer covered its walls, and of the flowers which then surrounded it. On the other side was a stately stone mansion, plainly betokening every sort of comfort and luxury, from the

big coach-house and well-kept grounds to the conservatory and the glimpses of lovely things one caught between the rich curtains. Yet it seemed a lonely, lifeless sort of house; for no children frolicked on the lawn, no motherly face ever smiled at the windows, and few people went in and out, except the old gentleman and his grandson.

To Jo's lively fancy, this fine house seemed a kind of enchanted palace, full of splendors and delights, which no one enjoyed. She had long wanted to behold these hidden glories, and to know the "Laurence boy", who looked as if he would like to be known, if he only knew how to begin. Since the party, she had been more eager than ever, and had planned many ways of making friends with him; but he had not been seen lately, and Jo began to think he had gone away, when she one day spied a brown face at an upper window, looking wistfully down into their garden, where Beth and Amy were snowballing one another.

"That boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa does not know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a party of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so!"

The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things, and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of "going over" was not forgotten; and when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Laurence drive off, and then sallied out to dig her way



**"JO NODDED AND LAUGHED, AND FLOURISHED HER BROOM"**





down to the hedge, where she paused, and took a survey. All quiet, — curtains down at the lower windows; servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand at the upper window.

"There he is," thought Jo, "poor boy! all alone and sick this dismal day. It's a shame! I'll toss up a snowball, and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him."

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded and laughed, and flourished her broom as she called out, —

"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window, and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven, —

"Better, thank you. I've had a bad cold, and been shut up a week."

"I'm sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?"

"Nothing; it's as dull as tombs up here."

"Don't you read?"

"Not much; they won't let me."

"Can't somebody read to you?"

"Grandpa does, sometimes; but my books don't interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time."

"Have some one come and see you, then."

"There isn't any one I'd like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak."

"Isn't there some nice girl who'd read and amuse you? Girls are quiet, and like to play nurse."

"Don't know any."

"You know us," began Jo, then laughed, and stopped.

"So I do! Will you come, please?" cried Laurie.

"I'm not quiet and nice; but I'll come, if mother will let me. I'll go ask her. Shut that window, like a good boy, and wait till I come."

With that, Jo shouldered her broom and marched into the house, wondering what they would all say to her. Laurie was in a flutter of excitement at the idea of having company, and flew about to get ready; for, as Mrs. March said, he was "a little gentleman," and did honor to the coming guest by brushing his curly pate, putting on a fresh collar, and trying to tidy up the room, which, in spite of half a dozen servants, was anything but neat. Presently there came a loud ring, then a decided voice, asking for "Mr. Laurie," and a surprised-looking servant came running up to announce a young lady.

"All right, show her up, it's Miss Jo," said Laurie, going to the door of his little parlor to meet Jo, who appeared, looking rosy and kind and quite at her ease, with a covered dish on one hand and Beth's three kittens in the other.

"Here I am, bag and baggage," she said briskly. "Mother sent her love, and was glad if I could do anything for you. Meg wanted me to bring some of her blanc-mange; she makes it very nicely, and Beth thought her cats would be comforting. I knew you'd laugh at them, but I couldn't refuse, she was so anxious to do something."

It so happened that Beth's funny loan was just the thing; for, in laughing over the kits, Laurie forgot his bashfulness, and grew sociable at once.

"That looks too pretty to eat," he said, smiling with pleasure, as Jo uncovered the dish, and showed the blanc-mange, surrounded by a garland of green leaves and the scarlet flowers of Amy's pet geranium.

"It isn't anything, only they all felt kindly, and wanted to show it. Tell the girl to put it away for your tea: it's so simple, you can eat it; and, being soft, it will slip down without hurting your sore throat. What a cosy room this is!"

"It might be if it was kept nice; but the maids are lazy, and I don't know how to make them mind. It worries me, though."

"I'll right it up in two minutes; for it only needs to have the hearth brushed, so, — and the things made straight on the mantel-piece, so, — and the books put here, and the bottles there, and your sofa turned from the light, and the pillows plumped up a bit. Now, then, you're fixed."

And so he was; for, as she laughed and talked, Jo had whisked things into place, and given quite a different air to the room. Laurie watched her in respectful silence; and when she beckoned him to his sofa, he sat down with a sigh of satisfaction, saying gratefully:

"How kind you are! Yes, that's what it wanted. Now please take the big chair, and let me do something to amuse my company."

"No; I came to amuse you. Shall I read aloud?" and Jo looked affectionately toward some inviting books near by.

"Thank you; I've read all those, and if you don't mind, I'd rather talk," answered Laurie.

"Not a bit; I'll talk all day if you'll only set me going. Beth says I never know when to stop."

"Is Beth the rosy one, who stays at home a good deal, and sometimes goes out with a little basket?" asked Laurie, with interest.

"Yes, that's Beth; she's my girl, and a regular good one she is, too."

"The pretty one is Meg, and the curly-haired one is Amy, I believe?"

"How did you find that out?"

Laurie colored up, but answered frankly, "Why, you see, I often hear you calling to one another, and when I'm alone up here, I can't help looking over at your house, you always seem to be having such good times. I beg your pardon for being so rude, but sometimes you forget to put down the curtain at the window where the flowers are; and when the lamps are lighted, it's like looking at a picture to see the fire, and you all round the table with your mother; her face is right opposite, and it looks so sweet behind the flowers, I can't help watching it. I haven't got any mother, you know"; and Laurie poked the fire to hide a little twitching of the lips that he could not control.

The solitary, hungry look in his eyes went straight to Jo's warm heart. She had been so simply taught that there was no nonsense in her head, and at fifteen she was as innocent and frank as any child. Laurie was sick and lonely; and, feeling how rich she was in home-love and happiness, she gladly tried to share it with him. Her face was very friendly and her sharp voice unusually gentle as she said:

"We'll never draw that curtain any more, and I

give you leave to look as much as you like. I just wish, though, instead of peeping, you'd come over and see us. Mother is so splendid, she'd do you heaps of good, and Beth would sing to you if I begged her to, and Amy would dance; Meg and I would make you laugh over our funny stage properties, and we'd have jolly times. Wouldn't your grandpa let you?"

"I think he would, if your mother asked him. He's very kind, though he does not look so; and he lets me do what I like, pretty much, only he's afraid I might be a bother to strangers," began Laurie, brightening more and more.

"We are not strangers, we are neighbors, and you needn't think you'd be a bother. We *want* to know you, and I've been trying to do it this ever so long. We haven't been here a great while, you know, but we have got acquainted with all our neighbors but you."

"You see grandpa lives among his books, and doesn't mind much what happens outside. Mr. Brooke, my tutor, doesn't stay here, you know, and I have no one to go about with me, so I just stop at home and get on as I can."

"That's bad. You ought to make an effort, and go visiting everywhere you are asked; then you'll have plenty of friends, and pleasant places to go to. Never mind being bashful; it won't last long if you keep going."

Laurie turned red again, but wasn't offended at being accused of bashfulness; for there was so much good-will in Jo it was impossible not to take her blunt speeches as kindly as they were meant.

"Do you like your school?" asked the boy, changing the subject, after a little pause, during which he stared at the fire, and Jo looked about her, well pleased.

"Don't go to school; I'm a business man — girl, I mean. I go to wait on my great aunt, and a dear, cross old soul she is, too," answered Jo.

Laurie opened his mouth to ask another question; but remembering just in time that it wasn't manners to make too many inquiries into people's affairs, he shut it again, and looked uncomfortable. Jo liked his good breeding, and didn't mind having a laugh at Aunt March, so she gave him a lively description of the fidgety old lady, her fat poodle, the parrot that talked Spanish, and the library where she revelled.

Laurie enjoyed that immensely; and when she told about the prim old gentleman who came once to woo Aunt March, and, in the middle of a fine speech, how Poll had tweaked his wig off, to his great dismay, the boy lay back and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and a maid popped her head in to see what was the matter.

"Oh! that does me no end of good. Tell on, please," he said, taking his face out of the sofa-cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elated with her success, Jo did "tell on", all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books; and to Jo's delight, she found that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

"If you like them so much, come down and see ours.

Grandpa is out, so you needn't be afraid," said Laurie, getting up.

"I'm not afraid of anything," returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

"I don't believe you are!" exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summer-like, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy; and so at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands, and pranced, as she always did when especially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and sleepy-hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes; and, best of all, a great open fireplace, with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depth of a velvet chair, and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction. "Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head, as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could say more, a bell rang, and Jo flew up, exclaiming with alarm, "Mercy me! it's your grandpa!"

"Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know," returned the boy, looking wicked.

"I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't

know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you're any the worse for it," said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

"I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm only afraid you are very tired talking to me; it was so pleasant, I couldn't bear to stop," said Laurie gratefully.

"The doctor to see you, sir," and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

"Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him," said Laurie.

"Don't mind me. I'm as happy as a cricket here," answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the old gentleman, when the door opened again, and, without turning, she said decidedly, "I'm sure now that I shouldn't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as *my* grandfather, but I like him."

"Thank you, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her; and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.

Poor Jo blushed till she couldn't blush any redder, and her heart began to beat uncomfortably fast as she thought what she had said. For a minute a wild desire to run away possessed her; but that was cowardly, and the girls would laugh at her: so she resolved to stay, and get out of the scrape as she could.

A second look showed her that the living eyes, under the bushy gray eyebrows, were kinder even than the painted ones; and there was a sly twinkle in them,



which lessened her fear a good deal. The gruff voice was gruffer than ever, as the old gentleman said abruptly, after that dreadful pause, "So you're not afraid of me, hey?"

"Not much, sir."

"And you don't think me as handsome as your grandfather?"

"Not quite, sir."

"And I've got a tremendous will, have I?"

"I only said I thought so."

"But you like me, in spite of it?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

That answer pleased the old gentleman; he gave a short laugh, shook hands with her, and, putting his finger under her chin, turned up her face, examined it gravely, and let it go, saying, with a nod, "You've got your grandfather's spirit, if you haven't his face. He *was* a fine man, my dear; but, what is better, he was a brave and an honest one, and I was proud to be his friend."

"Thank you, sir"; and Jo was quite comfortable after that, for it suited her exactly.

"What have you been doing to this boy of mine, hey?" was the next question, sharply put.

"Only trying to be neighborly, sir"; and Jo told how her visit came about.

"You think he needs cheering up a bit, do you?"

"Yes, sir; he seems a little lonely, and young folks would do him good perhaps. We are only girls, but we should be glad to help if we could, for we don't forget the splendid Christmas present you sent us," said Jo eagerly.

"Tut, tut, tut! that was the boy's affair. How is the poor woman?"

"Doing nicely, sir"; and off went Jo, talking very fast, as she told all about the Hummels, in whom her mother had interested richer friends than they were.

"Just her father's way of doing good. I shall come and see your mother some fine day. Tell her so. There's the tea-bell; we have it early, on the boy's account. Come down, and go on being neighborly."

"If you'd like to have me, sir."

"Shouldn't ask you, if I didn't"; and Mr. Laurence offered her his arm with old-fashioned courtesy.

"What *would* Meg say to this?" thought Jo, as she was marched away, while her eyes danced with fun as she imagined herself telling the story at home.

"Hey! Why, what the dickens has come to the fellow?" said the old gentleman, as Laurie came running downstairs, and brought up with a start of surprise at the astonishing sight of Jo arm-in-arm with his redoubtable grandfather.

"I didn't know you'd come, sir," he began, as Jo gave him a triumphant little glance.

"That's evident, by the way you racket downstairs. Come to your tea, sir, and behave like a gentleman"; and having pulled the boy's hair by way of a caress, Mr. Laurence walked on, while Laurie went through a series of comic evolutions behind their backs, which nearly produced an explosion of laughter from Jo.

The old gentleman did not say much as he drank his four cups of tea, but he watched the young people, who soon chatted away like old friends, and the change

in his grandson did not escape him. There was color, light, and life in the boy's face now, vivacity in his manner, and genuine merriment in his laugh.

"She's right; the lad is lonely. I'll see what these little girls can do for him," thought Mr. Laurence, as he looked and listened. He liked Jo, for her odd, blunt ways suited him; and she seemed to understand the boy almost as well as if she had been one herself.

If the Laurences had been what Jo called "prim and poky", she would not have got on at all, for such people always made her shy and awkward; but finding them free and easy, she was so herself, and made a good impression. When they rose she proposed to go, but Laurie said he had something more to show her, and took her away to the conservatory, which had been lighted for her benefit. It seemed quite fairy-like to Jo, as she went up and down the walks, enjoying the blooming walls on either side, the soft light, the damp sweet air, and the wonderful vines and trees that hung above her, — while her new friend cut flowers till his hands were full; then he tied them up, saying, with the happy look Jo liked to see, "Please give these to your mother, and tell her I like the medicine she sent me very much."

They found Mr. Laurence standing before the fire in the great drawing-room, but Jo's attention was entirely absorbed by a grand piano, which stood open.

"Do you play?" she asked, turning to Laurie with a respectful expression.

"Sometimes," he answered modestly.

"Please do now. I want to hear it, so I can tell Beth."

"Won't you first?"

"Don't know how; too stupid to learn, but I love music dearly."

So Laurie played, and Jo listened, with her nose luxuriously buried in heliotrope and tea-roses. Her respect and regard for the "Laurence boy" increased very much, for he played remarkably well, and didn't put on any airs. She wished Beth could hear him, but she did not say so; only praised him till he was quite abashed, and his grandfather came to the rescue. "That will do, that will do, young lady. Too many sugar-plums are not good for him. His music isn't bad, but I hope he will do as well in more important things. Going? Well, I'm much obliged to you, and I hope you'll come again. My respects to your mother. Good-night, Doctor Jo."

He shook hands kindly, but looked as if something did not please him. When they got into the hall, Jo asked Laurie if she had said anything amiss. He shook his head.

"No, it was me; he doesn't like to hear me play."

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you some day. John is going home with you, as I can't."

"No need of that; I am not a young lady, and it's only a step. Take care of yourself, won't you?"

"Yes; but you will come again, I hope?"

"If you promise to come and see us after you are well."

"I will."

"Good-night, Laurie!"

"Good-night, Jo, good-night!"

When all the afternoon's adventures had been told,

the family felt inclined to go visiting in a body, for each found something very attractive in the big house on the other side of the hedge. Mrs. March wanted to talk of her father with the old man who had not forgotten him; Meg longed to walk in the conservatory; Beth sighed for the grand piano; and Amy was eager to see the fine pictures and statues.

"Mother, why didn't Mr. Laurence like to have Laurie play?" asked Jo, who was of an inquiring disposition.

"I am not sure, but I think it was because his son, Laurie's father, married an Italian lady, a musician, which displeased the old man, who is very proud. The lady was good and lovely and accomplished, but he did not like her, and never saw his son after he married. They both died when Laurie was a little child, and then his grandfather took him home. I fancy the boy, who was born in Italy, is not very strong, and the old man is afraid of losing him, which makes him so careful. Laurie comes naturally by his love of music, for he is like his mother, and I dare say his grandfather fears that he may want to be a musician; at any rate, his skill reminds him of the woman he did not like, and so he 'glowered', as Jo said."

"Dear me, how romantic!" exclaimed Meg.

"How silly!" said Jo. "Let him be a musician, if he wants to, and not plague his life out sending him to college, when he hates to go."

"That's why he has such handsome black eyes and pretty manners, I suppose. Italians are always nice," said Meg, who was a little sentimental.

"What do you know about his eyes and his manners?"

You never spoke to him, hardly," cried Jo, who was *not* sentimental.

"I saw him at the party, and what you tell shows that he knows how to behave. That was a nice little speech about the medicine mother sent him."

"He meant the blanc-mange, I suppose."

"How stupid you are, child! He meant you, of course."

"Did he?" and Jo opened her eyes.

"I never saw such a girl! You don't know a compliment when you get it," said Meg, with the air of a young lady who knew all about the matter.

"I think they are great nonsense, and I'll thank you not to be silly, and spoil my fun. Laurie's a nice boy, and I like him, and I won't have any sentimental stuff about compliments and such rubbish. We'll all be good to him, because he hasn't got any mother, and he *may* come over and see us, mayn't he, Marmee?"

"Yes, Jo, your little friend is very welcome, and I hope Meg will remember that children should be children as long as they can."

"I don't call myself a child, and I'm not in my teens yet," observed Amy. "What do you say, Beth?"

"I was thinking about our 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" answered Beth, who had not heard a word. "How we got out of the Slough and through the Wicket Gate by resolving to be good, and up the steep hill by trying; and that maybe the house over there, full of splendid things, is going to be our Palace Beautiful."

"We have got to get by the lions, first," said Jo, as if she rather liked the prospect.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

The stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!  
The deer across their greensward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam;  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light!  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks  
And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves ;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !  
Long, long, in hut and hall  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall !  
And green forever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God.

— *Felicia D. Hemans.*

### WHO COMETH OVER THE HILLS?

Who cometh over the hills,  
Her garments with morning sweet,  
The dance of a thousand rills  
Making music before her feet ?  
Her presence freshens the air ;  
Sunshine steals light from her face ;  
The leaden footstep of Care  
Leaps to the tune of her pace ;  
Fairness of all that is fair,  
Grace at the heart of all grace,  
Sweetener of hut and hall,  
Bringer of life out of naught,  
Freedom, oh, fairest of all  
The daughters of Time and Thought.

— *James Russell Lowell.*



## THE HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND

The hills of New England —  
How proudly they rise  
In the wildness of grandeur  
To blend with the skies ;  
With their far azure outline,  
And tall, ancient trees —  
New England, my country,  
I love thee for these !

The vales of New England  
That cradle her streams,  
That smile in their greenness  
Like land in our dreams ;  
All sunny with pleasure,  
Embosomed in ease —  
New England, my country,  
I love thee for these !

The woods of New England,  
Still verdant and high,  
Though rocked by the tempests  
Of ages gone by ;  
Romance dims their arches  
And speaks in the breeze —  
New England, my country,  
I love thee for these !

The streams of New England  
That roar as they go,  
Or seem in their stillness  
But dreaming to flow ;

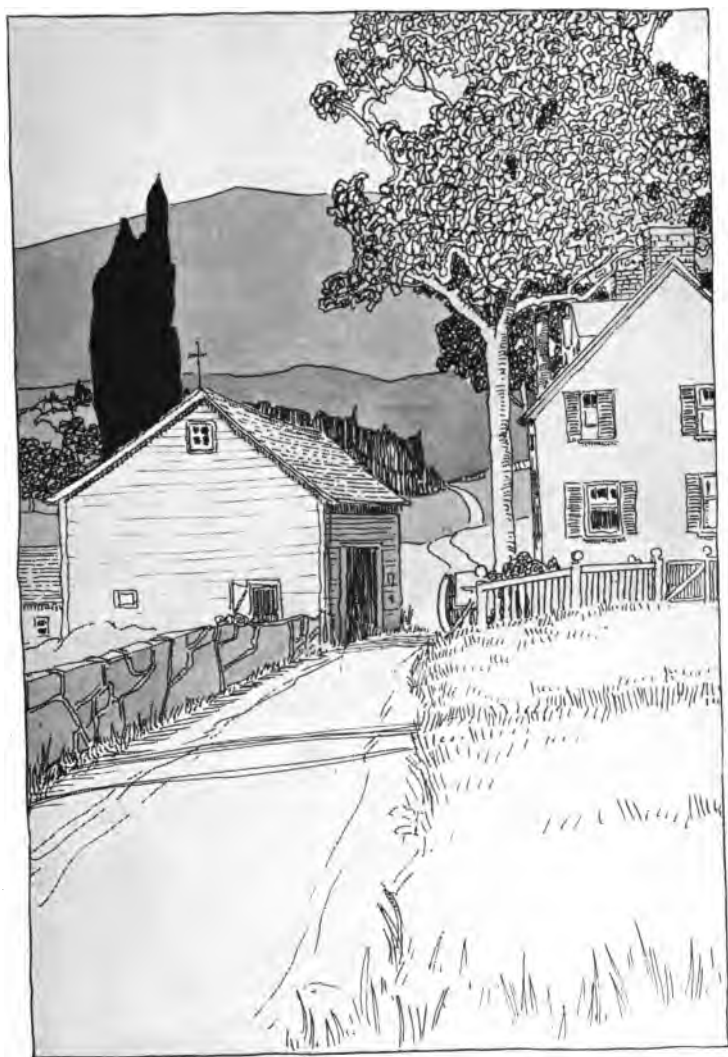
Oh, bright gilds the sunshine  
Their march to the seas —  
New England, my country,  
I love thee for these !

The homes of New England,  
Free-fortuned and fair,  
Oh, many a heart treasures  
Its seraphim there ;  
E'en more than thy mountains,  
Or streamlets, they please —  
New England, my country,  
I love thee for these !

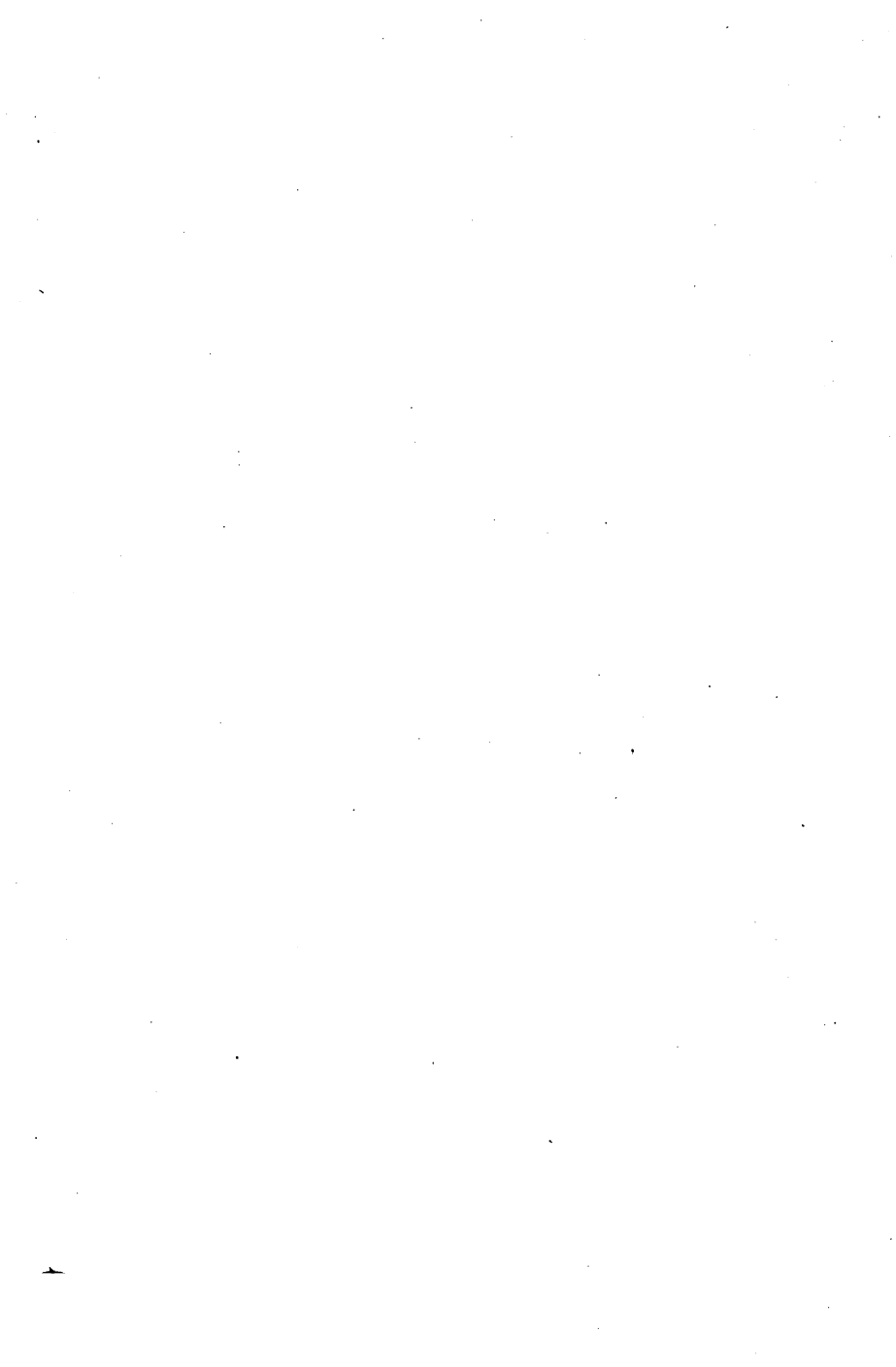
### WE ARE ALL HERE

Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,  
All who hold each other dear ;  
Each chair is filled, we're all at home.  
To-night let no cold stranger come ;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
Bless then the meeting and the spot ;  
For once be every care forgot.  
Let gentle peace assert her power,  
And kind affection rule the hour ;  
We're all, all here.

— *Charles Sprague.*



THE HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND



## THE LOST NATION

The four families on Mount Hunger were known to the towns about as The Lost Nation. Two of them, the Blossoms and the Spillkinses, were, in reality, lumber-dealers rather than farmers. The third, Lemuel Wood, had a sheep farm, and Aunt Tryphosa Little, with her granddaughter, Maria Ann, was the fourth. The two women owned a spruce woodlot and let it out to men who cut the bark. They cultivated a small garden patch of corn, beans, and squash, kept a cow and a few hens, and eked out their scanty income with a day's work here and there in fine weather.

Every two weeks they did the washing and ironing for the Blossom family, as Mrs. Blossom's cares were too heavy for her, and she felt that not only could she afford it this year, but that in putting it out she was giving a little help to her poorer neighbors.

Chi or March took the huge basket of linen over on the wagon or sledge, and always left with it a neighborly gift — a peck of fine russets or greenings, a bunch of celery, a pound or two of salt pork, a bunch of delicious parsnips, or a dozen eggs when the old dame's hens were moulting. Aunt Tryphosa and Maria Ann were not to be outdone in neighborly kindnesses, and, regularly, the willow basket, full to overflowing with snow-white clothes, was returned with something tucked away under the square covering of oilcloth — a tiny bunch of sage or summer savory, an ironing-holder made of bits of bright calico or woollen rags, a little paper bag of spruce gum, a

pair of woollen wristers for Mr. Blossom or Chi, a new recipe for spring bitters with a sample of the herbs — sassafras, dock root, thoroughwort, winter-green, and dandelion — gathered by Aunt Tryphosa herself.

They had one cow which they regarded as the third member of their family. She had been named Dorcas, after Aunt Tryphosa's mother, and proved a model animal of her kind. She gave a more than ordinary amount of creamy milk; presented her mistress with a sturdy calf each year; never hooked nor kicked; never, during the bitter winter weather, grew restless in her small shed which adjoined the woodshed, and never broke from pasture in the sweet-smelling summer time.

Aunt Tryphosa and Maria Ann vied with each other in petting her. They brushed her coat as regularly as they did up their own back hair. They gave her a weekly scrubbing as conscientiously as they took their Saturday bath. For cold nights Aunt Tryphosa had made for her a dress of red flannel (although she had never heard of "Cranford") which she and Maria Ann had planned to fit the cow-anatomy, and it had proved a great success.

For the midsummer fly-time they had contrived a wonderfully fashioned garment of coarse fish-netting, into which they had knotted a cotton fringe. They claimed, and rightly, that freedom from chill and irritation, incident upon zero weather and August dog-days, affected the milk most favorably, both in quantity and quality; and, as it all went to make delicious small cheeses, which sold at Barton's River for twenty-five

cents apiece and were renowned throughout the country, people had ceased to laugh at the cow's appearance.

It had become one of Hazel's great treats to be permitted to go with March or Chi to the little house — not much more than a cabin — on the east side of the Mountain; and when she knew that the two were to be guests for Thanksgiving, but not for Christmas, she began to lay plans accordingly.

The Spillkinses were an aged set; not one was under seventy.

There were the Captain and his wife, who had celebrated their Golden Wedding, and his wife's two maiden sisters, Melissa and Elvira, of whom he always spoke as the "girls." They were funny old maidens of seventy-one and two, who did up their hair in curl-papers, precisely as they did a half a century ago; wore black cotton mitts when they went to church, and white silk ones when they went out to tea; called each other "Lissy" and "Elly", and were still sensitive in regard to their ages.

In addition to these, the old, gray-shingled, vine-covered farmhouse on the lower mountain road sheltered the Captain's elder brother, Israel, who was just turned ninety-three, hale and hearty, and Israel's eldest son, Reuben, a youth of seventy, who in our North Country parlance was "not all there", but harmless, kindly, and generally helpful.

All these, together with Lemuel Wood and his wife, and the new teacher, were to be Thanksgiving guests, and wonderful preparations went on for days beforehand.

Such a sorting and paring and chopping of apples!

Such a seeding of raisins, and whipping of eggs, and compounding of cakes! Such a tucking away of chickens beneath the flaky crust of the huge pie! Such a moulding of cranberry jelly, so deeply, darkly, richly red! Such a cracking of butternuts, and a melting of maple sugar! Such a stuffing of an eighteen-pound turkey, and such a trussing of thin-linked sausages! Such a making of goodly pies, pumpkin, mince, and apple! Such a quartering of small cheeses contributed by Aunt Tryphosa! Such an unbottling of sweet pickles, and unbarrelling of sweet cider;—and, on the final day, such a general boiling, and baking, and roasting, and basting, and mashing, and grinding, and seasoning, and whipping, and cutting, and kneading, and rolling, as can occur only once a year in an old-fashioned, New England farmhouse.

Hazel was in her glory. Arrayed in a checked gingham apron, which she had made herself, she beat eggs, whipped cream, helped Rose set the table, wiped the dishes and baking-pans, basted the noble Thanksgiving bird once, as a great privilege, although in so doing she burned her fingers with the sputtering fat, scorched her apron, and parboiled her already flushed face with the escaping steam. But she was happy!

“Oh, papa!” she wrote, the day after the party, “I never had such a good time in my life! If only you could see the things we made!—apple and lemon tarts, and mince and cranberry ‘turnovers’, and doughnuts all twisted into a sort of French bow-knot such as Gabrielle used to make of her back hair, and a queer kind of cake they call ‘marble’, all streaky



with chocolate and white, and butternut candy made with maple sugar, and an *Indian* pudding, and little bits of nut-cakes with a small piece of currant jelly inside and all powdered sugar out; and — oh, I can't begin to tell you, for this is only a part of the dessert.

"I'll try to paragraph this letter in the right places so you'll understand about the party.

"All the Lost Nation was invited; Captain and Mrs. Spillkins, Miss Melissa and Miss Elvira, Uncle Israel and Poor Reub, Mr. Lemuel Wood and his wife, and Aunt Tryphosa and Maria Ann, and — Oh, I forgot Miss Alton! She's awfully sweet; she is Budd and Cherry's teacher in the district school at the Mill Settlement. She's more like a city person than the others. I wish you'd been here! for I can't tell it half as nice as it was; but I'll do my best because you wrote you wanted me to tell you everything.

"We were all ready for the party at eleven o'clock — in the morning, I mean — (I can't remember the sign for forenoon). We don't have any lunch up here, as you know, but the dinner comes between 12 and 1, so everything was ready then. I got up at five o'clock! and worked hard till it was time to change my gown.

"It was awfully cold. Chi said the thermometer was shivering when he looked at it just after breakfast; he means by that, it's below zero — a good deal; and I couldn't help thinking how cosy and warm and deliciously smelly it would be for the Lost Nation when they came in out of the cold into the long-room and saw the table (it looked beautiful, with baskets of red apples, and nuts and raisins, and a big centre-piece of red geranium) just loaded with goodies.

"March had driven over for Aunt Tryphosa and Maria Ann, and they arrived first — Mrs. Blossom says they always do. (I want you to go over and call on them when you are up here Christmas; it's just like a story in Hans Andersen; they keep a cow, Dorcas, who wears a kimono on very cold nights.)

"March helped Aunt Tryphosa out just as if she had been Queen Victoria. (I forgot to tell you she and Maria Ann do our laundry work.) March is perfectly splendid about such things — and Maria Ann sort of bounced out, although Chi held out his hand to help her. It's so funny to see them together! Aunt Tryphosa is so small and wrinkled and thin that, sometimes, Chi says he has known a good wind to knock her right over; and Maria Ann is almost as tall as Chi, and stout and rosy-cheeked, with nice brown eyes that talk to you.

"And, oh papa! — I'll tell you, but it's a confidence — I saw Aunt Tryphosa shiver hard when she came into the house, and I'm afraid she did not have enough warm things on. I know her shawl wasn't *very* thick, for I went into the bedroom afterwards and felt of it; and she had no furs at all! Think of that with the thermometer way down below zero, papa! I'll tell you all about it when you come.

"Well, after Mrs. Blossom had given the old lady a cup of hot tea, she felt better and began to talk; and, honestly, papa, she never stopped talking all day long! March said he timed her. She lives away over on the east side of the Mountain away from everybody, and yet she knows everything that is going on, on the Mountain, and at the Mill Settlement, and at

Barton's River, and that, as you know, is quite a large place.

"She told us all about the new neighbors in the seven-gabled house; how they had their dinner at bedtime, and what 'help' they have, and whom they are going to have for hired man, and how they have music every night after dinner, and how the lights weren't put out in the north-east chamber till one o'clock. She even knew the pattern of lace on the underclothes that were hung out to dry! and Maria Ann was trying to crochet some in imitation; I saw it myself.

"And she said that one of the chambers was all lined with books, and another just covered, floor and walls, with pictures — what can she mean, papa? and that downstairs off the living-room in what used to be old Mrs. Morris's milk-room, there were ropes, and weights, and pulleys, and a stretcher, and iron balls, and that every one said it didn't have the right look. But she said she meant to stand up for them, because the young man had come over to call just two or three days ago and said, as she was his nearest neighbor, they ought to become acquainted before winter set in; and he ordered a half a dozen cheeses and brought word from his mother that she would like them to come over and see her daughter, for she thought Maria Ann might be able to do something for her. Now, what do you suppose it all means?

"Of course, it makes us all wild to go over there, and I hope we shall go soon.

"But, oh! if you could see the Spillkinses! I had to go off upstairs and bury my face in Rose's feather bed so I could laugh without being heard. They're

the funniest lot of people I ever saw. They all came over in a big wagon filled with straw, and before they came in sight, Chi said, 'They're coming, I know by the cackle'; and papa, that is just what it was.

"They are all awfully aged, but they act just like young people, and Mrs. Blossom says it's their young hearts that keep them so young.

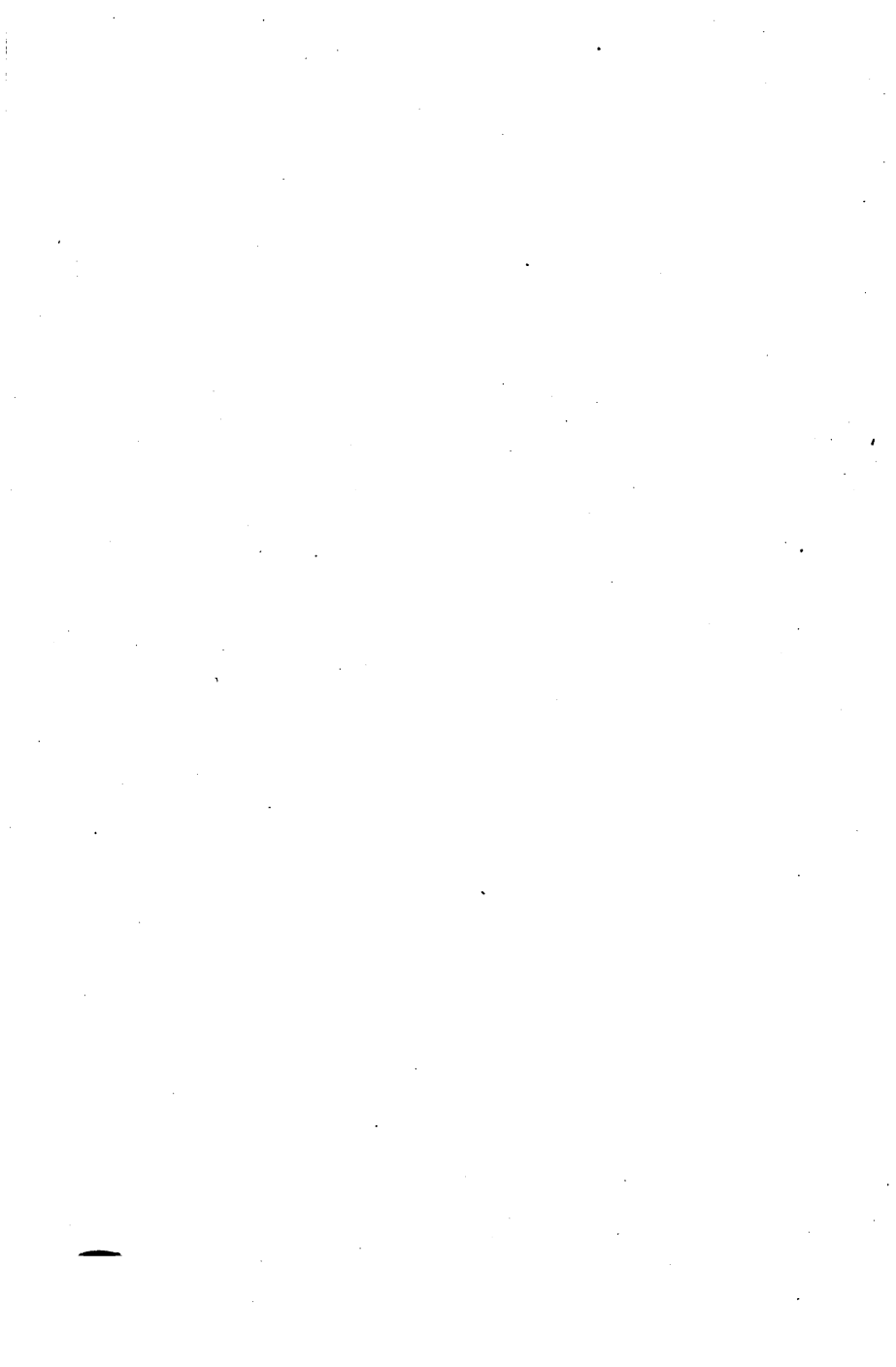
"Uncle Israel, he's ninety-three, but he wears a dark brown wig and looks younger than his son, Poor Reub, who is seventy and has snow-white hair. Mrs. Spillkins wears what they call up here a 'false front'; it's just the color of Uncle Israel's, so she looks more like his sister. But her two sisters, Miss Melissa and Miss Elvira, are perfectly comical. They're just as small as Aunt Tryphosa, but they don't talk; only nod and smile and bow as if they were talking. They have little cork-screw curls, three on each temple, and they bob and shake when they nod and smile and sort of chirrup; it's the Captain and his wife and Uncle Israel who cackle so when they laugh. Poor Reuben doesn't say much either, only he looks perfectly happy, and always sits by his father when he can get a chance. Chi was just lovely to him all the afternoon.

"Well, after Mr. Wood and his wife and the new teacher came, we all sat down to dinner, and Mr. Blossom said 'grace', and all the Spillkinses said 'Amen', which surprised us all very much.

"We don't have courses up here, because there is nobody to serve us; so everything is put on your plate at once, except, of course, dessert, and papa!—I wouldn't say it to any one but you, but I never saw



**"THEY CAME OVER IN A BIG WAGON"**



any one eat so much as Aunt Tryphosa, for all she is so small and thin. Mr. Blossom piled her plate up twice with turkey, and squash, and onion, and potato, and turnip, and then she helped herself to cranberry jelly and sweet pickles three times; and yet she managed to talk all the time; and the queer part of it was that she didn't cut herself once; they all eat with their knives — except, of course, our family and Miss Alton.

“Rose and Cherry and I removed the dinner-plates, and that was all the waiting there was.

“We sat till half-past three at the table; then Uncle Israel said another ‘grace’ — ‘after-grace’, he called it, — and Mr. Blossom and Chi took the — the gentlemen part out to see the horses and cows, and all the rest went to work to clear off the table and do up the dishes. There were so many of us it didn't take long, and then we lighted the lamps, and all the — the ladies took out their knitting and began to work as fast as they could.

“Then in a little while all the — the gentlemen came in, and the ladies put up their work, and they all sat round the room and sang Auld Lang Syne. Rose led, and Miss Alton sang a charming alto. It was lovely, and I longed to have you with me. Then Captain Spillkins said it was time to hitch up, and Chi said it was time to be going as it was very dark and cold. He drove Aunt Tryphosa and Maria Ann home, and Mrs. Blossom filled a large basket with all sorts of goodies, and Mr. Blossom set it in behind in the apple-green cart without their knowing it; so now they can have a surprise party of their own and Thanksgiving for a whole week.

"There! This is the longest letter I ever wrote in all my life. I've written it at different times during the day. I ate so much yesterday that I don't feel very bright to-day, so you must excuse any mistakes, although I've used the dictionary as you wanted me to.

"Always your loving, and now your dreadfully sleepy

"DAUGHTER HAZEL."

— *Mary E. Waller.*

## MY WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room ;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
"This is my work ; my blessing, not my doom ;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way :"

Then shall I see it not too great nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers ;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

— *Henry van Dyke.*



## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born ;  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer's pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

— *Thomas Hood.*

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS

Mrs. Bhaer was right; peace was only a temporary lull, a storm was brewing, and two days after Bess left; a moral earthquake shook Plumfield to its centre.

Tommy's hens were at the bottom of the trouble, for if they had not persisted in laying so many eggs, he could not have sold them and made such sums. Money is the root of all evil, and yet it is such a useful root that we cannot get on without it any more than we can without potatoes. Tommy certainly could not, for he spent his income so recklessly that Mr. Bhaer was obliged to insist on a savings-bank, and presented him with a private one — an imposing tin edifice, with the name over the door, and a tall chimney, down which the pennies were to go, there to rattle temptingly till leave was given to open a sort of trap-door in the floor.

The house increased in weight so rapidly that Tommy soon became satisfied with his investment, and planned to buy unheard-of treasures with his capital. He kept account of the sums deposited, and was promised that he might break the bank as soon as he had five dollars, on condition that he spent the money wisely. Only one dollar was needed, and the day Mrs. Jo paid him for four dozen eggs, he was so delighted that he raced off to the barn to display the bright quarters to Nat, who was also laying by money for the long-desired violin.

"I wish I had 'em to put with my three dollars, then I'd soon get enough to buy my fiddle," he said, looking wistfully at the money.

"P'raps I'll lend you some. I haven't decided yet what I'll do with mine," said Tommy, tossing up his quarters, and catching them as they fell.

"Hi ! boys ! come down to the brook and see what a jolly great snake Dan's got !" called a voice from behind the barn.

"Come on," said Tommy ; and, laying his money inside the old winnowing-machine, away he ran, followed by Nat.

The snake was very interesting, and then a long chase after a lame crow, and its capture, so absorbed Tommy's mind and time that he never thought of his money till he was safely in bed that night.

"Never mind, no one but Nat knows' where it is," said the easy-going lad, and fell asleep untroubled by any anxiety about his property.

Next morning, just as the boys assembled for school, Tommy rushed into the room breathlessly, demanding :

"I say, who has got my dollar?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Franz.

Tommy explained, and Nat corroborated his statement.

Every one else declared they knew nothing about it, and began to look suspiciously at Nat, who got more and more alarmed and confused with each denial.

"Somebody must have taken it," said Franz, as Tommy shook his fist at the whole party, and wrathfully declared :

"By thunder turtles ! if I get hold of the thief, I'll give him what he won't forget in a hurry."

"Keep cool, Tom ; we shall find him out ; thieves

always come to grief," said Dan, as one who knew something of the matter.

"Maybe some tramp slept in the barn and took it," suggested Ned.

"No, Silas doesn't allow that; besides, a tramp wouldn't go looking in that old machine for money," said Emil, with scorn.

"Wasn't it Silas himself?" said Jack.

"Well, I like that! Old Si is as honest as daylight. You wouldn't catch him touching a penny of ours," said Tommy, handsomely defending his chief admirer from suspicion.

"Whoever it was had better tell, and not wait to be found out," said Demi, looking as if an awful misfortune had befallen the family.

"I know you think it's me," broke out Nat, red and excited.

"You are the only one who knew where it was," said Franz.

"I can't help it — I didn't take it. I tell you I didn't — I didn't!" cried Nat, in a desperate sort of way.

"Gently, gently, my son! What is all this noise about?" and Mr. Bhaer walked in among them.

Tommy repeated the story of his loss, and, as he listened, Mr. Bhaer's face grew graver and graver; for, with all their faults and follies, the lads till now had been honest.

"Take your seats," he said; and, when all were in their places, he added slowly, as his eye went from face to face with a grieved look that was harder to bear than a storm of words:

"Now, boys, I shall ask each one of you a single question, and I want an honest answer. I am not going to try to frighten, bribe, or surprise the truth out of you, for every one of you has got a conscience, and knows what it is for. Now is the time to undo the wrong done to Tommy, and to set yourselves right before us all. I can forgive the yielding to a sudden temptation much easier than I can deceit. Don't add a lie to the theft, but confess frankly, and we will all try to help you make us forget and forgive."

He paused a moment, and one might have heard a pin drop, the room was so still; then slowly and impressively he put the question to each one, receiving the same answer in varying tones from all. Every face was flushed and excited, so that Mr. Bhaer could not take color as a witness, and some of the little boys were so frightened that they stammered over the two short words as if guilty, though it was evident that they could not be. When he came to Nat, his voice softened, for the poor lad looked so wretched, Mr. Bhaer felt for him. He believed him to be the culprit, and hoped to save the boy from another lie, by winning him to tell the truth without fear.

"Now, my son, give me an honest answer. Did you take the money?"

"No, sir!" and Nat looked up at him imploringly.

As the words fell from his trembling lips, somebody hissed.

"Stop that!" cried Mr. Bhaer, with a sharp rap on his desk, as he looked sternly toward the corner whence the sound came.

Ned, Jack, and Emil sat there, and the first two

looked ashamed of themselves, but Emil called out —

“It wasn’t me, uncle! I’d be ashamed to hit a fellow when he is down.”

“Good for you!” cried Tommy, who was in a sad state of affliction at the trouble his unlucky dollar had made.

“Silence!” commanded Mr. Bhaer; and when it came, he said soberly:

“I am *very* sorry, Nat, but evidences are against you, and your old fault makes us more ready to doubt you than we should be if we could trust you as we do some of the boys, who never fib. But mind, my child, I do not charge you with this theft; I shall not punish you for it till I am *perfectly* sure, nor ask anything more about it. I shall leave it for you to settle with your own conscience. If you are guilty, come to me at any hour of the day or night and confess it, and I will forgive and help you to amend. If you are innocent, the truth will appear sooner or later, and the instant it does, I will be the first to beg your pardon for doubting you, and will so gladly do my best to clear your character before us all.”

“I didn’t! I didn’t!” sobbed Nat, with his head down upon his arms, for he could not bear the look of distrust and dislike which he read in the many eyes fixed on him.

“I hope not.” Mr. Bhaer paused a minute, as if to give the culprit, whoever he might be, one more chance. Nobody spoke, however, and only sniffs of sympathy from some of the little fellows broke the silence. Mr. Bhaer shook his head, and added, regretfully:

“There is nothing more to be done, then, and I have

but one thing to say: I shall not speak of this again, and I wish you all to follow my example. I cannot expect you to feel as kindly toward any one whom you suspect as before this happened, but I do expect and desire that you will not torment the suspected person in any way, — he will have a hard enough time without that. Now go to your lessons.”

“Father Bhaer let Nat off too easy,” muttered Ned to Emil, as they got out their books.

“Hold your tongue,” growled Emil, who felt that this event was a blot upon the family honor.

Many of the boys agreed with Ned, but Mr. Bhaer was right, nevertheless; and Nat would have been wiser to confess on the spot and have the trouble over, for even the hardest whipping he ever received from his father was far easier to bear than the cold looks, the avoidance, and general suspicion that met him on all sides. If ever a boy was sent to Coventry and kept there, it was poor Nat; and he suffered a week of slow torture, though not a hand was raised against him, and hardly a word said.

That was the worst of it; if they would only have talked it out, or even have thrashed him all round, he could have stood it better than the silent distrust that made every face so terrible to meet. Even Mrs. Bhaer’s showed traces of it, though her manner was nearly as kind as ever; but the sorrowful anxious look in Father Bhaer’s eyes cut Nat to the heart, for he loved his teacher dearly, and knew that he had disappointed all his hopes by this double sin.

Only one person in the house entirely believed in him, and stood up for him stoutly against all the rest. This

was Daisy. She could not explain why she trusted him against all appearances, she only felt that she could not doubt him, and her warm sympathy made her strong to take his part. She would not hear a word against him from any one, and actually slapped her beloved Demi when he tried to convince her that it *must* have been Nat, because no one else knew where the money was.

"Maybe the hens ate it; they are greedy old things," she said; and when Demi laughed, she lost her temper, slapped the amazed boy, and then burst out crying and ran away, still declaring, "He didn't! he didn't! he didn't!"

Neither aunt nor uncle tried to shake the child's faith in her friend, but only hoped her innocent instinct might prove sure, and loved her all the better for it. Nat often said, after it was over, that he couldn't have stood it, if it had not been for Daisy. When the others shunned him, she clung to him closer than ever, and turned her back on the rest. She did not sit on the stairs now when he solaced himself with the old fiddle, but went in and sat beside him, listening with a face so full of confidence and affection, that Nat forgot disgrace for a time, and was happy. She asked him to help her with her lessons, she cooked him marvellous messes in her kitchen, which he ate manfully, no matter what they were, for gratitude gave a sweet flavor to the most distasteful. She proposed impossible games of cricket and ball, when she found that he shrank from joining the other boys. She put little nosegays from her garden on his desk, and tried in every way to show that *she* was not a fair-weather friend, but faithful through evil as well as good repute. Nan soon followed her



example, in kindness at least ; curbed her sharp tongue, and kept her scornful little nose from any demonstration of doubt or dislike, which was good of Madame Giddy-gaddy, for she firmly believed that Nat took the money.

Most of the boys let him severely alone, but Dan, though he said he despised him for being a coward, watched over him with a grim sort of protection, and promptly cuffed any lad who dared to molest his mate or make him afraid. His idea of friendship was as high as Daisy's, and, in his own rough way, he lived up to it as loyally.

Sitting by the brook one afternoon, absorbed in the study of the domestic habits of water-spiders, he overheard a bit of conversation on the other side of the wall. Ned, who was intensely inquisitive, had been on tenter-hooks to know *certainly* who was the culprit ; for of late one or two of the boys had begun to think that they were wrong, Nat was so steadfast in his denials, and so meek in his endurance of their neglect. This doubt had teased Ned past bearing, and he had several times privately beset Nat with questions, regardless of Mr. Bhaer's express command. Finding Nat reading alone on the shady side of the wall, Ned could not resist stopping for a nibble at the forbidden subject. He had worried Nat for some ten minutes before Dan arrived, and the first word the spider-student heard were these, in Nat's patient, pleading voice :

"Don't, Ned ! oh, don't ! I can't tell you, because I don't know, and it's mean of you to keep nagging at me on the sly, when Father Bhaer told you not to plague me. You wouldn't dare to if Dan was round."

"I ain't afraid of Dan ; he's nothing but an old bully. Don't believe but what he took Tom's money, and you know it, and won't tell. Come, now !"

"He didn't, but, if he did, I *would* stand up for him, he has always been so good to me," said Nat, so earnestly, that Dan forgot his spiders, and rose quickly to thank him, but Ned's next words arrested him.

"I *know* Dan did it, and gave the money to you. Shouldn't wonder if he got his living picking pockets before he came here, for nobody knows anything about him but you," said Ned, not believing his own words, but hoping to get the truth out of Nat by making him angry.

He succeeded in a part of his ungenerous wish, for Nat cried out, fiercely, —

"If you say that again I'll go and tell Mr. Bhaer all about it. I don't want to tell tales, but, by George I will, if you don't let Dan alone."

"Then you'll be a sneak, as well as a liar and a thief," began Ned, with a jeer, for Nat had borne insult to himself so meekly, the other did not believe he would dare to face the master just to stand up for Dan.

What he might have added I cannot tell, for the words were hardly out of his mouth when a long arm from behind took him by the collar, and, jerking him over the wall in a most promiscuous way, landed him with a splash in the middle of the brook.

"Say that again and I'll duck you till you can't see !" cried Dan, looking like a modern Colossus of Rhodes as he stood, with a foot on either side the narrow stream, glaring down at the discomfited youth in the water.

"I was only in fun," said Ned.



**"LANDED HIM WITH A SPLASH IN THE BROOK"**



"You are a sneak yourself to badger Nat round the corner. Let me catch you at it again, and I'll souse you in the river next time. Get up, and clear out!" thundered Dan, in a rage.

Ned fled, dripping, and his impromptu sitz-bath evidently did him good, for he was very respectful to both the boys after that, and seemed to have left his curiosity in the brook. As he vanished Dan jumped over the wall, and found Nat lying as if quite worn out and bowed down with his troubles.

"He won't pester you again, I guess. If he does, just tell me, and I'll see to him," said Dan, trying to cool down.

"I don't mind what he says about me so much, I've got used to it," answered Nat, sadly; "but I hate to have him pitch into you."

"How do you know he isn't right?" asked Dan, turning his face away.

"What, about the money?" cried Nat, looking up with a startled air.

"Yes."

"But I don't believe it. *You* don't care for money; all you want is your old bugs and things," and Nat laughed, incredulously.

"I want a butterfly-net as much as you want a fiddle; why shouldn't I steal the money for it as much as you?" said Dan, still turning away, and busily punching holes in the turf with his stick.

"I don't think you would. You like to fight and knock folks round sometimes, but you don't lie, and I don't believe you'd steal," and Nat shook his head decidedly.

"I've done both. I used to fib like fury; it's too much trouble now; and I stole things to eat out of gardens when I ran away from Page, so you see I *am* a bad lot," said Dan, speaking in the rough, reckless way which he had been learning to drop lately.

"O Dan! don't say it's you! I'd rather have it any of the other boys," cried Nat, in such a distressed tone that Dan looked pleased, and showed that he did, by turning round with a queer expression in his face, though he only answered —

"I won't say anything about it. But don't you fret, and we'll pull through somehow, see if we don't."

Something in his face and manner gave Nat a new idea; and he said, pressing his hands together, in the eagerness of his appeal, —

"I think you know who did it. If you do, beg him to tell, Dan. It's so hard to have 'em all hate me for nothing. I don't think I *can* bear it much longer. If I had any place to go to, I'd run away, though I love Plumfield dearly; but I'm not brave and big like you, so I must stay and wait till some one shows them that I haven't lied."

As he spoke, Nat looked so broken and despairing, that Dan could not bear it, and, muttering huskily — "You won't wait long," he walked rapidly away, and was seen no more for hours.

"What is the matter with Dan?" asked the boys of one another several times during the Sunday that followed a week which seemed as if it would *never* end. Dan was often moody, but that day he was so sober and silent that no one could get anything out of him.

When they walked he strayed away from the rest, and came home late. He took no part in the evening conversation, but sat in the shadow, so busy with his own thoughts that he scarcely seemed to hear what was going on. When Mrs. Jo showed him an unusually good report in the Conscience Book, he looked at it without a smile, and said, wistfully, —

“You think I am getting on, don’t you?”

“Excellently, Dan! and I am so pleased, because I always thought you only needed a little help to make you a boy to be proud of.”

He looked up at her with a strange expression in his black eyes — an expression of mingled pride and love and sorrow which she could not understand then — but remembered afterward.

“I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed, but I do try,” he said, shutting the book without a sign of pleasure in the page that he usually liked so much to read over and talk about.

“Are you sick, dear?” asked Mrs. Jo, with her hand on his shoulder.

“My foot aches a little; I guess I’ll go to bed. Good-night, mother,” he added, and held the hand against his cheek a minute, then went away looking as if he had said good-by to something very dear.

“Poor Dan! he takes Nat’s disgrace to heart sadly. He is a strange boy; I wonder if I ever shall understand him thoroughly?” said Mrs. Jo to herself, as she thought over Dan’s late improvement with real satisfaction, yet felt that there was more in the lad than she had at first suspected.

One of the things which cut Nat most deeply was an

act of Tommy's, for after his loss Tommy had said to him, kindly but firmly :

"I don't wish to hurt you, Nat, but you see I can't afford to lose my money, so I guess we won't be partners any longer;" and with that Tommy rubbed out the sign, "T. Bangs & Co."

Nat had been very proud of the "Co.", and had hunted eggs industriously, kept his accounts all straight, and had added a good sum to his income from the sale of his share of stock in trade.

"O, Tom ! must you?" he said, feeling that his good name was gone forever in the business world if this was done.

"I must," returned Tommy, firmly. "Emil says that when one man 'bezzles (I believe that's the word — it means to take money and cut away with it) the property of a firm, the other one sues him, or pitches into him somehow, and won't have anything more to do with him. Now you have 'bezzled my property; I shan't sue you, and I shan't pitch into you, but I *must* dissolve the partnership, because I can't trust you, and I don't wish to fail."

"I can't make you believe me, and you won't take my money, though I'd be thankful to give all my dollars if you'd only say you don't think I took your money. Do let me hunt for you, I won't ask any wages, but do it for nothing. I know all the places, and I like it," pleaded Nat.

But Tommy shook his head, and his jolly round face looked suspicious and hard as he said, shortly, "Can't do it; wish you didn't know the places. Mind you don't go hunting on the sly, and speculate in my eggs."



Poor Nat was so hurt that he could not get over it. He felt that he had lost not only his partner and patron, but that he was bankrupt in honor, and an outlaw from the business community. No one trusted his word, written or spoken, in spite of his efforts to redeem the past falsehood; the sign was down, the firm broken up, and he a ruined man. The barn, which was the boys' Wall Street, knew him no more. Cockletop and her sisters cackled for him in vain, and really seemed to take his misfortune to heart, for eggs were fewer, and some of the biddies retired in disgust to new nests, which Tommy could not find.

"*They* trust me," said Nat, when he heard of it; and though the boys shouted at the idea, Nat found comfort in it, for when one is down in the world, the confidence of even a speckled hen is most consoling.

Tommy took no new partner, however, for distrust had entered in, and poisoned the peace of his once confiding soul. Ned offered to join him, but he declined, saying, with a sense of justice that did him honor:

"It might turn out that Nat didn't take my money, and then we could be partners again. I don't think it will happen, but I will give him a chance, and keep the place open a little longer."

Billy was the only person whom Bangs felt he could trust in his shop, and Billy was trained to hunt eggs, and hand them over unbroken, being quite satisfied with an apple or a sugar-plum for wages. The morning after Dan's gloomy Sunday, Billy said to his employer, as he displayed the results of a long hunt:

"Only two."

"It gets worse and worse; I never saw such provoking old hens," growled Tommy, thinking of the days when he often had six to rejoice over. "Well, put 'em in my hat and give me a new bit of chalk; I must mark 'em up, anyway."

Billy mounted a peck-measure and looked into the top of the machine, where Tommy kept his writing materials.

"There's lots of money in here," said Billy.

"No, there isn't. Catch me leaving my cash round again," returned Tommy.

"I see 'em — one, four, eight, two dollars," persisted Billy, who had not yet mastered the figures correctly.

"What a jack you are!" and Tommy hopped up to get the chalk for himself, but nearly tumbled down again, for there actually were four bright quarters in a row, with a bit of paper on them directed to "Tom Bangs", that there might be no mistake.

"Thunder turtles!" cried Tommy, and seizing them he dashed into the house, bawling wildly, "It's all right! Got my money! Where's Nat?"

He was soon found, and his surprise and pleasure were so genuine that few doubted his word when he now denied all knowledge of the money.

"How could I put it back when I didn't take it? Do believe me now, and be good to me again," he said, so imploringly, that Emil slapped him on the back, and declared *he* would for one.

"So will I, and I'm jolly glad it's not you. But who the dickens is it?" said Tommy, after shaking hands heartily with Nat.

"Never mind, as long as it's found," said Dan, with his eyes fixed on Nat's happy face.

"Well, I like that! I'm not going to have my things hooked, and then brought back like the juggling man's tricks," cried Tommy, looking at his money as if he suspected witchcraft.

"We'll find him out somehow, though he was sly enough to print this so his writing wouldn't be known," said Franz, examining the paper.

"Demi prints tip-top," put in Rob, who had not a very clear idea what the fuss was all about.

"You can't make me believe it's him, not if you talk till you are blue," said Tommy, and the others hooted at the mere idea; for the little deacon, as they called him, was above suspicion.

Nat felt the difference in the way they spoke of Demi and himself, and would have given all he had or ever hoped to have, to be so trusted; for he had learned how easy it is to lose the confidence of others, how very, very hard to win it back, and truth became to him a precious thing since he had suffered from neglecting it.

Mr. Bhaer was very glad one step had been taken in the right direction, and waited hopefully for yet further revelations. They came sooner than he expected, and in a way that surprised and grieved him very much. As they sat at supper that night, a square parcel was handed to Mr. Bhaer from Mrs. Bates, a neighbor. A note accompanied the parcel, and, while Mr. Bhaer read it, Demi pulled off the wrapper, exclaiming, as he saw its contents:

"Why, it's the book Uncle Teddy gave Dan!"

"The devil!" broke from Dan, for he had not yet quite cured himself of swearing, though he tried hard.

Mr. Bhaer looked up quickly at the sound. Dan tried to meet his eyes, but could not; his own fell, and he sat biting his lips, getting redder and redder till he was the picture of shame.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bhaer, anxiously.

"I should have preferred to talk about this in private, but Demi has spoiled that plan, so I may as well have it out now," said Mr. Bhaer, looking a little stern, as he always did when any meanness or deceit came up for judgment.

"The note is from Mrs. Bates, and she says that her boy Jimmy told her he bought this book of Dan last Saturday. She saw that it was worth much more than a dollar, and thinking there was some mistake, has sent it to me. Did you sell it, Dan?"

"Yes, sir," was the slow answer.

"Why?"

"Wanted money."

"For what?"

"To pay somebody."

"To whom did you owe it?"

"Tommy."

"Never borrowed a cent of me in his life," cried Tommy, looking scared, for he guessed what was coming now, and felt that on the whole he would have preferred witchcraft, for he admired Dan immensely.

"Perhaps he took it," cried Ned, who owed Dan a grudge for the ducking, and, being a mortal boy, liked to pay it off.

"O Dan!" cried Nat, clasping his hands, regardless of the bread and butter in them.

"It is a hard thing to do, but I must have this settled, for I cannot have you watching each other like detectives, and the whole school disturbed in this way. Did you put that dollar in the barn this morning?" asked Mr. Bhaer.

Dan looked him straight in the face, and answered steadily, "Yes, I did."

A murmur went round the table, Tommy dropped his mug with a crash; Daisy cried out, "I knew it wasn't Nat"; Nan began to cry, and Mrs. Jo left the room, looking so disappointed, sorry, and ashamed that Dan could not bear it. He hid his face in his hands a moment, then threw up his head, squared his shoulders as if settling some load upon them, and said, with the dogged look, and half-resolute, half-reckless tone he had used when he first came:

"I did it; now you may do what you like to me, but I won't say another word about it."

"Not even that you are sorry?" asked Mr. Bhaer, troubled by the change in him.

"I ain't sorry."

"I'll forgive him without asking," said Tommy, feeling that it was harder somehow to see brave Dan disgraced than timid Nat.

"Don't want to be forgiven," returned Dan, gruffly.

"Perhaps you will when you have thought about it quietly by yourself. I won't tell you now how surprised and disappointed I am, but bye and bye I will come up and talk to you in your room."

"Won't make any difference," said Dan, trying to

speak defiantly, but failing as he looked at Mr. Bhaer's sorrowful face; and, taking his words for a dismissal, Dan left the room, as if he found it impossible to stay.

It would have done him good if he had stayed; for the boys talked the matter over with such sincere regret, and pity, and wonder, it might have touched and won him to ask pardon. No one was glad to find that it was he, not even Nat; for, spite of all his faults, and they were many, every one liked Dan now, because under his rough exterior lay some of the manly virtues which we most admire and love. Mrs. Jo had been the chief prop, as well as cultivator, of Dan; and she took it sadly to heart that her last and most interesting boy had turned out so ill. The theft was bad, but the lying about it, and allowing another to suffer so much from an unjust suspicion, was worse; and most discouraging of all was the attempt to restore the money in an underhand way, for it showed not only a want of courage, but a power of deceit that boded ill for the future. Still more trying was his steady refusal to talk of the matter, to ask pardon, or express any remorse.

Days passed; and he went about his lessons and his work, silent, grim, and unrepentant. As if taking warning by their treatment of Nat, he asked no sympathy of any one, rejected the advances of the boys, and spent his leisure hours roaming about the fields and woods, trying to find playmates in the birds and beasts, and succeeding better than most boys would have done, because he knew and loved them so well.

"If this goes on much longer, I'm afraid he will run away again, for he is too young to stand a life like this,"

said Mr. Bhaer, quite dejected at the failure of all his efforts.

"A little while ago I should have been quite sure that nothing would tempt him away, but now I am ready for anything, he is so changed," answered poor Mrs. Jo, who mourned over her boy, and could not be comforted, because he shunned her more than any one else, and only looked at her with the half-fierce, half-imploring eyes of a wild animal caught in a trap, when she tried to talk to him alone.

Nat followed him about like a shadow, and Dan did not repulse him as rudely as he did others, but said, in his blunt way, "*You are all right; don't worry about me. I can stand it better than you did.*"

"But I don't like to have you all alone," Nat would say, sorrowfully.

"I like it;" and Dan would tramp away, stifling a sigh sometimes, for he *was* lonely.

Passing through the birch grove one day, he came upon several of the boys, who were amusing themselves by climbing up the trees and swinging down again, as the slender elastic stems bent till their tops touched the ground. Dan paused a minute to watch the fun, without offering to join in it, and as he stood there Jack took his turn. He had unfortunately chosen too large a tree; for when he swung off, it only bent a little way, and left him hanging at a dangerous height.

"Go back; you can't do it!" called Ned from below.

Jack tried, but the twigs slipped from his hands, and he could not get his legs round the trunk. He kicked,

and squirmed, and clutched in vain, then gave it up, and hung breathless, saying, helplessly, —

“Catch me! help me! I must drop!”

“You’ll be killed if you do,” cried Ned, frightened out of his wits.

“Hold on!” shouted Dan; and up the tree he went, crashing his way along till he nearly reached Jack, whose face looked up at him, full of fear and hope.

“You’ll both come down,” said Ned, dancing with excitement on the slope underneath, while Nat held out his arms, in the wild hope of breaking the fall.

“That’s what I want; stand from under,” answered Dan, coolly; and, as he spoke, his added weight bent the tree many feet nearer the earth.

Jack dropped safely; but the birch, lightened of half its load, flew up again so suddenly, that Dan, in the act of swinging round to drop feet foremost, lost his hold and fell heavily.

“I’m not hurt, all right in a minute,” he said, sitting up, a little pale and dizzy, as the boys gathered round him, full of admiration and alarm.

“You’re a trump, Dan, and I’m ever so much obliged to you,” cried Jack, gratefully.

“It wasn’t anything,” muttered Dan, rising slowly.

“I say it was, and I’ll shake hands with you, though you are —” Ned checked the unlucky word on his tongue, and held out his hand, feeling that it was a handsome thing on his part.

“But *I* won’t shake hands with a sneak;” and Dan turned his back with a look of scorn, that caused Ned to remember the brook, and retire with undignified haste.

“Come home, old chap; I’ll give you a lift;” and



Nat walked away with him, leaving the others to talk over the feat together, to wonder when Dan would "come round", and to wish one and all that Tommy's "confounded money had been in Jericho before it made such a fuss."

When Mr. Bhaer came into school next morning he looked so happy that the boys wondered what had happened to him, and really thought he had lost his mind when they saw him go straight to Dan, and, taking him by both hands, say all in one breath, as he shook them heartily :

"I know all about it, and I beg your pardon. It was like you to do it, and I love you for it, though it's never right to tell lies, even for a friend."

"What is it?" cried Nat, for Dan said not a word, only lifted up his head, as if a weight of some sort had fallen off his back.

"Dan did *not* take Tommy's money;" and Mr. Bhaer quite shouted it, he was so glad.

"Who did?" cried the boys in a chorus.

Mr. Bhaer pointed to one empty seat, and every eye followed his finger, yet no one spoke for a minute, they were so surprised.

"Jack went home early this morning, but he left this behind him;" and in the silence Mr. Bhaer read the note which he had found tied to his door-handle when he rose :

"I took Tommy's dollar. I was peeking in through a crack, and saw him put it there. I was afraid to tell before, though I wanted to. I didn't care so much about Nat, but Dan is a trump, and I can't stand it any longer. I never spent the money; it's under the

carpet in my room, right behind the washstand. I'm awful sorry. I am going home, and don't think I shall ever come back, so Dan may have my things. JACK."

It was not an elegant confession, being badly written, much blotted, and very short; but it was a precious paper to Dan; and, when Mr. Bhaer paused, the boy went to him, saying, in rather a broken voice, but with clear eyes, and the frank, respectful manner they had tried to teach him —

"I'll say I'm sorry now, and ask you to forgive me, sir."

"It was a kind lie, Dan, and I can't help forgiving it; but you see it did no good," said Mr. Bhaer, with a hand on either shoulder, and a face full of relief and affection.

"It kept the boys from plaguing Nat. That's what I did it for. It made him right down miserable. I didn't care so much," explained Dan, as if glad to speak out after his hard silence.

"How could you do it? you are always so kind to me," faltered Nat, feeling a strong desire to hug his friend and cry. Two girlish performances, which would have scandalized Dan to the last degree.

"It's all right now, old fellow, so don't be a fool," he said, swallowing the lump in his throat, and laughing out as he had not done for weeks. "Does Mrs. Bhaer know?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes; and she is so happy I don't know what she will do to you," began Mr. Bhaer, but got no farther, for here the boys came crowding about Dan in a tumult of pleasure and curiosity; but before he had answered more than a dozen questions, a voice cried out:

"Three cheers for Dan!" and there was Mrs. Jo in the doorway, waving her dish-towel and looking as if she wanted to dance a jig for joy, as she used to do when a girl.

"Now then," cried Mr. Bhaer, and led off a rousing hurrah, which startled Asia in the kitchen, and made old Mr. Roberts shake his head as he drove by, saying — "Schools are not what they were when I was young!"

Dan stood it pretty well for a minute, but the sight of Mrs. Jo's delight upset him, and he suddenly bolted across the hall into the parlor, whither she instantly followed, and neither was seen for half an hour.

Mr. Bhaer found it very difficult to calm his excited flock; and, seeing that lessons were an impossibility for a time, he caught their attention by telling them the fine old story of the friends whose fidelity to one another has made their names immortal. The lads listened and remembered, for just then their hearts were touched by the loyalty of a humbler pair of friends. The lie was wrong, but the love that prompted it and the courage that bore in silence the disgrace which belonged to another, made Dan a hero in their eyes. Honesty and honor had a new meaning now; a good name was more precious than gold; for once lost money could not buy it back; and faith in one another made life smooth and happy as nothing else could do.

Tommy proudly restored the name of the firm; Nat was devoted to Dan; and all the boys tried to atone to both for former suspicion and neglect. Mrs. Jo rejoiced over her flock, and Mr. Bhaer was never tired of telling the story of his young Damon and Pythias.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*

## MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND

Gentlemen of the Jury : The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may become ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their trusts. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he may need it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall upon their knees and do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer ; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounters with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in his journey through the heavens. If fortune

drives his master forth an outcast into the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies ; and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave-side will be the noble dog, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

— *George Graham Vest.*

### MY COMFORTER

The world had all gone wrong that day  
And, tired and in despair,  
Discouraged with the ways of life,  
I sank into my chair.

A soft caress fell on my cheek,  
My hands were thrust apart,  
And two big, sympathizing eyes  
Gazed down into my heart.

I had a friend ; what cared I now  
For fifty worlds ? I knew  
One heart was anxious when I grieved —  
My dog's heart, loyal, true.

— *Anonymous.*



## FAMOUS HOMES IN LITERATURE





## THE HOME OF EVANGELINE

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of  
the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and  
a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-  
ing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and  
a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.  
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the  
roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well  
with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for  
the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were  
the barns and the farm-yard ;  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
ploughs and the harrows ;  
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his  
feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with  
the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a vil-  
lage. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-  
loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-  
cent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant  
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of  
mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer  
of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed  
his household.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## THE HOME OF LITTLE NELL

After a long time, the schoolmaster appeared at the wicket-gate of the churchyard and hurried toward them; jingling in his hand, as he came along, a bundle of rusty keys. He was quite breathless with pleasure and haste when he reached the porch, and at first could only point toward the old building which the child had been contemplating so earnestly.

"You see those two old houses," he said at last.

"Yes, surely," replied Nell. "I have been looking at them nearly all the time you have been away."

"And you would have looked at them more curiously yet, if you could have guessed what I have to tell you," said her friend. "One of those houses is mine."

Without saying any more, or giving the child time to reply, the schoolmaster took her hand, and, his honest face quite radiant with exultation, led her to the place of which he spoke.

They stopped before its low arched door. After trying several of the keys in vain, the schoolmaster found one to fit the huge lock, which turned back, creaking, and admitted them into the house.

The room into which they entered was a vaulted chamber, once nobly ornamented by cunning architects, and still retaining, in its beautiful groined roof and rich stone tracery, choice remnants of its ancient splendor. Foliage carved in the stone, and emulating the mastery of Nature's hand, yet remained to tell how many times the leaves outside had come and gone,

while it lived on unchanged. The broken figures supporting the burden of the chimney-piece, though mutilated, were still distinguishable for what they had been — far different from the dust without — and showed sadly by the empty hearth, like creatures who had outlived their kind, and mourned their own too slow decay.

“A place to live, and learn to live, and gather health of mind and body in,” said the schoolmaster; “for this old house is yours.”

To make these dwellings as habitable and full of comfort as they could, was now their pleasant care. In a short time each had its cheerful fire glowing and crackling on the hearth, and reddening the pale old walls with a hale and healthy blush. Nell, busily plying her needle, repaired the tattered window-hangings, drew together the rents that time had worn in the threadbare scraps of carpet, and made them whole and decent. The schoolmaster swept and smoothed the ground before the door, trimmed the long grass, trained the ivy and creeping plants, which hung their drooping heads in melancholy neglect, and gave to the outer walls a cheery air of home. The old man, sometimes by his side and sometimes with the child, lent his aid to both, went here and there on little patient services, and was happy. Neighbors, too, as they came from work, proffered their help or sent their children with such small presents or loans as the strangers needed most. It was a busy day; and night came on, and found them wondering that there was yet so much to do, and that it should be dark so soon.

They took their supper together in the house which may be henceforth called the child's; and when they had finished their meal drew round the fire, and almost in whispers — their hearts were too quiet and glad for loud expression — discussed their future plans. Before they separated, the schoolmaster read some prayers aloud; and then, full of gratitude and happiness, they parted for the night.

— *Charles Dickens.*

### BOFFIN'S BOWER

Boffin led Wegg to the interior of the Bower, and there presented him to Mrs. Boffin, a stout lady, of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, dressed (to Mr. Wegg's consternation) in a low evening dress of sable satin, and a large black velvet hat and feathers.

"Mrs. Boffin, Wegg," said Boffin, "is a highflyer at Fashion. And her make is such that she does it credit. As to myself, I ain't yet as fash'nable as I may come to be. Henerietty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's a going to decline and fall off the Rooshan Empire."

"And I am sure I hope it'll do you both good," said Mrs. Boffin.

It was the queerest of rooms, fitted and furnished more like a luxurious amateur tap-room than anything else within the ken of Silas Wegg. There were two wooden settles by the fire, one on either side of it, with a corresponding table before each. On one of these tables the eight volumes were ranged flat,

in a row, like a galvanic battery; on the other, certain squat case-bottles, of inviting appearance, seemed to stand on tiptoe to exchange glances with Mr. Wegg over a front row of tumblers and a basin of white sugar. On the hob a kettle steamed; on the hearth a cat reposed.

Facing the fire between the settles, a sofa, a foot-stool, and a little table formed a centre-piece, devoted to Mrs. Boffin. They were garish in taste and color, but were expensive articles of drawing-room furniture that had a very odd look beside the settles and the flaring gaslight pendent from the ceiling. There was a flowery carpet on the floor; but, instead of reaching to the fireside, its glowing vegetation stopped short at Mrs. Boffin's foot-stool, and gave place to a region of sand and sawdust.

Mr. Wegg also noticed with admiring eyes that, while the flowery land displayed such hollow ornamentation as stuffed birds and waxen fruits under glass shades, there were, in the territory where vegetation ceased, compensatory shelves on which the best part of a large pie, and likewise of a cold joint, were plainly discernible among other solids. The room itself was large, though low, and the heavy frames of its old-fashioned windows, and the heavy beams in its crooked ceiling, seemed to indicate that it had once been a house of some mark, standing alone in the country.

— *Charles Dickens.*

## THE HOME OF SILAS MARNER

The sound of a sharp bark inside, as Eppie put the key in the door, modified the donkey's views, and he limped away again without bidding. The sharp bark was the sign of an excited welcome that was awaiting them from a knowing brown terrier, who, after dancing at their legs in a hysterical manner, rushed with a worrying noise at a tortoise-shell kitten under the loom, and then rushed back with a sharp bark again, as much as to say, "I have done my duty by this feeble creature, you perceive;" while the lady-mother of the kitten sat sunning her white bosom in the window, and looked round with a sleepy air of expecting caresses, though she was not going to take any trouble for them.

The presence of this happy animal life was not the only change which had come over the interior of the stone cottage. There was no bed now in the living-room, and the small space was well filled with decent furniture, all bright and clean enough to satisfy Dolly Winthrop's eye.

Silas sat down now and watched Eppie with a satisfied gaze as she spread the clean cloth, and set on it the potato-pie, warmed up slowly in a safe Sunday fashion by being put into a dry pot over a slowly-dying fire, as the best substitute for an oven. For Silas would not consent to have a grate and oven added to his conveniences: he loved the old brick hearth as he had loved his brown pot — and was it not there when he had found Eppie? The gods of the hearth exist for us still.

— *George Eliot.*

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT BRACEBRIDGE HALL

My friend proposed that we should alight, and walk through the park to the Hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapor, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked round him with transport. "How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport'; yet, I assure you, there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the



world, and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamor of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree", that, disturbed by the ringing of the porter's bell and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding open-mouthed across the lawn.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate; as the evening was far advanced, the Squire would not permit us to change our travelling clothes, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged strip-lings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously occupied; some at a round game of cards; others conversing round the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, or so it had certainly been in old times, and the Squire had

evidently endeavored to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armor standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted; so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlor and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log, glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat; this I understood was the yule log, which the Squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old Squire, seated in his hereditary elbow-chair, by the hospitable fire-side of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart.

— *Washington Irving.*

## WORK AND PLAY AT WALDEN

My beans, the length of whose rows, added together, was seven miles already planted, were impatient to be hoed, for the earliest had grown considerably before the latest were in the ground; indeed they were not easily to be put off. What was the meaning of this so steady and self-respecting, this small Herculean labor, I knew not. I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antæus. But why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows.

This was my curious labor all summer, — to make this portion of the earth's surface, which had yielded only cinquefoil, blackberries, johnswort, and the like, before, sweet wild fruits and pleasant flowers, produce instead this pulse. What shall I learn of beans or beans of me? I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye to them; and this is my day's work. It is a fine broad leaf to look on. My auxiliaries are the dews and rains which water this dry soil, and what fertility is in the soil itself, which for the most part is lean and effete. My enemies are worms, cool days, and most of all woodchucks. The last have nibbled for me a quarter of an acre clean.

Near at hand, upon the topmost spray of a birch, sings the brown thrasher — or red mavis, as some love to call him — all the morning, glad of your society, that would find out another farmer's field if yours were not here. While you are planting the seed, he

cries, — “Drop it, drop it, — cover it up, cover it up, — pull it up, pull it up, pull it up.” But this was not corn, and so it was safe from such enemies as he. You may wonder what his rigmarole, his amateur Paganini performances on one string or on twenty, have to do with your planting, and yet prefer it to leached ashes or plaster. It was a cheap sort of top-dressing in which I had entire faith.

As I drew a still fresher soil about the rows with my hoe, I disturbed the ashes of unchronicled nations who in primeval years lived under these heavens, and their small implements of war and hunting were brought to the light of this modern day. They lay mingled with other natural stones, some of which bore the marks of having been burned by Indian fires, and some by the sun, and also bits of pottery and glass brought hither by the recent cultivators of the soil. When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans.

It was a singular experience, that long acquaintance which I cultivated with beans, what with planting, and hoeing, and harvesting, and threshing, and picking over, and selling them, — the last was the hardest of all, — I might add eating, for I did taste. I was determined to know beans. When they were growing, I used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon, and commonly spent the rest of the day about other affairs. Consider the intimate and curious acquaintance one makes with various kinds



WORK AND PLAY AT WALDEN



of weeds — it will bear some iteration in the account. That's Roman wormwood, — that's pigweed, — that's sorrel, — that's pier-grass, — have at him, chop him up, turn his roots upwards to the sun, don't let him have a fibre in the shade, if you do he'll turn himself t'other side up and be as green as a leek in two days.

Daily the beans saw me come to their rescue, armed with a hoe, and thin the ranks of their enemies, filling up the trenches with weedy dead. Many a lusty crest-waving Hector, that towered a whole foot above his crowding comrades, fell before my weapon and rolled in the dust.

Sometimes, after staying in a village parlor till the family had all retired, I have returned to the woods, and, partly with a view to the next day's dinner, spent the hours of midnight fishing from a boat by moonlight, serenaded by owls and foxes, and hearing, from time to time, the creaking note of some unknown bird close at hand. These experiences were very memorable and valuable to me, — anchored in forty feet of water, and twenty or thirty rods from the shore, surrounded sometimes by thousands of small perch and shiners, dimpling the surface with their tails in the moonlight, and communicating by a long flaxen line with mysterious nocturnal fishes which had their dwelling forty feet below; or sometimes dragging sixty feet of line about the pond as I drifted in the gentle night breeze, now and then feeling a slight vibration along it, indicative of some life prowling about its extremity, of dull uncertain

blundering purpose there, and slow to make up its mind.

At length you slowly raise, pulling hand over hand, some horned pout squeaking and squirming to the upper air. It was very queer, especially in dark nights, when your thoughts had wandered to vast themes in other spheres, to feel this faint jerk, which came to interrupt your dreams and link you to Nature again. It seemed as if I might next cast my line upward into the air, as well as downward into this element which was scarcely more dense. Thus I caught two fishes, as it were, with one hook.

The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description.

It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three-quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation. On a clear day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky, water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose



gilding Nature continually repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh; — a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush — this the light dust-cloth — which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still.

In October I went a-graping to the river meadows, and loaded myself with clusters more precious for their beauty and fragrance than for food. There too I admired, though I did not gather, the cranberries, small waxen gems, pendants of the meadow grass, pearly and red, which the farmer plucks with an ugly rake, leaving the smooth meadow in a snarl, heedlessly measuring them by the bushel and the dollar only, and sells the spoils of the meads to Boston and New York; destined to be *jammed*, to satisfy the taste of lovers of Nature there. So butchers rake the tongues of bison out of the prairie grass, regardless of the torn and drooping plant.

The barberry's brilliant fruit was likewise food for my eyes merely; but I collected a small store of wild apples for coddling, which the proprietor and travellers had overlooked.

When chestnuts were ripe I laid up half a bushel for winter. It was very exciting at that season to roam the then boundless chestnut woods of Lincoln — they now sleep their long sleep under the railroad — with a bag on my shoulder, and a stick to open burrs with in my hand, for I did not always wait for the frost, amid the rustling of leaves and the

loud reproofs of the red squirrels and the jays, whose half-consumed nuts I sometimes stole, for the burrs which they had selected were sure to contain sound ones. Occasionally I climbed and shook the trees. They grew also behind my house, and one large tree which almost overshadowed it, was, when in flower, a bouquet which scented the whole neighborhood, but the squirrels and the jays got most of its fruit: the last coming in flocks early in the morning and picking the nuts out of the burrs before they fell. I relinquished these trees to them and visited the more distant woods composed wholly of chestnut. These nuts, as far as they went, were a good substitute for bread.

At length the winter set in in good earnest, just as I had finished plastering, and the wind began to howl around the house as if it had not had permission to do so till then. Night after night the geese came lumbering in in the dark with a clangor and a whistling of wings, even after the ground was covered with snow, some to alight in Walden, some flying low over the woods toward Fair Haven, bound for Mexico. Several times, when returning from the village at ten or eleven o'clock at night, I heard the tread of a flock of geese, or else ducks, on the dry leaves in the woods by a pond-hole behind my dwelling, where they had come up to feed, and the faint honk or quack of their leader as they hurried off.

Hard green wood, just cut, though I used but little of that, answered my purpose better than any other.

I sometimes left a good fire when I went to take a walk in the winter afternoon; and when I returned, three or four hours afterward, it would be still alive and glowing. My house was not empty though I was gone. It was as if I had left a cheerful housekeeper behind. It was I and Fire that lived there.

At the approach of spring the red squirrels got under my house, two at a time, directly under my feet as I sat reading or writing, and kept up the queerest chuckling and chirruping and vocal pirouetting and gurgling sounds that ever were heard; and when I stamped they only chirruped the louder, as if past all fear and respect in their mad pranks, defying humanity to stop them. No, you don't — chick-aree — chickaree. They were wholly deaf to my arguments, or failed to perceive their force, and fell into a strain of invective that was irresistible.

The first sparrow of spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the bluebird, the song-sparrow, and the redwing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations? The brooks sing carols and glees to the spring. The marsh-hawk sailing low over the meadow is already seeking the first slimy life that awakes. The sinking sound of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolves apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillsides like a spring fire, as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame; — the

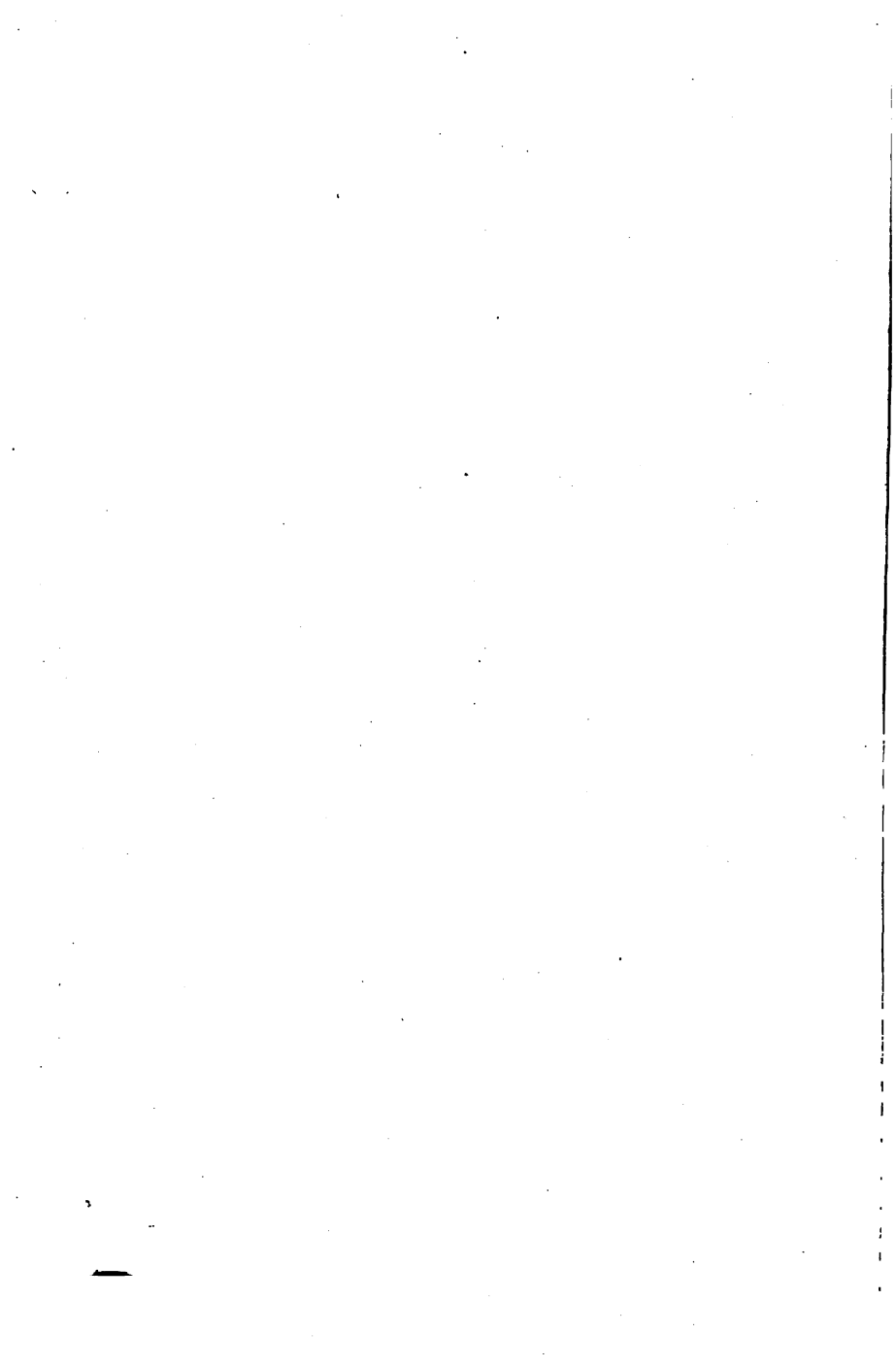
symbol of perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh life below.

In the morning I watched the geese from the door through the mist, sailing in the middle of the pond, fifty rods off, so large and tumultuous that Walden appeared like an artificial pond for their amusement. But when I stood on the shore they at once rose up with a great flapping of wings at the signal of their commander, and when they had got into rank circled about over my head, twenty-nine of them, and then steered straight to Canada, with a regular *honk* from the leader at intervals, trusting to break their fast in muddier pools. A "plump" of ducks rose at the same time and took the route to the north in the wake of their noisier cousins.

For a week I heard the circling groping clangor of some solitary goose in the foggy mornings, seeking its companion, and still peopling the woods with the sound of a larger life than they could sustain. In April the pigeons were seen again, flying express in small flocks, and in due time I heard the martins twittering over my clearing, though it had not seemed that the township contained so many that it could afford me any, and I fancied that they were peculiarly of the ancient race that dwelt in hollow trees ere white men came. In almost all climes the tortoise and the frog are among the precursors and heralds of this season, and birds fly with song and glancing plumage, and plants spring and bloom, and winds



A GREAT FLAPPING OF WINGS



blow, to correct this slight oscillation of the poles and preserve the equilibrium of Nature.

As every season seems best to us in its turn, so the coming in of spring is like the creation of Cosmos out of Chaos and the realization of the Golden Age.

Early in May, the oaks, hickories, maples, and other trees, just putting out amidst the pine woods around the pond, imparted a brightness like sunshine to the landscape in cloudy days, as if the sun were breaking through mists and shining faintly on the hillsides here and there. On the third or fourth of May I saw a loon in the pond, and during the first week of the month I heard the whippoorwill, the brown thrasher, the veery, the wood pewee, the chewink, and other birds. I had heard the wood thrush long before. The phoebe had already come once more and looked in at my door and window, to see if my house was cavern-like enough for her, sustaining herself on humming wings with clinched talons, as if she held by the air, while she surveyed the premises. The sulphur-like pollen of the pitch-pine soon covered the pond and the stones and rotten wood along the shore, so that you could have collected a barrellful. This is the "sulphur showers" we hear of. And so the seasons went rolling on into summer, as one rambles into higher and higher grass.

Thus was my first year's life in the woods completed, and the second year was similar to it. I finally left Walden September 6th, 1847.

— *Henry D. Thoreau.*





## OUTDOOR LIFE



## A WINTER TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS

After the gloom of the gray Atlantic weather our ship came to America in a flood of winter sunshine that made unaccustomed eyelids blink ; and the New Yorker, who is nothing if not modest, said : "This isn't a sample of our really fine days ; wait until such and such times come, or to such and such a quarter of the city." That any one should dare to call this climate muggy, yea, even "sub-tropical", was a shock. There came such a man, and he said : "Go north if you want weather — weather that is weather. Go to New England."

So New York passed away upon a sunny afternoon, with her roar and rattle, her complex smells, her triply overheated rooms, and much too energetic inhabitants, while the train went north to the land where the snow lay. It came in one sweep ; almost, it seemed, in one turn of the wheels, covering the winter-killed grass and turning the frozen ponds, that looked so white under the shadow of lean trees, into pools of ink.

As the night closed in, a little wooden town, white-cloaked and dumb, slid past the windows and the strong light of the car lamps fell upon a sleigh (the driver furred and muffled up to his nose) turning the corner of the street. Now, the sleigh of a picture-book, however well one knows it, is altogether different from

the thing in real life, a means of conveyance at a journey's end, but it is well not to be over-curious in the matter, for the same American who has been telling you at length how he once followed a kilted Scots soldier from Chelsea to the tower, out of pure wonder and curiosity at his bare knees and sporran, will laugh at your interest in "just a cutter."

The staff of the train — surely the great American nation would be lost if deprived of the ennobling society of brakeman, conductor, negro porter, and news-boy — told pleasant tales, as they spread themselves at ease in the smoking compartment, of snowings-up on the line to Montreal, of desperate attacks — four engines together and a snowplow in front — on drifts thirty feet high, and the pleasure of walking along the tops of goods wagons to brake a train with the thermometer thirty below freezing.

Thirty below freezing! It was inconceivable till one stepped out into it at midnight, and the first shock of that clear still air took away the breath as a plunge into sea-water does. A walrus sitting on a woolpack was our host in his sleigh, and he wrapped us in hairy goatskin coats, caps that came down over the ears, buffalo robes and blankets, and yet more buffalo robes, till we, too, looked like walruses and moved almost as gracefully.

The night was as keen as the edge of a newly ground sword, breath froze on the coat lapels in snow, the nose became without sensation, and the eyes wept bitterly because the horses were in a hurry to get home, and whirling through the air at zero brings tears.

But for the jingle of the sleigh-bells the ride might

have taken place in a dream, for there was no sound of hoofs upon the snow, the runners sighed a 'little now and again as they glided over an inequality, and all the sheeted hills round about were dumb as death. Only the Connecticut River kept up its heart and a lane of black water through the packed ice.' We could see the stream worrying around the heels of its small bergs. Elsewhere there was nothing but snow under the moon — snow drifted to the level of the stone fences or curling over their tops in a tip of frosted silver; snow banked high on either side of the road or lying heavy on the pines and the hemlocks in the woods, where the air seemed, by comparison, as warm as a conservatory.

It was beautiful beyond expression — Nature's boldest sketch in black and white, done with a Japanese disregard of perspective and daringly altered from time to time by the restless pencils of the moon.

In the morning the other side of the picture was revealed in the colors of the sunlight. There was never a cloud in the sky that rested on the snow line of the horizon as a sapphire on white velvet. Hills of pure white, or speckled and furred with woods, rose up above the solid white levels of the fields, and the sun rioted over their embroideries till the eyes ached. Here and there, on the exposed slopes, the day's warmth — the thermometer was nearly forty degrees — and the night's cold had made a bald and shining crust upon the snow; but the most part was soft, powdered stuff, ready to catch the light on a thousand crystals and multiply it sevenfold:

Through this magnificence, and thinking nothing

of it, a wood-sledge, drawn by two shaggy red steers, the unbarked logs diamond-dusted with snow, shouldered down the road in a cloud of frosty breath. It is the mark of inexperience in this section of the country to confound a sleigh which you use for riding with the sledge that is devoted to heavy work, and it is, I believe, a still greater sign of worthlessness to think oxen are driven, as they are in most places, by scientific twisting of the tail. The driver, with red mittens on his hands, felt over-stockings that come up to his knees, and perhaps a silvery-gray coonskin coat on his back, walks beside, crying, "Gee! Haw!" even as it is written in the American stories.

New England depends for its fuel on the woods. The trees are "blazed" in the autumn, just before the fall of the leaf, felled later, cut into four-foot lengths, and as soon as the friendly snow makes sledging possible, drawn down to the wood-house. Afterwards the needs of the farm can be attended to, and a farm, like an arch, is never at rest.

A little later will come maple-sugar time, when the stately maples are tapped as the sap begins to stir, and be-ringed with absurd little buckets (a cow being milked into a thimble gives some idea of the disproportion), which are emptied into caldrons. Afterward (this is the time of "sugaring-off parties") you pour the boiled syrup into tins full of fresh snow, where it hardens, and you pretend to help, and eat and become very sticky.

Twenty or thirty miles across the hills, on the way to the Green Mountains, lie some finished chapters of pitiful stories — a few score of abandoned farms

started in a lean land, held fiercely so long as there was any one to work them, and then left on the hill-sides. Beyond this desolation are woods where the bear and deer still find peace, and sometimes even the beaver forgets that he is persecuted and dares to build his lodge. These things were told me by a man who loved the woods for their own sake and not for the sake of slaughter — a quiet, low-spoken man of the West, who came across the drifts on snowshoes, and refrained from laughing when I borrowed his foot-gear and tried to walk. The gigantic lawn-tennis bats, strung with hide, are not easy to maneuver. If you forget to keep the long heels down and trailing in the snow, you turn over and become as a man who falls into deep water with a life-belt tied to his ankles. If you lose your balance do not attempt to recover it, but drop, half sitting and half kneeling, over as large an area as possible. When you have mastered the wolf step — can slide one shoe above the other deftly, that is to say — the sensation of padding over a ten-foot-deep drift and taking short cuts by buried fences is worth the ankle-ache.

Beyond the very furthest range were the pines, turned to a faint blue haze against the white; one solitary peak — a real mountain and not a hill — showed like a gigantic thumbnail pointing heavenward.

"And that's Monadnock," said the man from the West. All the hills have Indian names. You left Wantastiquet on your right coming out of town."

You know how it sometimes happens that a word shuttles in and out of many years, waking all sorts of incongruous associations. I had met Monadnock

on paper in a shameless parody of Emerson's style, before ever style or verse had interest for me. But the word stuck because of a rhyme in which some one was : —

— crowned coeval  
With Monadnock's crest,  
And my wings extended  
Touch the East and West.

Later the same word, pursued on the same principle as that blessed one, Mesopotamia, led me to and through Emerson up to his poem on the peak itself — the wise old giant, "busy with his sky affairs", who makes us sane and sober, and free from little things, if we trust him. So Monadnock came to mean everything that was helpful, healing and full of quiet, and when I saw him half across New Hampshire he did not fail. In that utter stillness a hemlock bough, overweighted with snow, came down a foot or two with a tired little sigh; the snow slid off and the little branch flew nodding back to its fellows.

Next day all idleness and trifling were drowned in a snow-storm that filled the hollows of the hills with whirling blue mist, bowed the branches in the woods till you ducked, but were powdered all the same when you drove through, and wiped out the sleighing tracks. Mother Nature is beautifully tidy if you leave her alone. She rounded off every angle, broke down every scarp, and tucked the white bed-clothes, till not a wrinkle remained, up to the chins of the spruces and hemlocks that would not go to sleep.

— *Rudyard Kipling.*



## NIGHTFALL ON MOUNT MANSFIELD

Fair Mansfield, stately monarch,  
In robes of grandeur dressed  
Stands watching o'er the silver lake  
That glistens in the west,  
While far beneath its sombre shade  
Lie resting from their toil  
The peaceful little towns that grace  
The valley of Lamoille.

The sun that kissed, at early morn,  
The mountain's stately brow,  
In robes of golden splendor dressed  
Is slowly setting now ;  
While o'er the valley, far below,  
The twilight shadows fall,  
And peace and quiet seem to breathe  
Their spirit over all.

Far down the dreamy valley, now,  
The shades of evening close ;  
Behind the curtains of the night  
The sun has sought repose ;  
The world is wrapped in loveliness,  
The woods are calm and still,  
And silence, now, profound and deep,  
Steals o'er the mighty hill.

Fair Mansfield, Queen of old Vermont,  
Who with majestic reign  
Doth guard the hills and dales that dot  
The valley of Champlain —

Sleep on, wrapped in thy native green,  
Beneath the starry light,  
Thou monarch of our native hills, —  
Sleep on, fair queen ; good-night.

— *Frank Roland Jewett.*

### THE SPELL OF THE FIRE

Strange are the murmurings in the trees,  
Secret the whisperings on the breeze —  
Deep in the heart of the wilderness.

Darkness creeps near with its velvet pall,  
Silent, relentless, covering all —  
Awesome the heart of the wilderness.

Mystery lurks in the trees and sky,  
Wild is the sound of the night beast's cry —  
Fearsome the heart of the wilderness.

Then — in the darkness, a flash of light  
Grows to a campfire, cheery and bright —  
Home in the heart of the wilderness!

— *The Cave Scout.*

## A RESCUE BY BOY SCOUTS

Two boys, dressed in the khaki uniform of scouts, stepped off the railway grade and threw themselves on the ground under a huge fir tree, where they stretched out on their backs and wiped their foreheads with their big bandanna handkerchiefs.

"This must be the place, Frank," said one of them.

"Yes, it's the first sharp turn in the track we've come to," answered his companion. "The fellows said it was only two miles, but it seems to me more like ten. I'm hot as pepper already, and the hard part of the trip hasn't started yet. Think we can find the way, Al?"

"Of course we can! Dad told me how to use this compass and gave me some tips on the lay of the land, so it'll be easy."

The two lads, Albert Bosworth and Frank Steele, had been sent ahead by the "Bear" of Troop 16 to blaze a trail through the dense woods of the Pacific slope from the railway to Black River Falls, about four miles back from the track. They had started soon after daybreak so as to keep well in advance of the others. It was their duty to find the falls and select a camp site before the other members of the troop arrived.

"Now," said Albert, "I'll explain for you. You see, at this point the track runs east and west. We must go due north until we come to the ridge and then keep just above the low land. That will take us in a pretty zigzag route, but we'll have good foot-

ing and only about a quarter of a mile of swamp to go through and two small streams to cross, instead of swamp the whole way, as it is on the other trail."

"All right," replied Frank eagerly. "I feel rested now, so let's get going; we've no time to lose."

The boys then arranged a scout sign at the place where they had left the railroad and, removing from its holster their little woodman's axe, they climbed the wire fence and selected a tree from which to take their start. This accomplished, a small portion of the bark was chipped off so that their comrades could tell where to follow them.

Cutting away the brush and limbs that might impede free action, they started as near due north as possible, choosing the best footing and passing around fallen logs too high to climb over comfortably. Every little way, and within sight of the last tree marked by removing a bit of the bark, another one was treated in like manner.

It was ten o'clock when the boys reached Black River, tired and ravenously hungry, but jubilant, for luckily they had struck the stream at a point where a clean spring bubbled out of the ground and where a high, sheltered bench of land afforded a splendid camping site. Producing their haversack, they soon prepared a light meal and satisfied their hunger, while the cool spring quenched their thirst.

"Let's do a little exploring!" said Albert, as the last strip of toasted bacon disappeared. "I'm crazy to see those falls."

"So am I," exclaimed Frank. "And they must be *some* falls, by the way they roar!"

A few minutes' walk down stream brought them to the edge of the sheer ledge of rock over which the water poured.

They discovered that Black River Falls were about fifty feet wide at the top at high water, but it was now August and the water was very low. The water fell in a straight drop of forty feet, dashing against the rocks below and causing a spray which, in the brilliant morning sunlight, formed a rainbow gorgeous to behold. The stream at the bottom turned at right angles and then again fell about twenty feet.

"Hey!" cried Albert excitedly, gazing down through the spray, "what do you reckon that thing is down there moving about?"

"I thought I saw something, too, but the spray and flood-wood are so dense it's hard to see. Let's go down into the canyon and find out."

By the aid of old trees and timbers which had been carried over the falls in high water and left leaning against the perpendicular wall forming the basin, the lads made a slow descent. When they reached the bottom they cautiously made their way through the tangle of logs and boulders. Frank was in the lead when suddenly he stopped, for not more than six feet away, and looking straight at him, was a fine big deer! Al was quickly at his side. The deer made no effort to run, but stood trembling and watching them with his big, pleading brown eyes.

"The poor chap seems to be all right, but awfully weak," whispered Al. "If he wasn't so scrawny, he'd be a beauty, wouldn't he? He must have tumbled into this hole and couldn't get out again. There isn't

much here for a deer to eat, and I guess he must be nearly starved to death. Wonder how long he's been in this natural trap."

"A good while. Let's see if he's bruised," answered Frank.

Quietly motioning for Albert to follow him, Frank slowly approached the deer. The animal, staggering about, tried to dodge his approach. As the boys advanced the deer retreated until at last it reached the sheer rock wall, where it evidently gave up all hope of escape and lay down exhausted.

Upon closer inspection the scouts found that the deer was sound in limb, so they immediately began planning a way out. There was but one feasible ascent, and that was straight up, as the second fall of the stream was the only other way and they knew the deer could never make that, even if the flood-wood were removed.

Frank patted the frightened animal affectionately.

"Never mind, old fellow!" he said. "We're going to do our level best to get you out of here — and we'll do it, too."

"You bet we will!" heartily seconded his chum. "We'll climb out of this old hole and bring you some help."

The ascent was a much more difficult feat than going down, for the wet timbers were very slippery, but here their scout axes came in handy and, by notching footholds in the logs and cutting off limbs that were in the way, the boys finally reached the top of the falls.

Just as they landed upon the firm ground above, they heard a great shout, and the eighteen members

of Troop 16 came whooping over to the edge of the falls.

When the scouts were told of the trapped deer at the bottom they were much excited. "Rescue! Rescue!" they shouted. But when their scoutmaster, Mr. Howe, was informed of the animal's predicament, he said gravely: "I don't believe it can be done. I think I had better send a detail to Mr. Rowett, the game warden, and ask him to come immediately with his gun!"

"But, sir!" pleaded Frank anxiously, "do please let us have a try at it! I feel sure Mr. Rowett will approve of my plan. That deer's had enough hard luck without getting shot, and we've just got to rescue him!"

The scoutmaster smiled his approval of the lad's desire to be of service. "All right," he agreed, "you can try it, if you can suggest any plausible scheme. What do you propose to do?"

Frank led the older man away from the edge of the falls, where they could talk more freely.

After listening intently to what Frank had to say, Mr. Howe exclaimed: "By George! It ought to work! You have a great head on your shoulders! I'll send at once to Mr. Rowett, explaining the case and inviting him to spend the night here with us, if he thinks it advisable to come!"

"Thank you, sir," was the only reply Frank made, but his eyes shone and his heart beat wildly with expectation.

Two hours later, when Mr. Rowett and the two scouts who had been sent for him arrived with their

pack-sacks stuffed with ropes and tackle, all was in readiness.

Frank and Albert had found an old fallen cedar tree and had put the whole troop to work. Some made shakes, or hewed boards, the proper length, and these were wrapped with the canvas pack-cloths. Others found and prepared long poles that could be used to project out over the side of the canyon in such a way that they could be swung around.

The shakes were lowered, and then came the fun of strapping them to the deer to form a splint. This the boys accomplished after some little struggle, and though they were bleeding and bruised — for Mr. Deer didn't understand and still had some real fight left in him — they were overjoyed when they finally had him properly "bandaged."

After a very careful inspection of the knots, to make sure there would be no hitch, Frank shouted at the top of his voice: "All ready! Hoist away there, you fellows!"

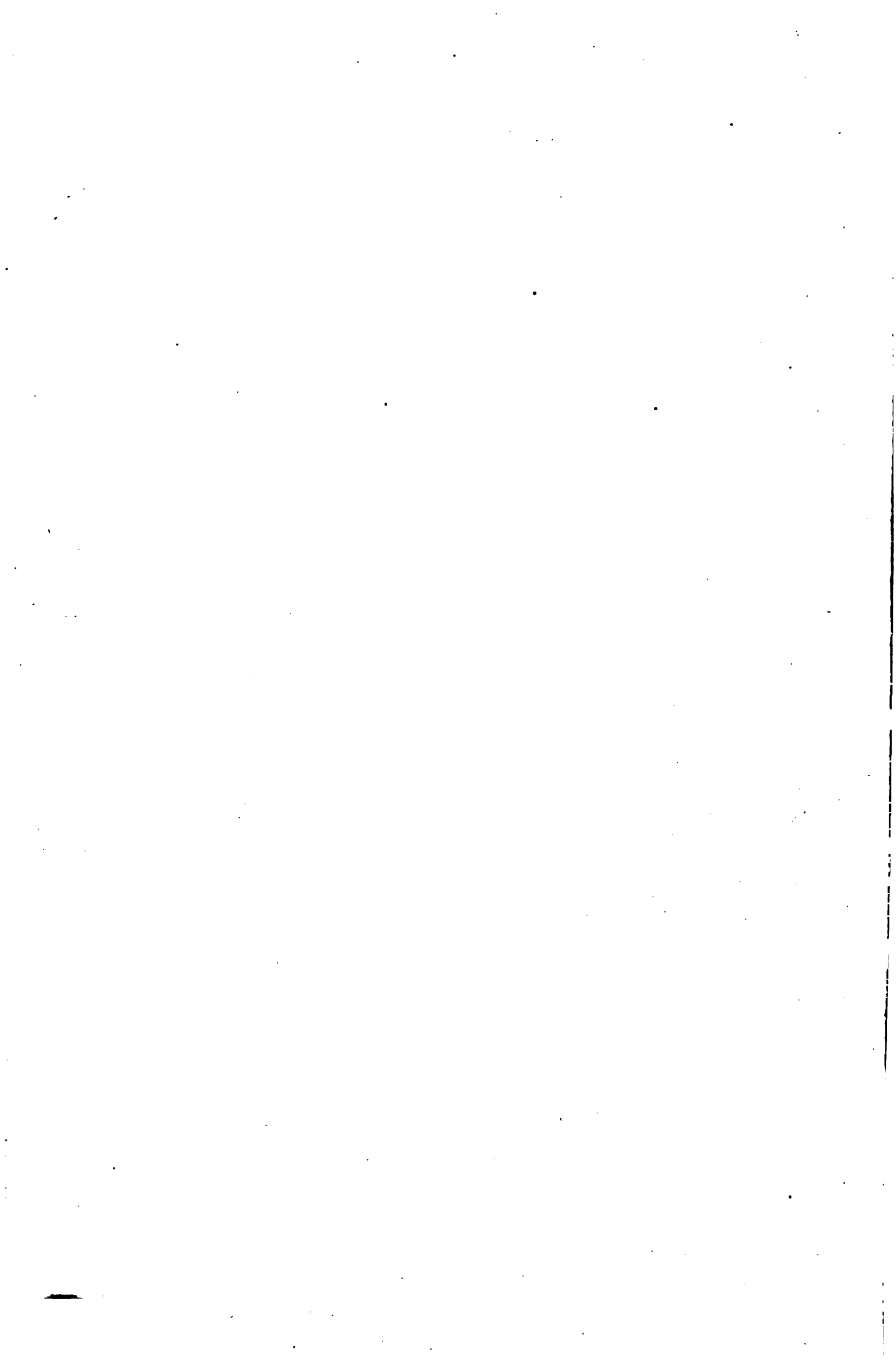
Slowly the deer was raised in the air with not even a kick of protest, for it would have been impossible for him to move had he been so inclined. When he reached the top of the falls, and the pole swung around so he could be lowered to the ground, his wild, bulging eyes looked in every direction, and he quivered with fear when the entire troop joined in a great shout of triumph which could be plainly heard above the roaring of the falls.

But when the animal was released and realized that he was once more free, his fear subsided instantly. Instead of darting off to his old haunts, as the scouts expected him to do, he surprised them immensely by





A RESCUE BY BOY SCOUTS



beginning leisurely to feed on the moss and grasses at the foot of the trees.

Mr. Howe told the troop to take the pack-straps and tackle and return to camp. As they started, the deer looked up and slowly followed in their trail. Even when he reached the camp site he had no fear of the fire, and he quietly browsed through the woods just a few yards from the tents.

During the whole of the outing the deer stayed with the scouts, except for one or two hours each day. He became such a pet with the boys that he was almost a nuisance, but he always showed a decided preference for Frank Steele and Albert Bosworth. He seemed to know that they were his best friends.

— *Frank Roy Loope.*

## APRIL AIRS

April now in morning clad  
Like a gleaming oread,  
With the south wind in her voice,  
Comes to bid the world rejoice.

With the sunlight on her brow,  
Through her veil of silver showers,  
April o'er New England now,  
Trails her robe of woodland flowers —

Violet and anemone —  
While along the misty sea,  
Pipe at lip, she seems to blow  
Haunting airs of long ago. — *Bliss Carman.*

## AN AIRMAN'S DREAM

When I am tired through and through,  
And all the things I have to do  
Seem little, senseless, brutal things,  
My mind escapes on happier wings  
To an old house, that is mine own.  
Lichen-kissed and overgrown ;  
With gables here and gables there  
And tapered chimneys anywhere ;  
With millstone hearths for burning logs  
And kettles singing from the dogs ;  
With rough-hewn beams of darkened oak,  
Fragrant with a taint of smoke ;  
With unexpected steps and nooks  
And cases full of leather books —  
Soft water-colors that I love ;  
And in the bedrooms, up above,  
Large four-post beds, and lots of air,  
Where I can lie without a care,  
And hear the rustle of the leaves  
And starlings fighting in the eaves.

Around the house a garden lies,  
A many-colored paradise ;  
With sunlit lawns and stately trees,  
Ever murmuring in the breeze ;  
With beds of flowers, not too tame,  
All bright, and never twice the same.  
And if the fates are very good  
And all things happen as they should,

There is a river gliding by,  
Transparent as the summer's sky,  
Cool to the touch, and very deep,  
Quietly smiling in its sleep.  
There large, well-educated trout  
Scul themselves lazily round about ;  
And there a brook with cheerful noise  
Comes chattering low its little joys,  
Telling how, through Newton Wood,  
It stole, sedate and very good,  
But when it tumbled through the mill  
It thumped the old wheel with a will ;  
How the pike beneath the bridge  
Caught the chub of Sandy Ridge ;  
And so on, if I care to listen,  
Till the evening dew-drops glisten.

Down the stream a mile or two  
The fenlands come, where trees are few,  
There sturdy, sad-eyed fenmen toil,  
Tilling their heavy deep-brown soil ;  
A land where the gray heron breeds  
And wild fowl paddle in the reeds ;  
A land of molten, golden reds,  
Of ripening corn and osier-beds ;  
A land in which, where'er I go,  
There is no man to say me no.

I'd have for my companions there  
A boat, a gun, of dogs a pair,  
Cocker spaniels, silver gray,  
With tails a-wagging all the day.

And other things I'd have are these :  
Large breakfasts and enormous teas,  
Honey and home-made bread, still hot,  
Fresh butter in an earthen pot,  
And new-laid eggs, and clotted cream,  
But oh ! to think it's all a dream !

### TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue Day :  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity  
This new Day is born ;  
Into Eternity,  
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did :  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue Day :  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away ?

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

## THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong ;  
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out ;  
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight  
When the storm through his branches shout.  
Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone,  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold  
Had brightened his branches gray,  
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May ;  
And on that day to the reaper gay,  
They frolicked with lovesome swains :  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree it still remains.  
He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes  
Was a merry sound to hear,  
When the Squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.

Now gold hath the sway we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he,  
But he never shall send our ancient friend  
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

— *Henry F. Chorley.*

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree !  
Touch not a single bough !  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot,  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And would'st thou hew it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke ;  
Cut not its earthbound ties ;  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now turning to the skies !

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade,  
In all their quickening joy  
Here, too, my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here,  
My father pressed my hand ;  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.

My heart still round thee cling  
Close as thy bark, old friend,



Here shall the wild bird sing  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree, the storms still brave,  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

— *George P. Morris.*

## THE GROVES AND FORESTS

To most people a grove is a grove, and all groves are alike. But no two groves are alike. There is as marked a difference between different forests as between different communities. A grove of pines without underbrush, carpeted with the fine-fingered russet leaves of the pine, and odorous of resinous gums, has scarcely a trace of likeness to a maple woods, either in the insects, the birds, the shrubs, the light and shade, or the sound of its leaves.

I like best a forest of mingled trees, ash, maple, oak, beech, hickory, and evergreens, with birches growing along the edges of the brook that carries itself through the roots and stones toward the willows that grow in yonder meadow. It should be deep and sombre in some directions, running off into shadowy recesses and coverts beyond all footsteps. In such a wood there is endless variety. It will breathe as many voices to your fancy as might be brought from any organ beneath the pressure of some master's hands.

— *Henry Ward Beecher,*

## CORNBY'S CATAMOUNT

## PART I

Two boys sat on the bars, one whittling, the other whistling, — not for want of thought, by any means, for his brow was knit in an anxious frown, and he paused now and then to thump the rail, with an impatient exclamation. The other lad appeared to be absorbed in shaping an arrow from the slender stick in his hand, but he watched his neighbor with a grin, saying a few words occasionally which seemed to add to his irritation, though they were in a sympathizing tone.

"Oh, well, if a chap can't do a thing he can't; and he'd better give up and say, 'Beat'."

"But I won't give up, and I never say 'Beat.' I'm not going to be laughed out of it, and I'll do what I said I would, if it takes all summer, Chris Warner."

"You'll have to be pretty spry, then, for there's only two more days to August," replied the whittler, shutting one eye to look along his arrow and see if it was true.

"I intend to be spry, and if you won't go and blab, I'll tell you a plan I made last night."

"Guess you can trust me. I've heard about a dozen plans now, and never told one of 'em."

"They all failed, so there was nothing to tell. But this one is *not* going to fail, if I die for it. I feel that it's best to tell some one, because it is really dangerous; and if anything *should* happen to me, as is very likely, it would save time and trouble."

"Don't seem to feel anxious a mite. But I'll stand ready to pick up the pieces, if you come to grief."

"Now, Chris, it's mean of you to keep on making fun when I'm in dead earnest; and this may be the last thing you can do for me."

"Wait till I get out my handkerchief; if you're going to be affectin' I may want it. Granite's cheap up here; just mention what you'd like on your tombstone and I'll see that it's done, if it takes my last cent."

The big boy in the blue overalls spoke with such a comical drawl that the slender city lad could not help laughing, and with a slap that nearly sent his neighbor off his perch, Corný said good-naturedly:

"Come now, stop joking and lend a hand, and I'll do anything I can for you. I've set my heart on shooting a wildcat, and I know I can if I once get a good chance. Mother won't let me go off far enough, so of course I don't do it, and then you all jeer at me. To-morrow we are going up the mountain, and I'm set on trying again, for Abner says the big woods are the place to find the 'varmint.' Now you hold your tongue, and let me slip away when I think we've hit the right spot. I'm not a bit afraid, and while the rest go poking to the top, I'll plunge into the woods and see what I can do."

"All right. Better take old Buff; he'll bring you home when you get lost, and keep puss from clawing you. You won't like that part of the fun as much as you expect to, maybe," said Chris, with a sly twinkle of the eye, as he glanced at Corný and then away to the vast forest that stretched far up the mighty mountain's side.

"No, I don't want any help, and Buff will betray me by barking; I prefer to go alone. I shall take some lunch and plenty of shot, and have a glorious time, even if I don't meet that confounded beast. I will keep dashing in and out of the woods as we go; then no one will miss me for a while, and when they do you just say, 'Oh, he's all right; he'll be along directly,' and go ahead, and let me alone."

Corny spoke so confidently, and looked so pleased with his plan, that honest Chris could not bear to tell him how much danger he would run in that pathless forest, where older hunters than he had been lost.

"Don't feel as if I cared to tell any lies about it, and I don't advise your goin'; but if you're mad for catamounts, I s'pose I must humor you and say nothing. Only bear in mind, Abner and I will be along, and if you get into a scrape jest give a yell and we'll come."

"No fear of that; I've tramped round all summer, and know my way like an Indian. Keep the girls quiet, and let me have a good lark. I'll turn up all right by sundown; so don't worry. Not a word to mother, mind, or she won't let me go. I'll make things straight with her after the fun is over."

"That isn't just square; but it's not my funeral, so I won't meddle. Hope you'll have first-rate sport, and bag a brace of cats. One thing you mind, don't get too nigh before you fire; and keep out of sight of the critters as much as you can."

Chris spoke in a deep whisper, looking so excited and impressed by the reckless courage of his mate that Corny felt himself a Leatherstocking, and went off to tea with his finger on his lips, full of boyish faith in

his own powers. If he had seen Chris dart behind the barn, and there roll upon the grass in convulsions of laughter, he would have been both surprised and hurt.

No deacon could have been more sober, however, than Chris when they met next morning, while the party of summer boarders at the old farmhouse were in a pleasant bustle of preparation for the long-expected day on the mountain. Three merry girls, a pair of small boys, two amiable mammas, Chris and Corny, made up the party, with Abner to drive the big wagon drawn by Milk and Molasses, the yellow span.

"All aboard!" shouted our young Nimrod, in a hurry to be off, as the lunch-basket was handed up, and the small boys packed in the most uncomfortable corners, regardless of their arms and legs.

Away they rattled with a parting cheer, and peace fell upon the farmhouse for a few hours, to the great contentment of the good people left behind. Corny's mother was one of them, and her last words were: "A pleasant day, dear. I wish you'd leave that gun at home; I'm so afraid you'll get hurt with it."

"No fun without it. Don't worry, mammy; I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"I'll see to him, ma'am," called Chris, as he hung on behind, and waved his old straw hat, with a steady, reliable sort of look that made the anxious lady feel more comfortable.

"We are going to walk up, and leave the horses to rest; so I can choose my time. See, I've got a bottle of cold tea in this pocket, and a lot of grub in the other. No danger of my starving, is there?" whispered Corny,

as he leaned over to Chris, who sat, apparently, on nothing, with his long legs dangling into space.

"Shouldn't wonder if you needed every mite of it. Hunting is mighty hard work on a hot day, and this is going to be a blazer," answered Chris, pulling his big straw hat lower over his eyes.

The drive was a merry one; with girls chattering, mammas holding on to excited small boys, in danger of flying out at every jolt, Abner joking till every one roared, Corny's dangerous evolutions with the beloved gun, and the gymnastic feats Chris performed, jumping off to pick flowers for the ladies, and getting on again while Milk and Molasses tore up and down the rough road as if they enjoyed it.

About ten o'clock they reached the foot of the mountain; and after a short rest at the hotel, began the three-mile ascent in high spirits. Abner was to follow later with the wagon, to bring the party down; so Chris was guide, as he knew the way well, and often came with people. The girls and younger boys hurried on, full of eagerness to reach the top. The ladies went more slowly, enjoying the beauty of the scene, while Chris carried the lunch-basket, and Corny lingered in the rear, waiting for a good chance to "plunge."

He wanted to be off before Abner came, as he well knew that wise man and mighty hunter would never let him go alone.

"The very next path I see, I'll dive in and run; Chris can't leave the rest to follow, and if I once get a good start, they won't catch me in a hurry," thought the boy, longing to be free and alone in the wild woods that tempted him on either hand.

Just as he was tightening his belt to be ready for the run, Mrs. Barker, the stout lady, called him; and being a well-bred lad, he hastened at once to see what she wanted, feeling that he was the only gentleman in the party.

"Give me your arm, dear; I'm getting very tired, and fear I can't hold out to the top without a little help," said the poor lady, red and panting with the heat and steepness of the road.

"Certainly, ma'am," answered Corný, obeying at once, and inwardly resolving to deposit his fair burden on the first fallen log they came to, and make his escape.

But Mrs. Barker got on bravely, with the support of his strong arm, and chatted away so delightfully that Corný would really have enjoyed the walk if his soul had not been yearning for catamounts. He did his best, but when they passed opening after opening into the green recesses of the wood, and the granite boulders grew more and more plentiful, his patience gave out, and he began to plan what he could say to excuse himself. Chris was behind, apparently deaf and blind to his calls and imploring glances, though he grinned cheerfully when poor Corný looked round and beckoned, as well as he could with a gun on one arm and a stout lady on the other.

"The hardest part is coming now, and we'd better rest a moment. Here's a nice rock, and the last spring we are likely to see till we get to the top. Come on, Chris, and give us the dipper. Mrs. Barker wants a drink, and so do I," called the young hunter, driven to despair at last.

Up came Chris, and while he rummaged in the well-packed basket, Corny slipped into the wood, leaving the good lady with her thanks half spoken, sitting on a warm stone beside a muddy little pool. A loud laugh followed him, as he scrambled through the tall ferns and went plunging down the steep mountain side, eager to reach the lower woods.

"Let him laugh; it will be my turn when I go home with a fine cat over my shoulder," thought Corny, tearing along, heedless of falls, scratches, and bruised knees.

At length he paused for breath, and looked about him well satisfied, for the spot was lonely and lovely enough to suit any hunter. The tallest pines he ever saw sighed far overhead; the ground was ankle deep in moss, and gay with scarlet bunch-berries; every fallen log was veiled by green vines or nodding brakes; while hidden brooks sang musically, and the air was full of the soft flutter of leaves, the whirl of wings, and the sound of birds gossiping sweetly in the safe shelter of the forest, where human feet so seldom came.

"I'll rest a bit, and then go along down, keeping a lookout for puss by the way," thought Corny, feeling safe and free, and very happy, for he had his own way at last, and a whole day to lead the life he loved.

So he bathed his hot face, took a cool drink, and lay on the moss, staring up into the green gloom of the pines, blissfully dreaming of the joys of a hunter's life, — till a peculiar cry startled him to his feet, and sent him creeping warily toward the sound. Whether it was a new kind of a bird, or a fox, or a bear, he did not know, but fondly hoped it was a wildcat; though



he was well aware that the latter creature sleeps by day and prowls by night. Abner said they purred and snarled and gave a mewling sort of cry; but which it was now he could not tell, having unfortunately been half asleep.

On he went, looking up into the trees for a furry bunch, behind every log, and in every rocky hole, longing and hoping to discover his heart's desire. But a hawk was all he saw above, an ugly snake was the only living thing he found among the logs, and a fat woodchuck's hind legs vanished down the most attractive hole. He shot at all three and missed them, so he pushed on, pretending that he did not care for such small game.

"Now this is what I call fun," he said to himself, tramping gayly along, and at that moment went splash into a mudhole concealed under the grass. He sunk up to his knees, and with great difficulty got out by clinging to the tussocks that grew near. In his struggles the lunch was lost, for the bottle broke, and the pocket where the sandwiches were stored was full of mud. A sad spectacle was the trim lad as he emerged from the slough, black and dripping in front, well splattered behind, hatless, and one shoe gone, it having been carelessly left unlaced in the ardor of the chase.

"Here's a mess!" thought poor Corný, surveying himself with great disgust and feeling very helpless, as well as tired, hungry, and mad. "Luckily, my powder is dry and my gun safe; so my fun isn't spoiled, though I do look like a wallowing pig. I've heard of mud baths, but I never took one before, and I'll be shot if I do again."

So he washed as well as he could, hoping the sun would dry him, picked out a few bits of bread unspoiled by the general wreck, and trudged on with less ardor, though by no means discouraged yet.

"I'm too high for any game but birds, and those I don't want. I'll go slap down, and come out in the valley. Abner said any brook would show the way, and this rascal that led me into a scrape shall lead me out," he said, as he followed the little stream that went tumbling over the stones, which increased as the ground sloped toward the deep ravine, where a waterfall shone like silver in the sun.

"I'll take a swim if the pool is big enough, and that will set me up. Shouldn't wonder if I'd got poisoned a bit with some of these vines I've been tearing through. My hands smart like fury, and I guess the mosquitoes have about eaten my face up. Never saw such clouds of stingers before," said Corny, looking at his scratched hands, and rubbing his hot face in great discomfort, — for it was the gnat that drove the lion mad, you remember.

It was easy to say "I'll follow the brook", but not so easy to do it; for the frolicsome stream went headlong over rocks, crept under fallen logs, and now and then hid itself so cleverly that one had to look and listen carefully to recover the trail. It was long past noon when Corny came out near the waterfall, so tired and hungry that he heartily wished himself back among the party, who had lunched well and were now probably driving gayly homeward to a good supper.

No chance for a swim appeared, so he washed his burning face and took a rest, enjoying the splendid

view far over valley and intervalle through the gap in the mountain range. He was desperately tired with these hours of rough travel, and very hungry ; but would not own it, and sat considering what to do next, for he saw by the sun that the afternoon was half over. There was time to go back the way he had come, and by following the path down the hill he could reach the hotel and get supper and a bed, or be driven home. That was the wise thing to do, but his pride rebelled against returning empty-handed after all his plans and boasts of great exploits.

"I won't go home, to be laughed at by Chris and Abner. I'll shoot something, if I stay all night. Who cares for hunger and mosquito-bites? Not I. Hunters can bear more than that, I guess. The next live thing I see I'll shoot it, and make a fire and have a jolly supper. Now which way will I go, — up or down? A pretty hard prospect, either way."

The sight of an eagle soaring above him seemed to answer his question and fill him with new strength and ardor. To shoot the king of birds and take him home in triumph would cover the hunter with glory. It should be done! And away he went, climbing, tumbling, leaping from rock to rock, toward the place where the eagle had alighted. More cuts and bruises, more vain shots, and all the reward of his eager struggles was a single feather that floated down as the great bird soared serenely away, leaving the boy exhausted and disappointed in a wilderness of granite boulders, with no sign of a path to show the way out.

As he leaned, breathless and weary, against the crag where he had fondly hoped to find the eagle's

nest, he realized for the first time what a foolhardy thing he had done. Here he was, alone, without a guide, in this wild region where there was neither food nor shelter, and night coming on. Utterly used up, he could not get home now if he had known the way; and suddenly all the tales he had ever heard of men lost in the mountains came into his head. If he had not been weak with hunger he would have felt better able to bear it; but his legs trembled under him, his head ached with the glare of the sun, and a queer faintness came over him now and then; for the city lad was unused to such violent exercise, plucky as he was.

"The only thing to do now is to get down to the valley, if I can, before dark. Abner said there was an old cabin, where the hunters used to sleep, somewhere round that way. I can try for it, and perhaps shoot something on the way. May break my bones, but I can't sit and starve up here, and I was a fool to come. I'll keep the feather anyway, to prove that I really saw an eagle; that's better than nothing."

Still bravely trying to affect the indifference to danger and fatigue which hunters are always described as possessing in such a remarkable degree, Corny slung the useless gun on his back and began the steep descent, discovering now the perils he had been too eager to see before. He was a good climber, but was stiff with weariness, and his hands already sore with scratches and poison; so he went slowly, feeling quite unfit for such hard work.

Coming to the ravine, he found the only road was down its precipitous side to the valley, which looked so

safe and pleasant now. Stunted pines grew in the fissures of the rocks, and their strong roots helped the clinging hands and feet as the boy painfully climbed, slipped, and swung along, fearing every minute to come to some impassable barrier in the dangerous path.

But he got on wonderfully well, and was feeling much encouraged, when his foot slipped, the root he held gave way, and down he went, rolling and bumping to his death on the rocks below, he thought; a crash came, and he knew no more.

"Wonder if I'm dead?" was the first idea that occurred to him as he opened his eyes and saw a brilliant sky above him, all purple, gold, and red.

He seemed floating in the air, for he swayed to and fro on a soft bed; a pleasant murmur reached his ear, and when he looked down he saw what looked like clouds, misty and white, below him. He lay a few minutes drowsily musing, for the fall had stunned him; then, as he moved his hand something pricked it, and he felt pine-needles in the fingers that closed over them.

"Caught in a tree, by Jupiter!" and all visions of heaven vanished in a breath, as he sat up and stared about him, wide awake now, and conscious of many aching bones.

## PART II

Yes, there he lay among the branches of one of the sturdy pines, into which he had fallen on his way down the precipice. Blessed little tree! set there to save a life, and teach a lesson to a wilful young heart that never forgot that hour.

Holding fast, lest a rash motion should set him bounding farther down, like a living ball, Corny took an observation as rapidly as possible, for the red light was fading, and the mist rising from the valley. All he could see was a narrow ledge where the tree stood, and, anxious to reach a safer bed for the night, he climbed cautiously down to drop on the rock, so full of gratitude for safety, that he could only lie quite still for a little while, thinking of mother, and trying not to cry.

He was much shaken by the fall, his flesh bruised, his clothes torn, and his spirit cowed; for hunger, weariness, pain, and danger showed him what a very feeble creature he was, after all. He could do no more till morning, and resigned himself to a night on the mountain side, glad to be there alive, though doubtful what daylight would show him. Too tired to move, he lay watching the western sky, where the sun set gloriously behind the purple hills. All below was wrapped in mist, and not a sound reached him but the sigh of the pine, and the murmur of the waterfall.

"This is a first-class scrape. What a fool I was not to go back when I could, instead of blundering down here where no one can get at me, and as like as not I can't get out alone! Gun smashed in that confounded fall, so I can't even fire a shot to call help. Nothing to eat or drink, and very likely a day or so to spend here till I'm found, if I ever am. Chris said, 'Yell if you want us.' Much good that would do now! I'll try, though." And getting up on his weary legs, Corny shouted till he was hoarse; but echo alone

answered him, and after a few efforts he gave it up, trying to accept the situation like a man.

As if kind Nature took pity on the poor boy, the little ledge was soft with lichens and thin grass, and here and there grew a sprig of checkerberry, sown by the wind, sheltered by the tree, and nourished by the moisture that trickled down the rock from some hidden spring. Eagerly Corný ate the sweet leaves to stay the pangs of hunger that gnawed him, and finished his meal with grass and pine-needles, calling himself a calf, and wishing his pasture were wider.

"The fellows we read about always come to grief in a place where they can shoot a bird, catch a fish, or knock over some handy beast for supper," he said, talking to himself for company. "Even the old chap lost in the bush in Australia had a savage with him who dug a hole in a tree, and pulled out a nice fat worm to eat. I'm not lucky enough even to find a sassafras bush to chew, or a bird's egg to suck. My poor gun is broken, or I might bang away at a hawk and cook him for supper, if the bog didn't spoil my matches as it did my lunch. Oh, well! I'll pull through, I guess, and when it's all over, it will be a jolly good story to tell."

Then, hoping to forget his woes in sleep, he nestled under the low-growing branches of the pine, and lay blinking drowsily at the twilight world outside. A dream came, and he saw the old farmhouse in sad confusion, caused by his absence, — the women crying, the men sober, all anxious, and all making ready to come and look for him. So vivid was it that he woke himself by crying out, "Here I am!" and nearly went over the ledge, stretching out his arms to Abner.

The start and the scare made it hard to go to sleep again, and he sat looking at the solemn sky, full of stars that seemed watching over him alone there, like a poor, lost child on the great mountain's stony breast. He had never seen the world at that hour before, and it made a deep impression on him; for it was a vast, wild scene, full of gloomy shadows below, unknown dangers around, and a new sense of utter littleness and helplessness, which taught the boy human dependence upon Heavenly love as no words, even from his mother's tender lips, could have done. Thoughts of the suffering his wilfulness had given her wrung a few penitent tears from him, which he was not ashamed to shed, since only the kind stars saw them, and better still, he resolved to own the fault, to atone for it, and to learn wisdom from this lesson, which might yet prove to be a very bitter one.

He felt better after this little breakdown, and presently his thoughts were turned from conscience to catamounts again; for sounds in the woods below led him to believe that the much-desired animal was on the prowl. His excited fancy painted dozens of them not far away, waiting to be shot, and there he was, cooped up on that narrow ledge, with a broken gun, unable even to get a look at them. He felt that it was a just punishment, and after the first regret tried to comfort himself with the fact that he was much safer where he was than alone in the forest at that hour, for various nocturnal voices suggested restless and dangerous neighbors.

Presently his wakeful eyes saw lights twinkling far off on the opposite side of the ravine, and he imagined



he heard shouts and shots. But the splash of the waterfall and the rush of the night wind deadened the sound to his ear, and drowned his own reply.

"They are looking for me, and will never think of this strange place. I can't make them hear, and must wait till morning. Poor Chris will get an awful scolding for letting me go. Don't believe he told a word till he had to. I'll make it up to him. Chris is a capital fellow, and I just wish I had him here to make things jolly," thought the lonely lad.

But soon the lights vanished, the sounds died away, and the silence of midnight brooded over the hills, seldom broken except by the soft cry of an owl, the rustle of the pine, or a louder gust of wind as it grew strong and cold. Corný kept awake as long as he could, fearing to dream and fall; but by-and-by he dropped off, and slept soundly till the chill of dawn waked him.

At any other time he would have heartily enjoyed the splendor of the eastern sky, as the red glow spread and brightened, till the sun came dazzling through the gorge, making the wild solitude beautiful and grand.

Now, however, he would have given it all for a hot beefsteak and a cup of coffee, as he wet his lips with a few drops of ice-cold water, and browsed over his small pasture till not a green spire remained. He was stiff and full of pain, but daylight and the hope of escape cheered him up, and gave him coolness and courage to see how best he could accomplish his end.

The wind soon blew away the mist and let him see that the dry bed of a stream lay just below. To reach it he must leap, at risk of his bones, or find some

means to swing down ten or twelve feet. Once there, it was pretty certain that by following the rough road he would come into the valley, whence he could easily find his way home. Much elated at this unexpected good fortune, he took the strap that had slung his gun, the leathern belt about his waist, and the strong cords of his pouch, and knotting them together, made a rope long enough to let him drop within two or three feet of the stones below. This he fastened firmly round the trunk of the pine, and finished his preparations by tying his handkerchief to one of the branches, that it might serve as a guide for him, a signal for others, and a trophy of his grand fall.

Then, putting a little sprig of the evergreen tree in his jacket, with a grateful thought of all it had done for him, he swung himself off and landed safely below, not minding a few extra bumps after his late exploits at tumbling.

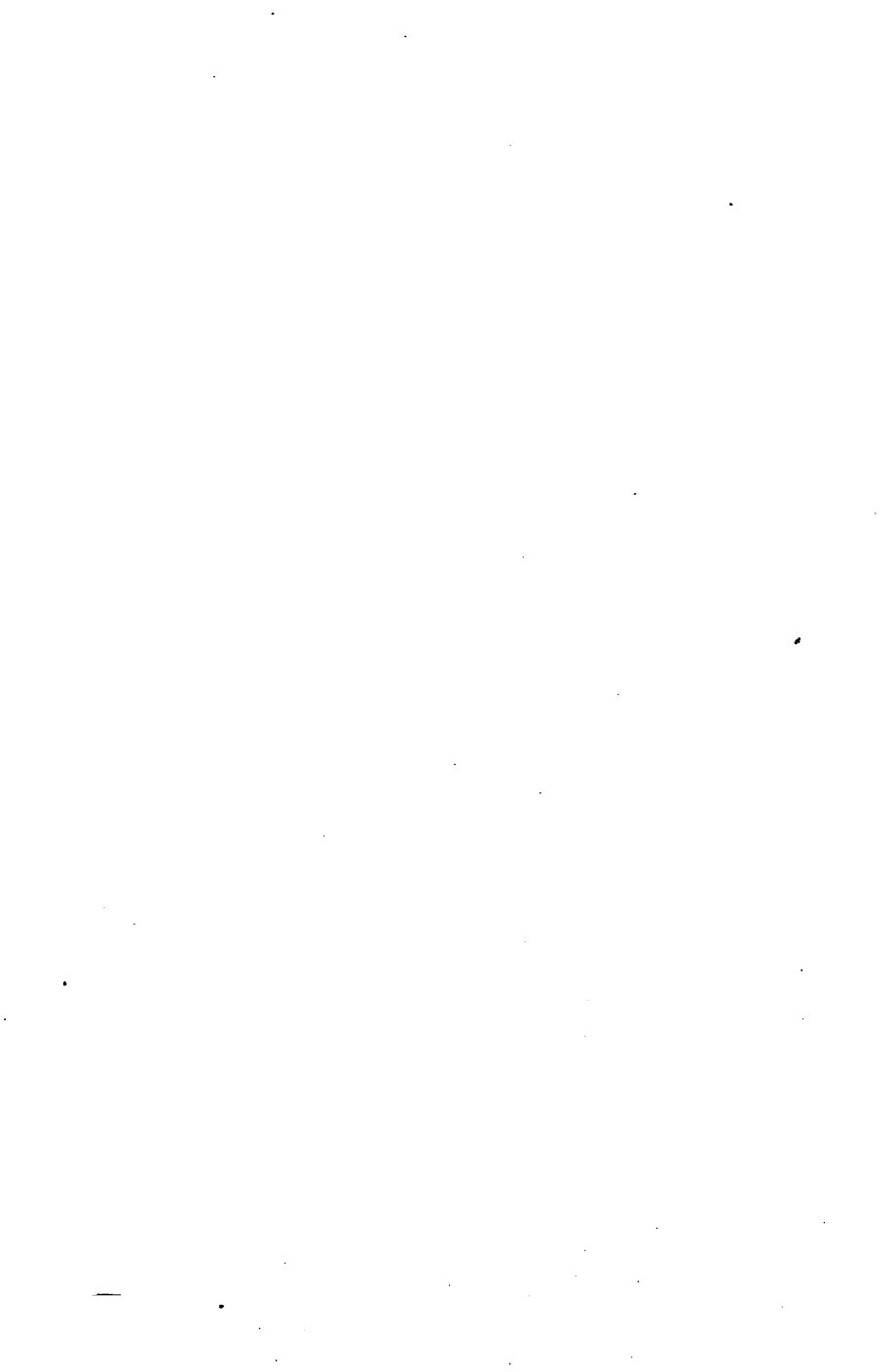
Feeling like a prisoner set free, he hurried as fast as bare feet and stiff legs would carry him along the bed of the stream, coming at last into the welcome shelter of the woods, which seemed more beautiful than ever, after the bleak region of granite in which he had been all night.

Anxious to report himself alive, and relieve his mother's anxiety, he pressed on till he struck the path, and soon saw, not far away, the old cabin Abner had spoken of. Just before this happy moment he had heard a shot fired somewhere in the forest, and as he hurried toward the sound he saw an animal dart into the hut, as if for shelter.

Whether it was a rabbit, woodchuck, or dog, he had



CORNY'S CATAMOUNT



not seen, as a turn in the path prevented a clear view, and hoping it was old Buff looking for him, he ran in, to find himself face to face with a catamount at last.

There she was, the big, fierce cat, crouched in a corner, with fiery eyes, growling and spitting at sight of an enemy, but too badly wounded to fight, as the blood that dripped from her neck, and the tremble of her limbs plainly showed.

"Now's my chance! Don't care who shot her, I'll kill her, and have her too, if I pay my last dollar," thought Corný; and catching up a stout bit of timber fallen from the old roof, he struck one quick blow, which finished poor puss, who gave up the ghost with a savage snarl and a vain effort to pounce on him.

This splendid piece of good luck atoned for all the boy had gone through, and only waiting to be sure the beast was quite dead and past clawing, he flung his prize over his shoulder, and with renewed strength and spirit trudged along the woodland road toward home, proudly imagining his triumphal entry upon the scene of suspense and alarm.

"Wish I didn't look so like a scarecrow; but perhaps my rags will add to the effect. Won't the girls laugh at my swelled face, and scream at the cat. Poor mammy will mourn over me and coddle me up as if I'd been to the wars. Hope some house isn't very far off, for I don't believe I can lug this brute much farther, I'm so starved and shaky."

Just as he paused to take breath and shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, a loud shout startled him, and a moment after, several men came bursting

through the wood, cheering like lunatics as they approached.

It was Abner, Chris, and some of the neighbors, setting out again on their search, after a night of vain wandering. Corny could have hugged them all and cried like a girl; but pride kept him steady, though his face showed his joy as he nodded his hatless head with a cool —

“Hullo!”

Chris burst into his ringing laugh, and danced a wild sort of jig round his mate, as the only way in which he could fitly express his relief; for he had been so bowed down with remorse at his imprudence in letting Corny go that no one could find the heart to blame him, and all night the poor lad had rushed up and down, seeking, calling, hoping, and fearing, till he was about used up, and looked nearly as dilapidated as Corny.

The tale was soon told, and received with the most flattering signs of interest, wonder, sympathy, and admiration.

“Why in thunder didn’t you tell me? — and I’d a got up a hunt wuth havin’, — not go stramashing off alone on a wild-goose chase like this. Never did see such a chap as you be for gittin’ inter scrapes, — and out of ’em too, I’m bound to own,” growled Abner.

“That isn’t a wild goose, is it?” proudly demanded Corny, pointing to the cat, which now lay on the ground while he leaned against a tree to hide his weariness; for he felt ready to drop, now all the excitement was over.

"No, it ain't, and I congratulate you on a good job. Where did you shoot her?" asked Abner, stooping to examine the creature.

"Didn't shoot her; broke my gun when I took that header down the mountain. I hit her a rap with a club, in the cabin where I found her," answered Corný, heartily wishing he need not share the prize with any one. But he was honest, and added at once, "Some one else had put a bullet into her; I only finished her off."

"Chris did it; he fired a spell back and see the critter run, but we was too keen after you to stop for any other game. Guess you've had enough of catamounts for one spell, hey?" and Abner laughed as he looked at poor Corný, who was a more sorry spectacle than he knew, — ragged and rough, hatless and shoeless, his face red and swelled with the poisoning and bites, his eyes heavy with weariness, and in his mouth a bit of wild-cherry bark which he chewed ravenously.

"No, I haven't! I want this one, and will buy it if Chris will let me. I said I'd kill one, and I did, and want to keep the skin; for I ought to have something to show after all this knocking about and turning somersaults half a mile long," answered Corný stoutly, as he tried to shoulder his load again.

"Here, give me the varmint, and you hang on to Chris, my boy, or we'll have to cart you home. You've done first-rate, and now you want a good meal of vittles to set you up. Right about face, neighbors, and home we go, to the tune of Hail Columby."

As Abner spoke, the procession set forth. The

tall, jolly man, with the dead animal at his back, went first; then Corny, trying not to lean on the arm Chris put round him, but very glad of the support; next the good farmers, all talking at once; while old Buff soberly brought up the rear, with his eye on the wildcat, well knowing that he would have a fine feast when the handsome skin was off.

In this order they reached home, and Corny tumbled into his mother's arms, to be no more seen for some hours. What went on in her room, no one knows; but when at last the hero emerged, refreshed by sleep and food, clad in clean clothes, his wounds bound up, and plantain-leaves dipped in cream spread upon his afflicted countenance, he received the praises and congratulations showered upon him very meekly. He made no more boasts of skill and courage that summer, set out on no more wild hunts, and gave up his own wishes so cheerfully that it was evident something had worked a helpful change in wilful Corny.

He liked to tell the story of that day and night when his friends were recounting adventures by sea and land; but he never said much about the hours on the ledge, always owned that Chris shot the beast, and usually ended by sagely advising his hearers to let their mothers know, when they went off on a lark of that kind. Those who knew and loved him best observed that he was fonder than ever of nibbling checkerberry leaves, that he didn't mind being laughed at for liking to wear a bit of pine in his button-hole, and that the skin of the catamount, so hardly won, lay before his study table till the moths ate it up.

— *Louisa M. Alcott.*



## A COLONIAL GARDEN

Down this pathway, through the shade,  
Lightly tripped the dainty maid,  
In her eyes the smile of June,  
On her lips some old sweet tune.  
Through yon ragged rows of box,  
By that awkward clump of phlox,  
To her favorite pansy bed,  
Like a ray of light she sped.  
Satin slippers, trim and neat,  
Gleamed upon her slender feet ;  
Round her ankles, deftly tied,  
Ribbons crossed from side to side.  
Here her pinks, old-fashioned, fair,  
Breathed their fragrance on the air ;  
There her fluttering azure gown  
Shook the poppy's petals down.  
Here a rose with fond caress  
Stooped to touch a truant tress,  
From her fillet struggling free,  
Scorning its captivity.  
There a bed of rue was set  
With an edge of mignonette,  
And the spicy bergamot  
Meshed the frail forget-me-not.  
Honeysuckles, hollyhocks,  
Bachelor's-buttons, four-o'clocks,  
Marigolds and blue-eyed-grass  
Curt'sied when the maid did pass.  
Now the braggart weeds have spread  
Through the paths she loved to tread,

And the creeping moss has grown  
O'er yon shattered dial-stone.  
Still beside the ruined walks  
Some old flowers, on sturdy stalks,  
Dream of her whose happy eyes  
Roam the fields of Paradise.

— *James B. Kenyon.*

## THE LOVE OF TREES

To the great tree-loving fraternity we belong. We love trees with universal and unfeigned love, and all things that do grow under them or around them — the whole leaf and root tribe. Not alone when they are in their glory, but in whatever state they are — in leaf, or rimed with frost, or powdered with snow, or crystal-sheathed in ice, or in severe outline stripped and bare against a November sky — we love them.

Our heart warms at the sight of even a board or a log. A lumber-yard is better than nothing; the *smell* of wood, at least, is there; the savory fragrance of resin, as sweet as myrrh and frankincense. If we can get nothing better, we love to read over the names of trees in a catalogue.

— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

## RANCH LIFE

The word ranch is a contraction of the Spanish word *rancho*, which means a hut covered with branches or thatch, for herdsmen, or a farming establishment for the raising of horses and cattle.

On the plains and in the Southwest the word has come to be applied indiscriminately to all farms, whether the land be used for grazing or for agricultural purposes.

The word has a seductive sound. It suggests beautiful and picturesque surroundings, green trees, running streams, and a life of freedom and plenty; and I shall not soon forget the disappointment with which I first looked on a Colorado ranch.

I saw a small, unpainted house, a story and a half high; a few outbuildings built of logs in the roughest manner; no fences, not a tree in sight, not a bush; chips and other litter all around; tin cans lying about in abundance; a most desolate-looking spot, with discomfort and deprivation staring one in the face at every point.

This was a cattle-ranch. The proprietor of it owns several thousand head of cattle. He himself lives in a good house in Colorado Springs.

This is the most comfortable way to keep a ranch: put a man, or men, in charge of it, and live yourself where you please, visiting the ranch often enough to see that things are in order. But of course this method is possible only to persons with means.

The principal grazing sections in Colorado are along

the Platte, the Arkansas and the Republican rivers, but the plains in all sections are thus utilized. Some of the parks lying high up among the mountains also afford fine ranges.

To the eye of a stranger, nothing could look more unsuited for grazing than the bare brown stretches of the Colorado plains. But there is a sweetness and nutrition in the low, dried grasses which is wonderful. No hay that is made can compare with these grasses, dried where they stand and ready to be nibbled all winter.

To a stranger nothing could seem more improbable than that cattle should thrive, running all winter long unsheltered, uncared for, in a country where the mercury frequently falls at night to zero, and below, and where snow often covers the ground to the depth of several inches. But the facts show that the cattle do thrive under these conditions.

They are very thin in the spring, and exceptionally severe snow storms in March or April will kill off some of the feeblest; but at the end of the year they make, on the whole, fair returns, and there are many cattle men in the state who are growing steadily rich.

The same is true of the sheep men, though this business is subject to greater risks and fluctuations. When heavy snow-storms come, sheep are helpless; they are silly, also, and sometimes, in a single flock, hundreds will be stifled to death by trampling each other underfoot in haste to get the food which has been thrown down for them when they have been driven in after a long storm.

One winter in Colorado was exceptionally severe,

and thousands of sheep perished in the snow. The sheep men took warning, and put up sheds on a large scale.

It would seem a simple matter of humanity, as well as policy, to provide them. Cattle can run before a storm, and, it is said, will often run forty miles to escape one; but the poor little sheep are too clumsy and slow; they are soon snowed in and under.

Life on the larger and more remote ranches is lonely and monotonous to a degree which, it must be admitted, can hardly be wholesome for either mind or body.

The daily life of a herder of sheep, for instance, seems but one shade above that of the sheep themselves. He takes his flock out at daybreak, stands or lies still, watching them while they feed, drives them back to the ranch at night, cooks his own supper, washes the dishes, and goes to bed at nine o'clock, too tired to keep awake longer. This routine is varied by an interval of very hard work in the shearing season, and during the weeks when the lambs are born in the spring.

If the ranch is near a town of size, he goes, perhaps once a week, to that town to buy what he needs; but the larger ranches are all remote from towns, and must necessarily be so, in order to secure sufficient range for large flocks and herds.

For a ranch, sixty, seventy or a hundred miles distant from its centre of supplies, purchases must be made by wholesale two or three times a year, and the ranchmen will have no intercourse with the world except at these times, and when chance travellers pass by their place. A primitive and genuine hospitality is kept on most

ranches ; all travellers feel free to stop at them, and by no means the least of the fatigues of the ranchman's life is the preparing meals at any time for as many as happen to come.

These are some of the drawbacks of ranch life. On the other hand, there are advantages by no means to be scorned ; open air, year in and year out ; freedom from all conventional and troublesome customs ; independence and the indefinable exhilaration which almost all men find in a wild and untrammelled life.

The cattle men, for a great part of the year, have little to do except to keep their buildings in order and attend to the few animals they keep with them. When the cattle are to be gathered together, branded and counted, or driven from one range to another, then the cattle man rides, day after day, as madly as a Bedouin in the desert.

There is probably no better riding than can be seen at the summer roundups, where dozens of vast herds of cattle have been gradually driven in from their ranges and collected in a dense mass in some open place, for the owners to pick out their respective cattle. Any cow or steer found unbranded then can be taken possession of by any one ; such cattle are called mavericks, and there are more of them than would be supposed ; they might be called Ishmaelites among cattle.

As the ranchman prospers, he adds building after building to his ranch. You may read the history of many ranches in the successive stages of buildings, from the roughest of log cabins, which was at first the dwelling and is now merely an outhouse for tools,



RANCH LIFE





implements, etc., up to the two-story wooden house, possibly clapboarded, which was at first the dream and is now the home in which the ranchman's wife takes pride, and in which you will find one or more carpeted rooms, a rocking-chair or two, and a newspaper or magazine.

I know one ranch, a sheep ranch, in which the record runs farther back than the log house; it runs back to a dugout, a sort of compromise between a cave and a huge oblong ant-hill, in which the resolute sheep man lived, or rather burrowed, for more than a year, when he began his ranch life, like David, with a few sheep in the wilderness. Now he is the owner of two ranches and many thousand sheep.

The one chief and greatest objection to ranch life is the food. This need not be so bad, but there seems an unconquerable tendency in men living lonely and isolated lives, and doing with their own hands all the work to be done in the house, to shirk cooking, adopt the easier methods and fall into a dreary monotony of diet.

The difficulty of procuring any variety of fresh meats, also, is another trouble which it is easier to evade by a perpetual recourse to ham and bacon than in any other way.

The trouble of milking cows and making butter is also very easily evaded by going without both butter and milk; and it is no uncommon thing to find a ranchman owning many hundreds of cows and not milking one. All these things are to be taken into account by people who are often recommended to go out on some ranch and rough it for a year.

But after all is said and summed, for and against ranch life, there remains a certain element in it which can be neither said nor summed; and whose worth each individual will reckon at his own individual valuation, and cannot safely estimate for any other man. It is the nearness to nature, the remoteness from man, all of which goes to make up his outdoor life.

What the Bedouin knows of the desert he could never tell; and the ranchman would probably find it quite as hard to give reasons for his love of ranch life.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

## A CANYON

What is a canyon? Only a valley between two high hills; that is all, though the word seems such a loud and compound mystery of warfare, both carnal and spiritual. But when the valley is thousands or tens of thousands of feet deep, and so narrow that a river can barely make its way through by shrinking and twisting and leaping; when one wall is a mountain of grassy slope and the other wall is a mountain of straight, sharp stone; when from a perilous road, which creeps along on ledges of the wall which is a mountain of stone, one looks across to the wall which is a grassy slope, and down at the silver line of twisting, turning, leaping river, the word canyon seems as inadequate as the milder word valley! We drew near it through rocky fields almost as grand as the canyon itself. Rocks of red and pale-yellow color were piled up and strewn on either hand in a confusion so wild that it was majestic. This was Echo Canyon.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

## BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

Every year there come days which seem especially to mark, even in the city, the change of seasons — days that to me, at least, are full of strange power. Every autumn there comes a day when a powerful wind roars over Boston, trampling the trees and hurrying the leaves along the ground like a flock of young partridges — the herald of winter.

Walking under the huge English elms, or sitting at my desk and listening to the roaring voices of the branches, I forget where I am. Instantly I am back in the West.

I am in the midst of the wide, level prairie, lying deep in a clump of hazel-bushes, holding my horse by his rein, listening to the hoarse singing of the wind in the grass, the tinkle of the cow-bells and the scream of the blue jay. Around me on the ground are delicious hazel-nuts, brown and smooth as my own face.

Hawks are drifting down the wind, tipping and wheeling on their search for mice and gophers; and always the wind's voice is in my ears and the gray sky over my head.

It seems curious that each change of season, as it comes sharply upon me, should cause me to live again those far-off boyish days, and enjoy them, too, for they were not always perfectly enjoyable then. The boys of Iowa now have little of the wild prairie life left, but the farm life is nearly the same.

As soon as the harvest was gathered into the stack

the plows were set at work, for plowing was a very long and hard fall task. From the age of nine or ten we were required to drive a team in the field, and very irksome it became to us. Out in the morning in the frosty half-light doing chores, out in the field before sun-up, plodding to and fro all day and till sunset at night — no wonder we looked forward eagerly to taking our turn at herding the cattle.

In those days there were vast open tracts of prairie on which the cattle and horses pastured, and the neighbors used to combine herds and keep their boys watching the cattle. The boys took turns at this work. Some of my richest memories of the West are associated with those wild, free rides on the prairie.

We virtually grew up on horseback, and to ride was as natural as to whistle or to run. Many are the wild rides we had with the half-wild colts or young cattle, and many were the trials of speed among ourselves. Sometimes a fox or wolf invited our attention, and with whoop and halloo we dashed after him in keen, hot chase.

For eatables on these rides we had berries, plums, wild grapes and, last of all, hazel-nuts. I am afraid the city boy who reads this will hardly know what a real hazel-nut is, for I have tried many a time to get such nuts, but could not find them. When just right, they are a delicious nut, unequalled in flavor, and they form a pleasant reminiscence of boy life.

Oh, such days! Indian-summer days, when the warm haze slept on the yellow-green grasses, with not wind enough to stir it; when the crickets sang in ecstasy and the hawk sailed high in the air; when the

gophers worked busily among the nuts, and the trees stood as in a dream; days when the sky was bright as a sword and the wind was abroad like the rush of an army; when the grasses tossed and wallowed, and the poplar groves grew full of song and rustled and hummed and roared overhead; days when the ducks began to thicken as they flew from pond to pond, and occasional cranes swept solitarily by, far up in the central glow of the sky.

There were rainy days, too, when the rain struck slantwise across the plain where the cattle fed, tails to the wind, and the colts stood in the lee of the groves dismally, with broad tails blown forward and mane covering their eyes; long days to the boy, who sat in his rubber coat on his horse in the grove, listening to the rain spattering lonesomely in the leaves, feeling the gray showers which the impatient branches flung down upon him.

On such days how cheerful the kitchen fire seemed to the wet, cold and hungry herd-boy coming home at night through the darkness and thickening rain, following the steady clank of the cow-bell!

But sometimes, when the prairies were dry and feed short, the cattle were watched in the fields and the boys took turns in patrolling the edge of the corn-field.

This was especially delightful, for the melon-patch was almost always in the corn-field and furnished just the kind of refreshment necessary. Great, luscious Mountain Sweets, pink Peerless and the delicious green-fleshed cantaloupe lay there, just waiting for the boy with a knife.

What pictures and sounds that melon-patch calls up! They are an interminable series. I can hear the vast, multitudinous rasp and rustle of the ripening leaves, turning straw-colored under the frost and sun. I can see the long colonnades and feel the leaves brush against me as I run swiftly between the rows, leaping the leaning stalks, dodging the pumpkin-vines. The dry tassels shake over my head; the heavy ears, beginning to droop, touch me on the shoulder as I pass in zigzag flight to the centre of the field, where the melons lie in green and yellow tooth-someness amid the frost-seared leaves.

Boys are like bees in some ways. They extract the honey of delight from most ugly-looking flowers sometimes; and when the herd-boy sat in the sun on the lee of the corn-field and ate his melon or carved his jack-o'-lantern, while the wind roared and the muffled cow-bells told the cattle were in the stubble, he was happy.

The boy of the town or city would have died of loneliness; but this boy, thrown back upon himself and on nature, succeeded in being quite happy most of the time, though there were times when a longing for company made even the sight of the distant plowman a comfort.

And when John came over to share a melon with the cowboy an hour of boyish fun followed, so delightful that it seemed only fifteen minutes, though the horses knew they ought to be busy. But it wasn't their business to say anything!

For the months of August, September and October, alternate plowing, herding the cattle and digging

potatoes formed the boys' work, broken only by the country fair, which was all pleasure, and by the threshing season, which was mingled joy and weariness.

The corn was slowly ripening under the mighty alchemy of the frost; and usually before October was gone the husking began.

Husking in the West is quite different from husking in the East. The corn is left standing in the fields till the other work is done — till the ears are dry enough to shell. Then the teams, with huge wagons, drive into the rows, and the men walking beside them husk the ears and throw them into the wagon. When there are more than two men with a wagon it passes over a row. This is called the "down-row", and is the boy's row.

The boy of ten or twelve is expected to keep up the down-row; and very hard work he finds it sometimes, when the cold wind has numbed his face and wrists, and the frost has wet his mittens and chapped his quivering hands.

At first it was beautiful work — on a fine, clear October day, when the ground was dry, the sun warm and the stalks tall and straight. But even then the fingers soon got worn and tender, the husks chafed the wrists, and the incessant action made the arms ache with fatigue.

Ah! that interminable row of stalks — I shudder at it again. But John is there, and father is there with cheery words, and Rover is there; poor old Rover who bade me good-by at the gate, never to see me again! Rover looks into my face with sympathy, which says, "I wish I could help you."

The leaves stream in the wind like pennants; the silks twine round my wrists like tresses of hair, and the heap of yellow corn slowly rises in the wide box — and the darkness falls.

These are a few of the pictures which pass before my eyes as I hear the north wind snarl amid the elms and twang at the electric wires and howl weirdly at the eaves and corners of the house. I have heard the wind in the grasses without being wet, have eaten up the melons again, have watched the cattle without being lonely, and husked corn without being tired; and I am half sorry it is all a musing, and that I am a middle-aged man in a world of care and struggle such as the boy never knew.

The boy dreamed the man would be happier, and now the man dreams the boy was happier. Who knows? I don't.

— *Hamlin Garland.*

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE A LONELY FOLK

The mountains they are silent folk,  
They stand afar — alone,  
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night  
Hear neither sigh nor groan.  
Each bears him in his ordered place  
As soldiers do, and bold and high  
They fold their forests round their feet  
And bolster up the sky.

— *Hamlin Garland.*



## THE AIRCRAFT IN WAR TIME

Once it was earth's chief glory that we rose  
Into the clear blue where the free wind blows.  
"Up, up !" was man's long cry. We fashioned wings,  
We caught at wonder as an eagle flings  
His strength upon the tempest, till they cried  
Their madness, war, as if its shame were pride.  
Now, back they draw us from the rapturous suns  
To lead the furies, signalling the guns.

Once, once again ! Our hearts cry for the air.  
The sky is clear. No bugle's burst and blare  
Bids us be ravening monsters out of hell.  
Ours is the newer freedom and the spell  
Of speed and distance and the sweep and swing  
That mount and find the earth's horizon ring.  
Out of their murk a fiendish message runs ;  
We are their blazons signalling the guns.

Up, up ! The petty and the mean slip by.  
A blotch of green below, above the sky.  
We are faith flying where the falcon fails.  
We are strength driving where the sea-gull quails.  
We are love breathing where the swallow wings.  
We are faith lifting where the skylark sings ;  
And down they drag us where the thunder stuns,  
Not men, but demons, signalling the guns.

— *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

## THE N. B. B. O. O. SOCIETY

"Now, Hazel, we're ready," said Rose, after the dinner dishes had been washed and the children's time was their own. Hazel submitted meekly to the blind-folding process.

She had tried in vain to find out something of what the children intended to do, but they were too clever for her to gain the smallest hint as to the initiation. March had been busy in the ice-house, and Cherry had been ironing the aprons for the family, — that was her Saturday morning duty. Budd and the St. Bernard puppy were off with Chi in the fields.

Rose led her through the woodshed and out of doors — Hazel knew that by the rush of soft air that met her face — and away, somewhither. At last she was helped to climb a ladder; Chi's hand grasped hers, and she felt the flooring under her feet. Then she was left without support of any kind, not daring to move with Chi's story in her thoughts.

"Guess we'll have the roll-call first," said Chi, solemnly. There was not a sound to be heard except now and then a rush of wings and the twitter of swallows.

"Molly Stark."

"Here," said Rose.

"Markis de Lafayette."

"Here," from March.

"Marthy Washin'ton."

"Present," said Cherry, forgetting she was not in school. Budd snickered, and the president called him to order.

"Fine of two cents for snickerin' in meetin'." Budd looked sober.

"Ethan Allen."

"Here," said Budd, in a subdued voice.

"Old Put, — Here," said Chi, addressing and answering himself. "Now, Markis, read the by-laws."

"Number One. We pledge ourselves not to be afraid to tell the truth.

"Number Two. We pledge ourselves to be afraid to tell a lie.

"Number Three. We pledge ourselves to try to help others whenever we can, wherever we can, however we can, as long as ever we can.

"Number Four. We, as American boys and girls, pledge ourselves never to play the coward nor to disgrace our country."

"Molly Stark, unfurl the flag," said Chi.

Hazel heard a rustle as Rose unrolled the banner of soft red, white, and blue cambric.

"Put Old Glory round the candidate's shoulders," commanded the president, and Hazel felt the soft folds being draped about her.

"There now, Lady-bird, you're dressed as pretty as you're ever goin' to be; it don't make a mite of difference whether you're the Empress of Rooshy, or just plain everyday folks; 'n' now you've got that rig on, we're ready to give you the hand of fellowship. Markis, you have the floor."

"What name does the candidate wish to be known by?" asked March, with due gravity; then, forgetting his rôle, he added, "You must take the name of some woman who has been just as brave as she could be."

Hazel, feeling the folds of the flag about her, suddenly recalled her favorite poem of Whittier's.

"Barbara Frietchie," she said promptly and firmly.

The various members shouted and cheered themselves hoarse before order was restored.

"What'd I tell you, Budd?" said Chi, triumphantly; then there was another shout, for Chi had broken the rules in speaking thus.

"Two cents fine!" shouted Budd, "for speaking out of order in meeting."

"Sho! I forgot," said Chi, humbly; "well, proceed."

"Do you, Barbara Frietchie, pledge yourself to try to keep these by-laws?"

"Yes," said Hazel, but rather tremulously.

"Well, then, we'll put you to the test. Molly Stark will extend the first hand of fellowship to Barbara Frietchie — No, hold out your hand, Hazel; way out — don't you draw it back that way!"

"I didn't," retorted Hazel.

"Yes, you did, I saw you!"

"You didn't, either."

"I did."

"You didn't."

"I did, too."

"He didn't, did he, Chi?" said Hazel, furious at this charge of apparent timidity.

"I don't believe you drew it back even if March does think he saw you," said Chi, pouring oil both ways on the troubled waters; "'n' I never thought 'twas just the thing for a boy to tell a girl she was a coward before she'd proved to be one — specially if he belongs to this Society."

The Marquis de Lafayette hung his head at this rebuke; but in the action his cocked hat of black and gilt paper lurched forward and drew off with it his white cotton-wool wig. Budd and Cherry, forgetting all rules, fines, and sense of propriety, rolled over and over at the sight; Rose sat down shaking with laughter, and even Chi lost his dignity.

"I wish you would let me *see*, or do something," said Hazel, plaintively, when she could make herself heard.

"'Tain't fair to keep Hazel waiting so," declared Budd, and the president called the meeting to order again.

"Put out your hand, Hazel," said Rose. "Now shake."

Hazel grasped a hand, cold, deathly cold, and clammy. The chill of the rigid fingers sent a corresponding shiver down the length of her backbone, and the goose-flesh rose all over her. She thought she must shriek; but she recalled Chi's words, set her teeth hard, and shook the awful thing with what strength she had, never uttering a sound.

"Bully for you, Hazel! I knew you'd show lots of pluck," cried Budd.

"Got grit every time," said Chi, proudly. "Now let's have the other test and get down to business. Guess all three of you'll have to have a finger in this pie. Hurry up, Marthy Washin'ton!" Cherry scuttled down the ladder, and in a few minutes labored, panting, up again.

"What did you bring two for?" demanded Budd.

"'Cause March said 'twould balance me better on the ladder," replied Cherry, innocently. At which ex-

planation Chi laughed immoderately, much to Cherry's discomfiture.

"Now, Hazel, roll up your sleeve and hold out your bare arm," said the Marquis. Hazel obeyed, wondering what would come next.

"Here, Budd, you hold it; all ready, Cherry?"

"Ye-es — wait a minute; now it's all right."

"This we call burning in the Society's brand, — N. B. B. O. O."; the voice of the Marquis was solemn, befitting the occasion.

Hazel drew her breath sharply, uncertain whether to cry out or not. There was a sharp sting across her arm, as if a hot curling-iron had been drawn quickly across it; then a sound of sizzling flesh, and the odor of broiled beefsteak rose up just under her nostrils.

There was a diabolical thud of falling flat-irons; Rose tore the bandage from Hazel's eyes, and the bewildered candidate for membership, when her eyes grew somewhat wonted to the dim light, found herself in a corner of the loft in the barn, with the elegant figure of the Marquis in cocked hat, white wig, yellow vest, blue coat, and yellow knee-breeches dancing frantically around her; Ethan Allen in white woollen shirt, red yarn suspenders, and red, white, and blue striped trousers, turning back-hand somersaults on the hay; Chi standing at salute with his great-great-grandfather's Revolutionary musket, his old straw hat decorated with a tricolor cockade, and Cherry in a white cotton-wool wig, a dark calico dress of her mother's and a white neckerchief, flat on the floor beside two six-pound flat-irons.

A piece of raw beef on a tin pan, some bits of ice, and

a kid glove stuffed with ice and sawdust, lay scattered about. They told the tale of the initiation.

"Three cheers for Barbara Frietchie!" shouted Budd, as he came right side up. The barn rang with them.

"Now we'll give the right hand of true fellowship," said Chi, rapping with the butt of his musket for order.

Rose gave Hazel's hand a squeeze. "I'm so glad you're to be one of us," she said heartily; and Hazel squeezed back.

March came forward, bowed low, and said, "I apologize for my distrust of your pluck," and held out his hand with a look in the flashing gray eyes that was not one of mockery; indeed, he looked glad, but never a word of welcome did he speak.

"I could flog that proud feller," muttered Chi to himself.

Hazel hesitated a moment, then put out her hand a little reluctantly. March caught the gesture and her look.

"Oh, you're not obliged to," he said haughtily, and turned on his heel. But Hazel put her hand on his arm.

"I'm afraid we are both breaking some of the by-laws, March. I do want to shake hands, but I was thinking just then that you didn't mean the apology — not really and truly; and if you did mean it, there was something else you needed to apologize for more than that!"

March flushed to the roots of his hair. Then his boy's honor came to the rescue.

"I *do* want to now, Hazel — and forgive and forget, won't you?" he said, with the winning smile he inherited from his father, but which he kept for rare occasions.

Hazel put her hand in his, and felt that this had been worth waiting for. She knew that at last March had taken her in.

Budd gripped with all his might, Cherry shook with two fingers, and Chi's great hand closed over hers as tenderly as a woman's would have done.

This was Hazel's initiation into the Nobody's Business But Our Own Society. It was the second meeting of the year.

"Now, March, I'll make you chairman and ask you to state the business of this meetin', as you've called it. Must be mighty important?"

"It is," replied March, gravely, all the fun dying out of his face. "You remember, all of you, — don't you? — what mother told us that night she said Hazel was coming?"

"Yes," chorused the children.

"Well, I've been thinking and thinking ever since how I could help —"

"So've I, March," interrupted Rose.

"And I have, too," said Budd.

"What's all this mean?" said Chi, somewhat astonished, for he had not known why the meeting had been called.

"Why, you see, Chi, we never knew till then that the farm had been mortgaged on account of father's sickness, and that it had been so awful hard for mother all this year —"

Chi cleared his throat.

"— And we want to do something to help earn. If we could earn just our own clothes and books and enough to pay for our schooling, it would be something."



"Guess 'twould," said Chi, clearing his throat again. "Kind of workin' out the third by-law, ain't you?"

"Trying to," answered March, with such sincerity in his voice that Chi's throat troubled him for full a minute. "And what I want to find out, without mother's knowing it, or father either, is how we can earn enough for those things. If anybody's got anything to say, just speak up."

"What you goin' to do with those Wyandottes?"

"I knew you'd ask that, Chi. I'm going to raise a fine breed and sell the eggs at a dollar and a half for thirteen; but I can't get any chicken-money till next fall, and no egg-money till next spring, and I want to begin now."

"Hm —" said Chi, taking off his straw hat and slowly scratching his head. "Well," he said after a pause in which all were thinking and no one talking, "why don't all of you go to work raisin' chickens for next Thanksgivin'?"

"By cracky!" said Budd, "we could raise three or four hundred, an' fat 'em up, an' make a pile, easy as nothing."

"I don't know about it's bein' so easy; but children have the time to tend 'em, and I don't see why it won't work, seein' it's a good time of year."

"But where'll we get the hens to set, Chi?" said March.

"Oh, there's enough of 'em settin' round now on the bare boards," Chi replied.

"Can I raise some, too?" asked Hazel, rather timidly.

"Don't know what there is to hinder," said Chi, with a slow smile.

"And can I buy some hens for my very own?"

"Why, of course you can; just say the word, 'n' you 'n' I'll go settin'-hen hunting within a day or so."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Hazel, clapping her hands. "But I want some that will set and lay too, Chi; then I can sell the eggs."

There was a shout of laughter, at which Hazel felt hurt.

"There now, Lady-bird, we won't laugh at your city ways of lookin' at things any more. The hens ain't quite so accommodatin' as *that*, but we'll get some good setters first, 'n' then see about the layin' afterwards."

"But, Chi, it will take such a lot of corn to fatten them. We don't want to ask father for anything."

"That's right, Rose. Be independent as long as you can; I thought of that, too. Now, there's a whole acre on the south slope I ploughed this spring, — nice, hot land, just right for corn-raisin'; 'n' if you children 'll drop 'n' cover, I'll help you with the hoein' 'n' cuttin' 'n' huskin'; 'n' you'll have your corn for nothin'."

"Good for you, Chi; we'll do it, won't we?" cried March.

"You bet!" said Budd.

"I can pick berries," said Rose, "and we can always sell them at the Inn, or at Barton's River."

"Yes, and we can begin in June," said Cherry; "the pastures are just red with the wild strawberries, you know, Rose."

"It's an awful sight of work to pick 'em," said Budd, rather dubiously.

"Well, you can't get your money without workin', Budd; 'n' work don't mean 'take it easy.'"

"I'm sure we can get twenty-five cents a quart for them right in the village. I've heard folks say they make the best preserve you can get, and you can't buy them for love nor money," said Rose. "Mother makes beautiful ones."

"Wasn't that what we had last Sunday night when the minister was here to tea?" asked Hazel.

"Yes," said Rose.

"I never tasted any strawberries like them at home, and the housekeeper buys lots of jams and jellies in the fall." Hazel thought hard for a minute. Suddenly she jumped to her feet, clapped her hands, and spun round and round like a top, crying out, "I have it! I have it!"

The N. B. B. O. O. Society was amazed to see the new member perform in this lively manner, for Hazel had been rather quiet during the first month. Now she caught up her skirts with a dainty tilt, and danced the Highland Fling just to let her spirits out through her feet. Up and down the floor of the loft she charged, hands over her head, hands swinging her skirts, light as a fairy, bending, swaying, and bowing, till, with a big "cheese," she sat down almost breathless by Chi. Was this Hazel? The members of the N. B. B. O. O. looked at one another in amazement, and March's eyes flashed again, as they had done once before during the afternoon.

"Now all listen to me," she said, as if, after a month of silence, she had found her tongue. "I've an idea, and when I have one, papa says it's worth listening to, — which isn't often, I'm sure. We'll pick the strawberries, and get Mrs. Blossom to show Rose how to do

them up; and I'll write to papa and Doctor Heath's wife and to our housekeeper and Cousin Jack, and see if they don't want some of those delicious preserves that they can't get in the city. I'll find out from Mrs. Scott — that's the housekeeper — how much she pays for a jar in New York, and then we'll charge a little more for ours because the strawberries are a little rarer. Aren't there any other kinds of berries that grow around here?"

"Guess you'd better stop 'n' take breath, Lady-bird; there's a mighty lot of plannin' in all that. What'd I tell you, Budd?" Chi asked again.

Budd looked at Hazel in boyish admiration, but said nothing.

"I think that's splendid, Hazel," said Rose, "if they'll only want them."

"I know they will; but are there any other berries?"

"Berries! I should think so; raspberries and blackberries by the bushel on the mountain, and they say they're the best anywhere round here," said March.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Cherry, "I wish we could go to work right now."

"Well, so you can," said Chi, "only you can't go berryin' just yet. You can begin to drop that corn this very afternoon; better be inside the ground pretty soon, with all those four hundred chickens waitin' to join the Thanksgivin' procession."

"Oh, Chi, you're making fun of us," laughed Rose.

"Don't you believe it, Rose-pose; never was more in earnest in my life. Come along, 'n' I'll show you."

— *Mary E. Waller.*

A PEEP INTO THE PAST THROUGH  
FACT AND FANCY



## ROLAND AND OLIVER

In the days of old there lived a powerful Christian emperor by the name of Charlemagne. His kingdom extended over the greater part of the territory which now constitutes the countries of France, Germany, and Italy; and the "Franks", as his people were called, followed him with a loving loyalty that has been celebrated in song and story for eleven hundred years. Around Charlemagne were gathered not a few knights whose names will forever be remembered with that of their emperor, and whose deeds will live as long as the chivalric instinct thrills the breast of man.

Now this great emperor, though loving and generous toward his subjects, could yet brook no shadow of opposition; and when he discovered that his beloved sister Bertha had, without his consent, wedded the knight Milon, he at once banished the disobedient pair from the land of France.

Fleeing before the awful displeasure of Charlemagne, Milon and his wife wandered about in foreign parts as mendicants, and at length took refuge in a cave near a small town in Italy. Here, under these adverse circumstances, a little son was born to them — one destined to be the hero of two countries, the "Roland" of "the French Iliad" and the "Orlando" of Italian song and story.

While Roland was yet a little lad, his father departed for unknown lands to seek fame and fortune, leaving the boy and his mother to eke out a scanty existence as best they might.

As Roland grew in years and in youthful graces, he became a favorite with the peasant boys of the village, and, in spite of his ragged clothes and his humble abode, was soon made their leader. But there was one lad in Sutri who had no love for the stalwart young mendicant. Oliver, son of the governor of the town, and consequently a youth of high station, conceived a dislike for him, and a feud existed between the two until it was ended by Roland in a most singular way.

Meeting the son of the governor on neutral ground one day, the fiery young cave-dweller proposed that they settle their quarrel with their fists. Oliver, being no whit a coward, quickly consented. The contest which ensued was a long and stubborn one, for the two lads were very nearly matched in strength and endurance and courage. Finally, however, the half-clad, disowned nephew of Charlemagne stood triumphant. The quarrel was indeed settled; for Oliver, being a lad of mettle, and loving and admiring valor wherever he found it, arose from his honorable defeat the sworn friend and admirer of his doughty conqueror.

And the friendship of Oliver meant much to the poor lad who had defeated him. It often meant food when he was hungry, and clothes when he was cold, and always insured him support in all the boyish contests in their native village. But, better than all these,



it meant to Roland the loyal, lifelong devotion of a comrade who became as part of his own soul.

While Roland was yet only a stripling, the great emperor, Charlemagne, passed through the town of Sutri, and while there dined in public on the village green. Now the young Roland had not yet come to the age when he could provide for his mother and himself. The times were hard with them — especially hard on this great feast-day of the emperor, for they were hungry, and knew not where to turn for food.

Now it chanced that Roland, fierce with the fierceness of the half-starved, came suddenly upon some of the emperor's attendants just as they were bearing trays of rich viands to place before their master. The sight of food and the thought of his mother's sufferings instantly swept all things else from the lad's mind. Rushing upon the attendants, he wrested the viands from them, and made off to his mother's cave before they could realize what had happened.

When the emperor was informed of the incident, his brows knitted in deep thought, for he had dreamed a dream on the night before, which troubled him sorely. He had seen the fierce, half-famished lad in his vision, and had been warned to follow him.

After a moment's thought, Charlemagne dispatched three of his knights to find the boy and bring him to the royal presence. The three who were so commissioned had little trouble in finding the lad, but they came near having a serious conflict with him when they attempted to enter, uninvited, the cave he felt to be his castle. His mother, however, restrained the im-

petuous youth with her pleadings, and the messengers of Charlemagne entered.

When Bertha learned that the knights had come from the emperor, she disclosed to them her own identity and the identity of the lad they had come to seize. This was Roland's first knowledge of his great lineage, and he heard and beheld as in a dream, as the knights knelt before his mother and promised to obtain for her the emperor's pardon.

Dazed, dreaming still, the gaunt, sinewy lad took his way to Charlemagne, in company with the knight who had been sent to fetch him. But in the presence of his emperor, — his kinsman, — the dream feeling passed, and Roland rose to the occasion with the pride and independence of his race.

When the white-haired, careworn emperor looked upon his sister's son, his heart went out to him with a great yearning; for the lad was tall and strong, the lad was proud and unconquered. And Charles the Great opened his empty arms and took the boy to his heart.

Roland and his mother returned to France with the emperor, to be from that time on, part of the royal household and to enjoy riches and honor.

But the great happiness that was Roland's was not without its heartache. He and his beloved Oliver were completely separated by this change, and drifted further away from each other with the drift of years.

As soon as Roland was grown to manhood, Charlemagne made him captain of his "peers," — the twelve knights who, for their bravery and their trustworthi-

ness, were chosen to be next to the emperor himself in authority.

Among all the twelve, young Roland was the most daring, the most impetuous. His splendid qualities won for him the hearts of the many ; but the few were jealous of him, and charged that he exercised undue influence over the emperor and incited the white-haired Charlemagne to deeds of daring and violence that were none of his own conceiving. Chief among Roland's accusers was the envious Count Ganelon. Ganelon had become stepfather to the young peer by wedding the widowed Bertha, but the nearness of the tie between him and Roland only seemed to make him yet more bent on injuring the emperor's favorite.

However much of truth there was in the charges of Roland's enemies, this is certain, — he did become the very darling of the emperor's heart, and he did perform such deeds of daring and prowess as made even the knightly peerage of Charlemagne behold with wonder and amazement.

The first act of personal daring by which he distinguished himself was his engaging and slaying the giant Ferragus. This achievement won for Roland the hearts of the people, and led them to watch his crescent glory with national pride.

Now in these days a terrible heathen enemy threatened the Christian faith and civilization of Europe. Years before, several Mohammedan races from Asia — dark, relentless, resistless — had swept over northern Africa, and, crossing Gibraltar, overrun the fair land of Spain. North, east, and west they spread, con-

quering the Christians and preaching their heathen doctrines with fire and sword. So the beautiful and once Christian Spain came to be ruled for many years by the invaders, who founded cities, built palaces, and raised Moslem kings to her thrones. Nor were the Mohammedans content here. They repeatedly attempted to cross the Pyrenees and overrun the rest of Europe.

Now it chanced that, just as a Moorish invasion seemed most imminent, Charlemagne had serious trouble within his own kingdom. Guerin de Montglave, Lord of Vienne and vassal to Charlemagne, revolted against the emperor.

With his usual determination, King Karl dispatched a large army against Guerin, and would have waged bloody war against him had not the peers interposed and counselled otherwise. They represented to the emperor the seriousness of beginning civil war when the Moors were daily threatening invasion from the south, and finally succeeded in getting his consent to a settlement of the quarrel with Guerin by single combat.

Guerin signifying his willingness to this plan, arrangements were soon made for the combat. As all expected, Roland was chosen to maintain the justice of the emperor's cause; and as both Roland's friends and enemies wished a happy settlement of the quarrel with Guerin, the selection was heartily approved.

Guerin de Montglave chose his youngest grandson to do battle for Vienne; and many a smile was exchanged between Franks when they heard that

this young knight accepted with delight the honor that his grandsire conferred upon him.

The combat was to be held upon a small island in the Rhone, and the warriors of the two camps were accordingly grouped on opposite sides of the river, as spectators.

When Roland and his antagonist faced each other at opposite ends of the field, each armed from top to toe, each with his face concealed by his visor, they were so nearly of the same size and bearing that they might easily have been mistaken, the one for the other, but for the colors that fluttered from their lances. Yet there was almost sorrow in the ranks of Charlemagne's army for the young stranger knight so soon to be laid in the dust, — for who could hope to match with Roland?

Their sympathy was all too soon changed to astonishment, for in hardly a moment after the sound of the trumpet in signal for the onset, the champions clashed together in the center of the lists with apparently equal force. Both lances were shattered; both horses reeled from the shock; both riders kept their seats; both banks of the Rhone echoed and re-echoed with cheering.

The combatants dismounted and drew their swords. For two hours and more they fought — stroke for stroke and thrust for thrust. The spectators stood breathless with amazement. Neither champion showed sign of weakening; neither gained advantage. Suddenly, with one mighty stroke, Roland buried his blade in the shield of his antagonist so deep that he could not withdraw it, and at almost the same instant the stranger

knight struck so fiercely upon Roland's breastplate that his sword snapped off at the hilt.

Having thus disarmed themselves, the two antagonists rushed together, each attempting to fling the other to earth. Long and full stoutly they struggled; and when at last it became apparent to the now silent, fearful spectators that neither would be likely to gain advantage, the combatants each suddenly snatched at the other's helmet to tear it away. Both succeeded. The straining spectators then beheld a most amazing sight. The two antagonists fell apart for an instant and looked into each other's uncovered faces, then rushed into each other's outstretched arms. This time there was no striving; they were apparently embracing each other in an ecstasy of delight.

And such was indeed the case, for the stranger knight was Oliver. For nearly three hours had he and Roland striven against each other as strangers and enemies. Now they were face to face and heart to heart after the cruel striving — after years of separation. What wonder, then, that cause and country were forgotten!

And in spite of cause and country and king and kinsman, the two boyhood comrades could not be induced to oppose each other further. Happily for all concerned, the trouble between Charlemagne and Guerin was settled in a few days in peaceful conference.

Roland and Oliver, having thus found each other, refused to be separated again; and the good emperor honored the redoubtable Oliver by making him one of his peers.

## THE LION THAT HELPED

"Where is the aquarium? Who's seen my gold-fish? Answer, somebody, or I'll throw you all out of the window! Oh, I shall be disgraced and discharged and maybe half killed! Where is it? Why don't you speak?"

The seneschal's appearance, as well as his words, indicated unusual excitement, for his scarlet robe was thrown open at the throat, his frosty locks were rumpled, his uplifted hands were shaking, and his lips were twitching uncannily.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" demanded a dozen voices, but Tonin darted across to the old man's side with the announcement —

"Giuseppe carried it away this afternoon as a present to his cousin David."

"My-o! My-o! I am lost, I am done, I am dead!" ejaculated the seneschal, wringing his hands.

"What's the trouble, Vittori?" asked Pasino, laying a quieting hand upon the shoulder of his agitated friend.

"It is this," returned the seneschal hoarsely; "the duke ordered me to send to the table a fresh ornamental centre-piece with each course, making every one handsomer than the one used before it. I did so, and all has now been served but the dessert, and that will be due in about fifteen minutes. For this fancy piece I have filled a great tray with Parma violets on snow, thousands of them — and in the midst of the flowers I planned to set the aquarium of goldfish for a

bit of color and life. My-o! My-o! What shall I do?" and once again the seneschal fell to moaning.

"Build a column of fruit in the centre of the tray," suggested Pasino.

"Impossible! I used a pyramid of apricots and nectarines for the second course."

"Wouldn't a lighted candle or lamp do?" inquired Pasino, earnestly endeavoring to find relief for the seneschal.

"No! No!" wailed Vittori; "lighted things would melt the snow."

"To be sure," agreed Pasino sympathetically.

"I know something that might be pretty," ventured Tonin timidly.

"What is it?" Vittori demanded.

For answer the boy turned from the seneschal and his fellow-retainers, and whispered to Pasino apart. The old man's face brightened as he received the boy's confidence.

"I don't know," he commented; "but it ought to be good — yes, yes, it would be, it would indeed!"

"Then let him put it through," shouted the seneschal desperately. "I can't wait to hear what it is, for I'm late now. Do as he says, everybody, for I've got to trust my reputation to this stripling whether I like it or not. Saints help him, for if the work is a failure, woe to poor Vittori! Have your ornament ready in the lower rear passage, lad, when the tray goes through to the banquet-room. Everything else shall be taken in first, so that you may have as much time as possible."

Off went the harassed seneschal, and Tonin, beset with misgivings lest he had been both rash and bold





THE LION THAT HELPED



in his offer of assistance, addressed the grooms with outward composure.

"Bring me a firkin of butter, a pail of the coldest spring water, and a big china platter."

His orders were swiftly obeyed, and all looked on with expectant interest while he directed a servant to dig from the cask as much butter as could be heaped on the platter. Next he rolled back his sleeves and plunged his hands into the water-pail, holding them there until they were sufficiently cooled for his purpose; then attacking the butter with his dripping fingers, he rolled and patted it into a goodly loaf, with motions so quick and decisive that the spectators fairly blinked. Seizing a small chisel and a pointed wooden blade from Pasino's tool-chest, Tonin began to convert the meaningless dairy lump into a form familiar to all beholders.

With the touch of his nimble instruments, attended by occasional taps and pressures from his lithe brown fingers, the loaf vanished, and in its place appeared a noble lion, quite as though Tonin's chisel had been a magic wand which had freed the king of the forest from a stifling and hideous disguise.

The tawny beast, with his bushy head, slender body, powerful limbs, and graceful tail, brought a torrent of babbling admiration from the on-lookers; but Tonin, heedless of their chatter, sought out his grandfather with questioning glance. He received a quiet nod from Pasino, and drying his hands on a corner of his hempen apron, he caught up the platter and carried it to the appointed place below stairs, followed by Pasino and a train of chuckling servants.

He had gauged the time exactly, for as he stepped into the low-ceiled passage, six flower-maidens, bearing the debatable centre-piece, entered from the opposite doorway. The seneschal joined them immediately, and without a word set Tonin's lion in the centre of the snowy field, enclosed on every side by drifts of Parma violets. Vittori then abruptly directed the maidens to enter the banquet-hall with their ornament.

That the seneschal was alarmed lest the duke would not be pleased with this hastily-contrived decoration Tonin read at a glance; and impulsively he threw himself before the carriers to stay their progress.

"Don't send it in if it isn't right, Master Vittori! Try something else, please!" he implored.

"Hist! Let them go, let them go! I have nothing else to send, so I must stand or fall by your butter-toy. Alas for me, and you, too, sirrah, if the duke be vexed!"

A strained silence fell upon the group in the rear passage as the flower-maidens crossed the main corridor and entered the banquet-hall. The grooms and maids exchanged significant nods and winks; old Vittori unconsciously pressed his keys tightly to his breast. Pasino withdrew into the shadow, and Tonin waited in acute suspense, wondering whether in his desire to relieve the seneschal's dilemma he had been guilty of a childish and ignorant blunder. As the seconds flew by, the boy's perplexity increased, and presently he was writhing with the fear that his offering would affront the duke, and perhaps even render him ridiculous before the lords and ladies who sat at the board.

Sounds of harps and violins greeted them from beyond the velvet-hung portal, but none in the rear passage regarded the melody.

Five minutes dragged by, and one of the flower-maidens stepped into the corridor. Every person in the rear passage started breathlessly forward to hear her message.

"His grace desires the seneschal to come to him."

"My-o! My-o!" groaned Vittori; "mercy knows what he'll do to me — and to you, too, Tonin Canova!"

Pausing just long enough to settle his scarlet robe and adjust his linen neck-cloth, the seneschal concealed his distress as well as he could, and walked sedately into the banquet-hall.

Tonin locked his hands together in despair.

"What a dunce I was — I, Tonin Canova, who has never been off this mountain — to dare to set up my little work before grand persons like those! Oh, oh! and poor Vittori may be discharged on account of it!"

Suddenly the seneschal reappeared.

"Tonin, you are wanted at once! His grace has sent for you. Hurry! Go on!"

"Not in *there*!" gasped Tonin, retreating toward the stair door; "I should die of fright before those great folk."

"Hurry, hurry, you impudent monkey! Do you think you can keep the Duke of Asolo waiting?"

To make an end of the argument, Vittori seized the boy by the arm, giving him a push that sent him into the banquet-room with a rush.

Tonin was half-blinded by the myriads of lights, and quite dazed by the grandeur of the spectacle.

He dimly comprehended that the vast apartment was hung with vines and banked with flowers; that a table like a huge cross ran the entire length and nearly the breadth of the room; that the Duke of Asolo sat at the upper end, and that hosts of ladies and gentlemen in gorgeous raiment turned about in their chairs and fixed their eyes upon the young visitor.

A scalding wave of shame rushed upward through Tonin's body, scorching his cheeks and dyeing his neck as he became conscious of his own workaday garb. He came to an abrupt stop, standing with downcast eyes before the Venetian company, a truly diverting figure with his loose blouse, rolled-up trousers and sleeves, bare arms, bare legs, and dripping apron.

"Come, my lad, and tell us something about yourself," said the duke in a tone surprisingly gentle for one who palpitated with wrath and vengeance.

Tonin made his way slowly up the room, pausing at the duke's elbow, and raising his eyes just far enough to get a glimpse of his yellow lion on the table, directly before Giovanni Falier.

"When did you do this?" inquired the master of the feast, indicating the ornament with his jewelled index finger.

"To-night," admitted Tonin feebly.

"Can you make other figures and objects?"

"Yes, signor."

"Where did you learn?"

"From grandfather, signor."

"I have been greatly surprised this evening, as also have been my guests, at sight of this — this decoration, and ahem —"

"Now it's coming," thought Tonin in a panic. "Perhaps he'll put me in a dungeon."

"I have sent it around the table so that every one might examine it closely, and we all agree about it. How should you like to make statues, lad, — nymphs, you know, and fairies —"

"And goddesses like that one upstairs?" cried Tonin, his face alight with this unexpected turn of the conversation.

"Yes."

"Oh, oh! I'd rather make a goddess like that than to be a king, or *go to the carnival!*"

A chorus of laughter greeted this outburst, and Tonin trembled with embarrassment and surprise.

"Then you shall," the duke declared, with a smile like April sunshine. "You must have worked pretty hard, harder than most boys ever do, to be able to make this," pointing to the lion; "and if you are willing to keep on working, you may learn to do great things. You shall go to Toretto, the sculptor who did the four pieces upstairs, and he will teach you to make statues as good. Shall you like it, my boy?"

"Like it! Oh, signor, if I had a chance to learn anything so beautiful I'd work — I'd work —"

A vision of the glistening goddess and her wordless grace came before him, causing something to spring up in his throat that choked him. Twice he tried to finish his eager speech, but the words did not come. He gave a quick, eloquent gesture of entreaty, and down went his face into his hands before them all.

"A toast, a toast!" exclaimed the duke, springing to his feet with upraised glass. "We'll pledge in

water, if you please, good people, for clear water and unspoiled childhood are the purest things of earth. Ladies and gentlemen, I offer you our little friend, Tonin Canova. May he work faithfully with his teacher day by day, and when he comes to manhood, may he be good and great and happy! God bless him!"

— *Harriet Pearl Skinner.*

## IDEALS

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll;  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

— *W. E. Henley.*

In Life's small things be resolute and great  
To keep thy muscles trained; knowest thou when Fate  
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,  
"I find thee worthy, do this thing for me"?

— *James Russell Lowell.*



## THE FRENCH BOY WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER

Jean was alone in the world ; he was fourteen years old. Of that family where for more than a century all had been good and honest, there remained only a child kneeling beside a grave ; but he, too, promised to be what his father and his grandfather before him had been — good and honest and true. There are families like that in France, and many of them ; more than one ventures to say.

The grief of Jean was the grief of a man. He remained long sad and long silent. The evening of his father's funeral the Abbé Constantin took him home to the vicarage.

An hour passed without a word, when Jean, raising his head, said :

“Godfather, did my father leave me any money?”

This question was so extraordinary that the old priest, stupefied, could scarce believe that he heard aright.

“You ask if your father —”

“I asked if my father left me some money?”

“Yes ; he must have left you some.”

“A good deal don't you think ? I have often heard people say that my father was rich. Tell me how much he has left behind.”

“But I don't know. You ask —”

The poor old man felt his heart rent in twain. Such a question at such a moment ! Yet he thought he knew the boy's heart, and in that heart there should not be room for such thoughts.

"Pray, dear godfather, tell me," continued Jean gently. "I will explain to you afterwards why I ask that."

"Well, they say that your father had two or three thousands of francs."

"And is that much?"

"Yes, it is a great deal."

"And it is all mine?"

"Yes, it is all yours."

"Oh! I am glad, because, you know, the day that my father was killed in the war, the Prussians killed at the same time the son of a poor woman in Longueval, — old Clemence, you know; and they killed, too, Rosalie's brother, whom I used to play with when I was quite little. Well, since I am rich and they are poor, I will divide with Clemence and Rosalie the money my father has left me."

On hearing these words the Curé rose, took Jean by both hands, and drew him into his arms. The white head rested on the fair one. Two large tears escaped from the old priest's eyes, rolled slowly down his cheeks, and were lost in the furrows of his face.

However, the Curé was obliged to explain to Jean that, though he was his father's heir, he had not the right to dispose of his inheritance as he would. There would be a family council, and a guardian would be appointed.

M. Lenient was eventually appointed guardian, and Jean urged his wishes so strongly and touchingly that the lawyer consented to deduct from the income a sum of two thousand four hundred francs, which, every year till Jean came of age, was divided between old Clemence and little Rosalie.



THE FRENCH BOY WHO WOULD BE A SOLDIER



In these circumstances Madame de Lavardens was perfect. She went to the Abbé and said :

"Give Jean to me entirely until he has finished his studies. I will bring him back to you every year during the holidays. It is not a service which I ask of you. I cannot imagine any greater good fortune for my son than to have Jean for a companion. I must resign myself to leaving Lavardens for a time. Paul is bent on being a soldier and going up to Saint-Cyr. It is only in Paris that I can obtain the necessary masters. I will take the two boys there ; they will study together under my own eyes like brothers, and I will make no difference between them ; of that you may be sure."

It was difficult to refuse such an offer. The old Curé would have dearly liked to keep Jean with him, and his heart was torn at the thought of the separation ; but what was for the child's real interest ? They summoned Jean.

"My child," said Madame de Lavardens to him, "will you come and live with Paul and me for some years ? I will take you both to Paris."

"You are very kind, Madame, but I should have liked so much to stay here."

He looked at the Curé, who turned away his eyes.

"Why must we go ?" he continued. "Why must you take Paul and me away ?"

"Because it is only in Paris that you can have all the advantages necessary to complete your studies. Paul will prepare for his examinations at Saint-Cyr. You know he wants to be a soldier."

"So do I, Madame. I wish to be one too."

"You a soldier!" exclaimed the Curé; "but you know that was not at all your father's idea. In my presence he has often spoken of your future; your career. You were to be a doctor, and like him, doctor at Longueval; and like him devote your life to the sick and the poor. Jean, my child, do you remember?"

"I remember; I remember."

"Well, then, Jean, you must do as your father wished: it is your duty, Jean; it is your duty. You must go to Paris. You would like to stay here; I understand that well, and I should like it too; but it cannot be. You must go to Paris and work hard. Not that I am anxious about that; you are your father's true son. You will be an honest and industrious man. One cannot well be the one without the other. And some day in your father's house, in the place where he has done so much good, the poor people of the country round will find another Dr. Reynaud, to whom they may look for help. And I — if by chance I am still in this world — when that day comes I shall be so happy! But I am wrong to speak of myself; I ought not, I do not count. It is of your father that you must think. I repeat it, Jean, it was his dearest wish. You cannot have forgotten it."

"No, I have not forgotten; but if my father sees me, and hears me, I am certain that he understands and forgives me, for it is on his account."

"On his account?"

"Yes. When I heard that he was dead, and when I heard how he died, all at once, without any time for preparation, I said to myself that I would be a soldier!

Godfather, and you, Madame, I beg you not to prevent me."

The child burst into tears — a perfect flood of passionate tears. The Countess and the Abbé soothed him with gentle words.

"Yes — yes — it is settled," they said; "anything that you wish, all that you wish."

Both had the same thought — leave it to time: Jean is only a child; he will change his mind.

In this both were mistaken; Jean did not change his mind.

— *Ludovic Halévy.*

## FREEDOM

For what avail the plough or sail  
Or land or life, if Freedom fail?

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## THE HIGHEST HAPPINESS

We can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good.

— *George Eliot.*





## AMERICAN IDEALS



## TO-DAY

To be alive in such an age !  
With every year a lightning page  
Turned in the world's great wonder-book  
Whereon the leaning nations look.  
When men speak strong for brotherhood,  
For peace and universal good,  
When miracles are everywhere  
And every inch of common air  
Throbs a tremendous prophecy  
Of greater marvels yet to be.

O thrilling age !

O willing age !

When steel and stone and rail and rod  
Become the avenue of God —  
A trump to shout His thunders through  
To crown the work that man may do.

To be alive in such an age —

To live to it,

To give to it !

Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.  
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?  
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind —  
And link thy hope with human kind.

The passion of a larger claim  
Will put thy puny grief to shame  
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,  
Think highly of thy brother's need.  
And what thy woe and what thy weal?  
Look to the work the times reveal!  
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart —  
Crave but to have in it a part.  
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage —  
To be alive in such an age!

— *Angela Morgan.*

## A WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

## I DO LOVE MY COUNTRY'S GOOD

I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life.

— *William Shakespeare.*

Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,  
And I will sing, if liberty be there ;  
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet,  
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

— *William Cowper.*

A man's country is not merely that of his birth, so often a matter of chance, but the land of his happiness. Born in one quarter of the globe, without attachment for its associations he may become so bound up and identified with that of his adoption as to hold it in every respect as his own true native land. In this light do very many of our citizens consider America. It has afforded shelter and refuge ; it has recognized the liberty which is theirs through a common humanity.

— *Selected.*

No nation, as no man, has a right to take possession of a choice bit of God's earth, to exclude the foreigner from its territory, that it may live more comfortably and be a little more at peace. But if to this particular nation there has been given the development of a certain part of God's earth for universal purposes ; if the world, in the great march of centuries, is going to be richer for the development of a certain national

character, built up by a larger type of manhood here ; then for the world's sake, for the sake of every nation that would pour in upon us that which would disturb that development, we have a right to stand guard over it. — *Phillips Brooks*.

A great nation is made only by worthy citizens.

— *Charles Dudley Warner*.

The noblest motive is the public good. — *Vergil*.

I was born an American ; I live an American ; I shall die an American ; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences ? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate ? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country. — *Daniel Webster*.

I shall not search, as many have done, into the true etymology of this word democracy. I shall not traverse the garden of Greek roots to find the derivation of this word. I shall point you to democracy where I have seen it, living, active, triumphant ; in the only country in the world where it truly exists, where it

has been able to establish and maintain, even to the present time, something grand and durable to claim our admiration, — in the New World, — in America.

— *Alexis de Tocqueville.*

They never fail who die

In a great cause. The block may soak their gore ;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls ;  
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others, and conduct  
The world at last to Freedom. — *Byron.*

E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,  
'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's ;  
He only pays her back a debt he owes.  
To her he's bound for birth and education,  
Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,  
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.  
She lends him honors, dignity, and rank,  
His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays ;  
And, like a tender and indulgent mother,  
Loads him with comforts, and would make his state  
As blessed as nature and the gods designed it.

— *William Cowper.*

“We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings

of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." — *Preamble to the Constitution.*

The riches of the Commonwealth,  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health ;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees ; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

— *Henry Clay.*

New occasions teach new duties ; time makes ancient  
good uncouth ;

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep  
abreast with truth ;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must  
Pilgrims be,

Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the  
desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-  
rusted key.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
When he took off the gyves ! A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand  
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,



Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has  
launched  
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;  
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee  
bound,  
The links are shivered, and the prison walls  
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,  
As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
And shoutest to the nations, who return  
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flees.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

## SUCCESS AND FAILURE

The difference between men who succeed and men who fail is not so much as we commonly suppose due to differences in intellectual capacity. The difference which counts for most is that between activity and slackness; between the man who, observing alertly and reflecting incessantly, anticipates contingencies before they occur, and the lazy, easy-going, slowly-moving man who is roused with difficulty, will not trouble himself to look ahead, and so, being taken unprepared, loses or misuses the opportunities that lead to fortune.

— *James Bryce.*

## TRIBUTES TO THE FLAG

I have seen the glories of art and architecture and of river and of mountains. I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever rested was the flag of my country in a foreign port. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and the glory and the honor of millions of Americans.

— *George F. Hoar.*

This flag for the future is meant to stand for the just use of undisputed national power. No nation is ever going to doubt our power to assert its rights, and we should lay it to heart that no nation shall ever henceforth doubt our purpose to put it to the highest uses to which a great emblem of justice and government can be put. It is henceforth to stand for self-possession, for dignity, for the assertion of the right of one nation to serve the other nations of the world — an emblem that will not condescend to be used for purposes of aggression and self-aggrandizement; that is too great to be debased by selfishness; that has vindicated its right to be honored by all nations of the world and feared by none who do righteousness.

Is it not a proud thing to stand under such an emblem? Would it not be a pitiful thing ever to make apology and explanation of anything that we ever did under the leadership of this flag carried in the van?

Is it not a solemn responsibility laid upon us to lay aside bluster and assume that much greater thing —

the quietude of genuine power? So it seems to me that it is my privilege and right to say that we please to do justice and assert the right of mankind wherever this flag is unfurled. — *Woodrow Wilson.*

## OUR FLAG

Your flag and my flag,  
And how it flies to-day  
In your land and my land  
And half a world away!  
Rose-red and blood-red  
The stripes forever gleam,  
Snow-white and soul-white —  
The good forefathers' dream;  
Sky-blue and true-blue,  
With stars to gleam aright,  
The gloried guidon of the day;  
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!  
And, oh, how much it holds —  
Your land and my land  
Secure within its folds!  
Your heart and my heart  
Beat quicker at the sight;  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,  
Red and blue and white,  
The one flag — the great flag —  
The flag for me and you —  
Glorified all else besides —  
The red and white and blue!

— *Wilbur Nesbit.*

## THE NEW YOUNG-OLD MAN AND HIS COUNTRY

He stepped so silently into the room, advanced so silently to his place at the table, that for the moment not all turned to look at him. He had not been invited, was not now announced. But he seemed assured of welcome.

He seemed fit for welcome here. He was tall, hardy in figure and in face, with deep lines showing effort of body and of mind. His hair was not gray, but there was steel in it even now, though he yet was young.

His attitude was easy, simple, not assuming, carrying not the least trace of braggadocio, as he stood before this company where he had not been asked, and took that place which to himself seemed fit for him.

His figure was that of a young man. His skin, smooth and hard-drawn, was that of a young man. But his eye, clear, deep, and bright, bespoke the man who had thought and who held himself competent to think.

His face, astonishingly high-bred and lofty, attracted the attention of every one at the great table. Men turned one to another, whispering —

“He looks like my grandfather!” exclaimed one.

“I was about to say the same of my own,” was the reply. They both had ceased to laugh and jest.

It seemed to others that the eyes of the young man himself turned now and again to the pictures that

hung upon the wall — pictures of men of another generation. But his own eyes passed on and beyond the wall, as though he looked into another day.

"Who is he?" asked one man of another, now. That question went all about the board. He seemed not arrogant, save as youth and ability always are arrogant. But what did he here?

Strangely men began to look into the great mirrors at each side of the banquet table. Yet more strangely the eyes of the young man also turned to them, somberly questioningly, as though he saw himself.

He did not speak at first, had not been asked to speak. None the less it seemed that, when finally he raised his hand to command attention, all were waiting for his voice. Something was giving his voice carry and clearness, his brain directness and composure.

"I have come from another country," said he, simply. "Once I lived at ease as you do. I played with life. I valued not the great things of life. I amused myself. I cared for the small things about me.

"I sought riches because some men, called 'super-men' by their fellows, had attained riches and were praised for them. I was concerned with the things material of life, the things perishable; that is to say, things having to do with luxury and ease. This made my horizon. I knew no better.

"Now, I come from a far country, my brothers, while yet it is very near. I am a new man, but I am old. I am a stranger but I am your brother. It is as though I were your son, yet also your father and

your grandfather, though I am young. Do you read the Bible?

"I come to take you into a new country. I shall speak to you so that in time you shall be as I am now, and I shall be as you ought to be and are not now.

"I am the new man in the world. I come to your table — and I came from your table. I come to your family — and I came of your family. What was my country was yours or is yours now. As my vision is, so yours must be. As my history has been, so must yours be — you must put away the little things, you must see the truth and meet it as I have done.

"You ask, What is my country? You ask, Where is the country to which I summon you? Look about you. That country is America!

"I myself am born out of it — I am the new man — the American!"

They looked — and he was gone.

Does what he said remain?

— *Emerson Hough.*

## REST, COMRADES

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!

The thoughts of men shall be

As sentinels to keep

Your rest from danger free;

Your silent tents of green

We deck with fragrant flowers;

Yours has the suffering been,

The memory shall be ours.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## FILE THREE

["General Pershing stopped in his walk, turned sharply, and faced File Three." — *London Dispatch*.]

File Three stood motionless and pale,  
Of nameless pedigree;  
One of a hundred on detail —  
But would I had been he!

In years a youth, but worn and old,  
With face of ivory!  
Upon his sleeve two strands of gold —  
Oh, would I had been he!

The General passed down the line,  
And walked right rapidly,  
But saw those threads and knew the sign —  
Ah, had I been File Three!

"Twice wounded? Tell me where you were,"  
The man of stars asked he.  
"Givenchy and Lavenze, sir" —  
Oh, where was I, File Three!

Then crisply quoth the General:  
"You are a man, File Three."  
And Tommy's heart held carnival —  
Oh! Would I had been he!

— *Payson Sibley Wild*.

## THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

"Patriotism, love of country — that is what above all things we must have to-day; and never was book written so certain as 'The Man without a Country' to bring to the surface the love of country, that exists deep down, in all our hearts."

*From Preface to "Old Glory" Edition.*

"WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807).

"Sir: — You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor



is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD,

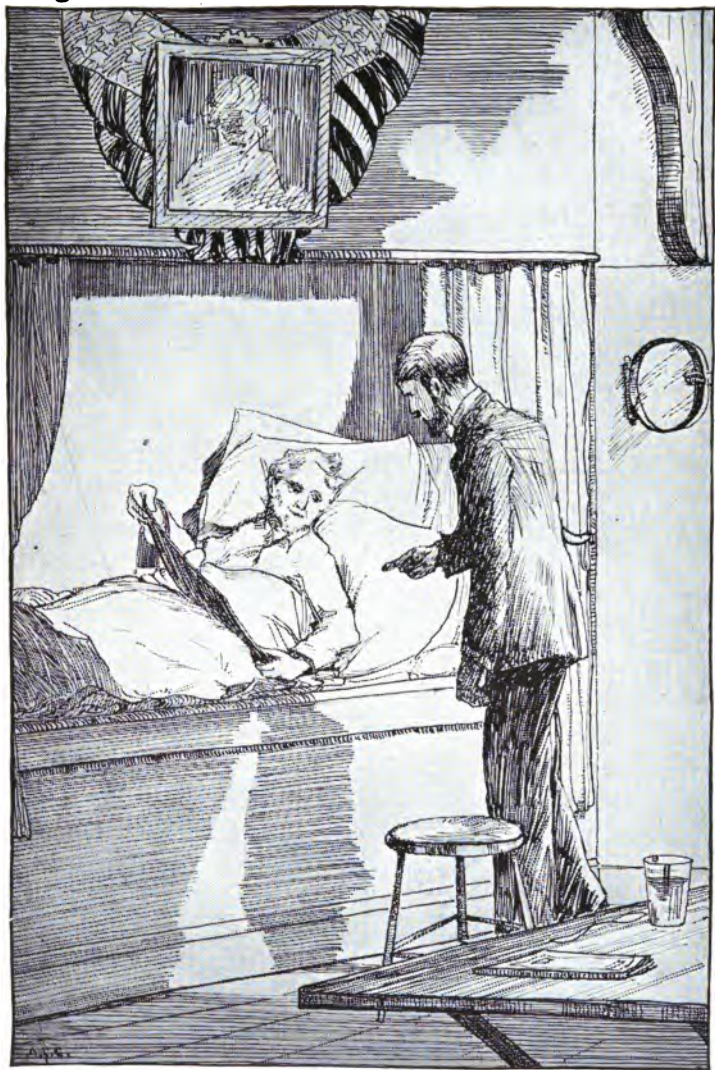
"For the Secretary of the Navy."

"LEVANT, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED:— I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom, — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, — and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys

used to invent about his room in the old 'Intrepid' days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory', 'Mississippi Territory', and 'Louisiana Territory', as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Captain,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never



THE MAN, WITHOUT A COUNTRY

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Sky-blue and true-blue,  
With stars to gleam aright,  
The gloried guidon of the day;  
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!  
And, oh, how much it holds —  
Your land and my land  
Secure within its folds!  
Your heart and my heart  
Beat quicker at the sight;  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,  
Red and blue and white,  
The one flag — the great flag —  
The flag for me and you —  
Glorified all else besides —  
The red and white and blue!

— *Wilbur Nesbit.*

## THE NEW YOUNG-OLD MAN AND HIS COUNTRY

He stepped so silently into the room, advanced so silently to his place at the table, that for the moment not all turned to look at him. He had not been invited, was not now announced. But he seemed assured of welcome.

He seemed fit for welcome here. He was tall, hardy in figure and in face, with deep lines showing effort of body and of mind. His hair was not gray, but there was steel in it even now, though he yet was young.

His attitude was easy, simple, not assuming, carrying not the least trace of braggadocio, as he stood before this company where he had not been asked, and took that place which to himself seemed fit for him.

His figure was that of a young man. His skin, smooth and hard-drawn, was that of a young man. But his eye, clear, deep, and bright, bespoke the man who had thought and who held himself competent to think.

His face, astonishingly high-bred and lofty, attracted the attention of every one at the great table. Men turned one to another, whispering —

“He looks like my grandfather!” exclaimed one.

“I was about to say the same of my own,” was the reply. They both had ceased to laugh and jest.

It seemed to others that the eyes of the young man himself turned now and again to the pictures that

hung upon the wall — pictures of men of another generation. But his own eyes passed on and beyond the wall, as though he looked into another day.

“Who is he?” asked one man of another, now. That question went all about the board. He seemed not arrogant, save as youth and ability always are arrogant. But what did he here?

Strangely men began to look into the great mirrors at each side of the banquet table. Yet more strangely the eyes of the young man also turned to them, somberly questioningly, as though he saw himself.

He did not speak at first, had not been asked to speak. None the less it seemed that, when finally he raised his hand to command attention, all were waiting for his voice. Something was giving his voice carry and clearness, his brain directness and composure.

“I have come from another country,” said he, simply. “Once I lived at ease as you do. I played with life. I valued not the great things of life. I amused myself. I cared for the small things about me.

“I sought riches because some men, called ‘super-men’ by their fellows, had attained riches and were praised for them. I was concerned with the things material of life, the things perishable; that is to say, things having to do with luxury and ease. This made my horizon. I knew no better.

“Now, I come from a far country, my brothers, while yet it is very near. I am a new man, but I am old. I am a stranger but I am your brother. It is as though I were your son, yet also your father and

tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

"*In Memory of*

"*PHILIP NOLAN,*

"*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"*He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"*

— *Edward Everett Hale (Abridged).*



## ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— *Abraham Lincoln.*

## LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER

When the Norn-mother saw the whirlwind hour  
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
She bent the strenuous heaven and came down,  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
She took the tried clay of the common road,  
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy,  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
It was a stuff to wear for centuries ;  
A man that matched the mountains and compelled  
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,  
The tang and odor of the primal things,  
The rectitude and patience of the rocks ;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn ;  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea ;  
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves ;  
The pity of the snow that hides all scars ;  
The loving kindness of the wayside well ;  
The tolerance and equity of light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind ;  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came from prairie cabin to the Capitol.  
One fair ideal led our Chieftain on,  
Forever more he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.  
He built the rail-pile as he built the state,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,  
The conscience of him testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart,  
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,  
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

— *Edwin Markham.*

## UNION

Out of the mists and the storms of the years,  
Out of the glory of triumph and tears  
Out of the ashes of hope and of fears,  
    The Old South still leads on.

She is bringing to-day what her hands have wrought,  
What her mother's heart at her knee has taught —  
Her treasure of time that her blood has bought —  
    To lay at the nation's feet.

Not the tattered things which she waves to-day —  
Not the Stars and Bars she has laid away,  
Nor the bended forms in their coats of gray —  
    Her wondrous pledge to the past ;

But the spirit that stirs through the dust of the grave,  
Wherever the flags of the Union wave ;  
The valor the God of her heroes gave  
    To freedom and liberty.

She comes with the cry that led her on.  
When freedom and liberty first were born —  
And the name of her peerless Washington —  
    The rugged strength of her days.

She has kept unmixed, through her years of pain,  
America's blood in its purest vein :  
As she gave to the past, she gives again,  
    For the glory of her land,

With a patriot's faith in the days to be,  
She is pressing the seal of destiny  
With the fame of her Jackson and her Lee —  
The heritage of her sons.

And she sees in her ruddy boy to-day,  
In his khaki coat, her lad in gray,  
And back of the drums her heartstrings play,  
When the bugles shout and call.

But her mother-love is not dismayed —  
She has laid her treasure unafraid  
On the shrine where the sad-eyed Lincoln prayed  
That the Union might not break.

How they troop, that host that can never die!  
A nation's heroes passing by —  
The spirits that brook nor earth nor sky —  
For the deathless dead have heard :

They are marching out with a shadowy lance,  
With the sons of sons to the fields of France :  
And they stand at the guns while the bullets glance,  
Where England fights to win.

Oh ! hallowed earth of the brave and the free —  
Oh ! pledges of life and of liberty —  
They are keeping the tryst on the land and the sea,  
Of a Nation forever One !

— *Virginia Frazer Boyle.*

## WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. It will be worthy of this free nation to give mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice.

In such a plan, permanent antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachment for others should be excluded. The nation which indulges in them is in some degree a slave. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each to be haughty and intractable when trifling occasions of disputes occur. So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation to another, by the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, betrays the one to participate in the quarrels of the other without adequate justification.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have no relation, or a very remote one. She must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence it must be unwise to implicate ourselves in her politics, her friendships, or enmities. Harmony with all nations is recommended by humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors; diffusing by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; constantly keeping in view that there can be no greater error than to calculate upon real favors from nation to nation.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit; that they will now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude I feel for your welfare.

— *George Washington.*

## USES OF GREAT MEN

It is natural to believe in great men. Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally, we manage to live with superiors. Their names are wrought into the verbs of language, their works and their effigies are in our houses. We call our children and our lands by their names.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## TRUE PATRIOTISM .

I sometimes wonder if the youth of our land appreciate the glorious opportunities that belong to them and realize and understand that it is not wealth or power or numbers that shall determine the destiny of the Nation or the influence we shall have upon the progress of mankind, but rather the things we stand for and the things we do for the advancement of humanity and the betterment of the race. It is good for them to know that without a proper patriotism and just pride all opportunity is of little avail, and with them all things are possible, even to the most humble. Let me illustrate that thought for a moment.

I have in mind this moment a boy born upon a stony hillside farm in far-off Scotland a hundred and fifty years ago. He was born to penury and want.

He could never hope to secure a liberal education such as you give free and without price, and he never did obtain it. He could never expect to achieve wealth, power, or position, because of the environment in which he lived, and he never did acquire it. On the contrary, he felt the cruelest grip of poverty throughout all the years of his short life. But in spite of it all he loved the very land upon which he lived; he loved nature which was about him, the trees, the birds that sang in the trees, the flowers that bloomed and blossomed upon the land. He knew the history of his country was behind him for two thousand years and that he had a race heritage in it all that couldn't be taken from him.

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He loved the language that his people spoke, and he knew that with that language he could build monuments for himself that would live forever, for it is only with the human language that we can build everlasting monuments. The boy loved the accent with which his people speak our language, but above everything else he loved the songs that they sang; and so, inspired by it all, when yet a youth, he wrote these matchless lines :

E'en then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),  
A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast.  
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
Some usefu' plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.  
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide  
Amang the bearded bear,  
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,  
An' spar'd the symbol dear.  
No nation, no station  
My envy e'er could raise;  
A Scot still, but blot still,  
I knew nae higher praise.

And Robert Burns, although he died in penury and want at thirty-seven years of age, sang the songs of his country so well that he only of all the poets that have ever lived in the tide of time has had his name honored by having his birthday made the national holiday of a great people the world round. And that is what this flower of patriotism and just pride can do when it blooms and blossoms in the humblest human heart. We will never go very far, either as

individuals or a nation, until we begin to feel this sort of thing, and feel it very deeply.

If you would try to make the world the better for your having lived in it, or mankind regret when you are gone, you will have to get outside of yourselves and resolve to do something to make the load of life easier upon the backs of others.

— *Ashton C. Shallenberger.*

## THE TRUE GREATNESS OF AMERICA

It was ours to lead the way, — to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. Our virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified by circumstances so new and peculiar.

— *William Henry Seward.*

## A NOBLE LETTER TO A NOBLE MOTHER

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

TO MRS. BIXBY: Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty

That hangs his head, an' a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by;

We dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,

Our toils obscure, an' a' that;

The rank is but the guinea's stamp —  
The man's the gowd for a' that !

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray, an' a' that ;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —  
A man's a man, for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that ;  
Their tinsel show an' a' that,  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that !

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might —  
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities, an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It's comin' yet, for a' that —  
That man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

— *Robert Burns.*

## THE COURAGE OF AN OBSCURE LIFE

The merit of the great is known to men; the merit of the humble is known to God alone.

Let me take for example, the lives of my own parents; for in describing them I shall doubtless be describing the parents of a great many of my readers. They lived a long while ago, and for the most part among rural communities. The conveniences which we take for granted in the general life of to-day, such as telephones, electric light, rapid transit, the frequent delivery of mails, and so forth, were, of course, quite unknown. Only in a few great cities did public libraries exist; there was not one to be found in the smaller towns. Books were expensive; they were practically the privilege of the rich. Means of locomotion were exceedingly imperfect. To live in a rural community was to be practically exiled from all the larger forms of life.

To the best of my remembrance, my parents never took a holiday. They saw nothing of friends and relations a hundred miles away. Not only the great cities of Europe, but the great cities of their own country were to them mere geographical expressions. They never looked upon a great picture, heard a great musical performance, or witnessed a great national pageant. That knowledge of the world which is conveyed to-day to the loneliest hamlet by the means of great newspapers and magazines, was denied to them, for the age of the popular press had not arrived. Here then were lives thoroughly acquainted with

obscurity, and so limited in range that it is difficult to think of them without commiseration.

How were such lives lived? They were passed in a round of duties, as noble as any duties that man can perform in the highest sphere of living. There were children to be trained and educated, neighbors to be visited in sickness and helped in misfortune, many tasks that had a direct bearing on the communal welfare to be accomplished. Every day brought its duties, some of them difficult enough. There was, for example, that daily heroic struggle to make the most of narrow means, which might have proved a puzzling problem to a financier of empire. And there was a standard of virtue, integrity, and character to be maintained which might have tasked the energies of the greatest public moralist. And there was also a daily effort to concentrate the rays of intelligence, to manufacture knowledge out of scant material, which might have baffled the most industrious philosopher.

How great the courage, the patience the persistence needed for living like that! On a broader stage such qualities might be more conspicuous, but they could not be more real. The cell of coral, built with its exquisite precision of geometric design, is as much a work of art as the dome of St. Peter's in Rome. People better known than my parents have passed across the world amid general applause, but people better in themselves never have. The total effect of what they were and did is a question of scale; the intrinsic quality of their lives puts them among the heroic. To the eye of the world I may have gone much further than they, and annexed realms they never

heard of; but if I begin to measure achievement by opportunity, I am, and must always remain, inferior to them. It took greater qualities to live their lives than it does to lead mine, for theirs were much more difficult to live than mine.

I have said that it is difficult to think of lives like these without a sense of commiseration, but is not this because, instead of judging such lives by their own standards, we apply to them the standards of our own lives, which are so different? A man who has grown up in an age of marvellous mechanical and engineering achievements, which have made all nations neighbors, will naturally regard the isolated life with pity; but those who lived before the age of Cook's excursions found it no hardship to do without them. We have broadened the area of our sensations; but the prime material of sensation remains much the same. It is much to see Rome and the Alps; but a man's Rome, if he choose to make it so, may be the nearest market town, and his Matterhorn may be the green hill behind his house, which he climbs at evening for the love of ampler air. The same star of evening hangs over each, the same sunrise makes each beautiful; and the sensations provoked by each are not radically different.

We greatly misread the obscure and humble life when we forget that it is possible for the humblest life to sound the whole vast gamut of human emotion. Hope and fear, love, sorrow, and affection; the reaching out of the heart toward beautiful ideals, the agonies of loss and disappointment, the bright ecstatic hours of triumph, are found in all lives. The man who has

saved his first thousand dollars by years of frugality has as real a sensation of wealth as the multi-millionaire; and kings weeping for lost kingdoms shed no more tragic tears than the workman who has lost his job. The physical dimensions of a life count for nothing; it is the quality of the drama that is everything. We live in thoughts and feelings, and the obscurest life has room enough for faith and devotion, fortitude and patience, love and death.

Life is always, in the last analysis, an affair of the spirit. Outward conditions, being wholly relative, are of inferior importance. The one thing needful is to let spiritual rather than material aims rule and guide us. The purpose of life is self-development; the secret of life is equipoise; the triumph of life is spiritual integrity. So long as these ends are reached it does not much matter what the exterior environment of our lives may be. It is enough if we are willing to make them the chief ends of existence; the mode of their expression will take care of itself.

If I have touched upon the fortitude and heroism of obscure lives it is that I may vindicate the greatness of man under whatsoever garb of circumstance; and it is also, because in an age of splendid materialism, it is more than ever necessary to assert that man can always be greater than his environment. Circumstances are but the frame of the picture, which can make it neither bad nor good. The great thing is the picture itself — how to design it with a lofty art, how to make it the interpretation of lofty ideals, and how to make it glow with eternal colors.

— *W. J. Dawson.*



## WHY WE CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY

We celebrate the Fourth of July not only on account of its associations or its glorious traditions, but because on that day a new principle was born among the nations of this age-old world; born of the travail of hope against wrath and wrong. It was the coming of character into the thing called government; the beginning of conscience in the ruling of peoples; aye, of the consciousness of conscience in the dealing of peoples, one with the other.

This conception transcends the political; it goes beyond mere patriotism. It is the voice of the race, humanity articulate in its broadest sense. It is the spirit and the soul of America heralding the UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD; foreshadowing a universal Declaration of Independence.

It is the world's holiday — holy day, in a way — as much as our day. It is named for no man, for it is *all* men's day, established in the name of humanity and dedicated by our fathers to the Father of all freedom, the Author of all liberty — God! No other nation was so born.

Indeed, the Fourth of July, 1776, might be called the birthday of the new world. Ours is merely the honor of the place where was inaugurated the kingdom of righteousness and rightfulness among all.

As in all immortal human decrees, there is more to be read between the lines than was actually written in this famous declaration. The ideas which Thomas Jefferson penned have grown with the years. To

Jefferson belongs the glory of having first put into concrete and cohesive form this "guide-book of freedom."

Every citizen of the United States owes a personal service to his country aside from paying taxes or shouldering arms. He can give at least a portion of his time to looking after the stranger, and helping him understand the difference between liberty and loafing. All the states that have received the immigrant intelligently are providing parks, playgrounds, schools and material conveniences for the millions, and bonding their own future to do it. As cities, as states, we may do our work well—but of our work as individuals, there is room for improvement.

We look after the spiritual welfare of the new-comer; we are solicitous of his material welfare; we provide him work, but there still remains an individual responsibility on the part of each and every one of us to give the personal, welcoming word.

Give to them rather the hand-grasp and inspire that self-reliance and self-respect which is the inherent spirit of democracy. Let them feel that priceless boon of *fellowship in citizenship*. The naturalized citizen is subject to the same emotions as you or I, and is as quick to feel the spirit of ostracism, of neglect and unfriendliness, that is even more grinding than tyranny itself.

\* \* \* \* \*

What are the rights and benefits of American citizenship?

The first fundamental right is that every individual should have a direct responsibility in his government,

and this is best obtained by representation of the people; by the little groups gathering together in the spirit of the town meeting and choosing their representatives — holding them to strict accountability.

The benefits are not in the mere accumulation of property — in fact, the poorest of Americans, so far as sharing in the rights and benefits of citizenship is concerned, are among our wealthy people. The benefits are enjoyed when you can go into a park, look upon the public building or upon the great Capitol at Washington and feel "This is mine." We have a share in the ownership of this government, and no lord to the manor born ever had a more rightful title to enjoy the estate of Uncle Sam.

It is impossible to be a good citizen of Boston or of Massachusetts without being first a good citizen of the United States. This was the ideal of Lincoln. To be an American citizen, in the broadest sense of the word, is to be a humanitarian.

— *Joe Mitchell Chapple.*

## THE HERO

What makes a hero? An heroic mind,  
Expressed in action, in endurance proved.  
And if there be preëminence of right,  
Derived through pain well-suffered, to the height  
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved  
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,  
But worse, — ingratitude and poisonous darts  
Launched by the country he had served and loved.

— *Henry Taylor.*

## ALL SOULS

What was his name? I do not know his name.  
I only know he heard God's voice and came,  
    Brought all he loved across the sea,  
    To live and work for God and me ;  
        Felled the ungracious oak ;  
        Dragged from the soil  
        With horrid toil  
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock,  
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side,  
And at the end, without memorial died.  
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame.  
He lived — he died — I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones  
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.  
    Only a cheerful city stands  
    Built by his hardened hands.  
        Only ten thousand homes,  
        Where every day  
        The cheerful play  
Of love and hope and courage comes.  
These are his monument, and these alone.  
There is no form of bronze, and no memorial stone.

And I?  
Is there some desert or some pathless sea  
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?  
    Some oak for me to rend, some sod,  
    Some rock for me to break ;

Some handful of his corn to take  
And scatter far afield,  
To feed the waiting children of my God?  
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea,  
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me.  
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,  
Count me among all Faithful Souls.

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

### I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;  
Those of mechanics — each one singing his, as it should  
be, blithe and strong;  
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or  
beam,  
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or  
leaves off work;  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat —  
the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench — the  
hatter singing as he stands;  
The wood-cutter's song — the ploughboy's, on his way  
in the morning, or at the noon intermission, or at  
sundown;  
The delicious singing of the mother — or of the young  
wife at work — or of the girl sewing or washing —  
Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else;  
The day what belongs to the day — At night, the party  
of young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

— *Walt Whitman.*

evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, rejoiceth in the truth." This is the plain duty of a gentleman.

It is one of the great dangers of the present day that we so often lose sight of this duty. The newspapers and magazines are far more fond of saying bad things about people than of saying good ones. This is not the fault of the newspapers and magazines. It is the fault of their readers. The press gives currency to unproved slanders because the public likes to repeat such things from mouth to mouth without inquiring too closely whether they are true. This habit of tale-telling and tale bearing, if unchecked, is strong enough to undermine the whole foundation on which civilized society rests. People must see that it is their duty to work together and not apart; to find the best in their neighbors instead of the worst; to control wherever it exists the desire to exalt ourselves by defaming somebody else. On that condition, and on that condition only, can we work together as citizens of a free commonwealth. When a democracy frees its members from the burdens of slavery it demands that they accept the obligations of gentlemen.

— *Arthur T. Hadley.*

"MASTERS OF THEIR FATE"

DRAMATIZATION

CHARACTERS

MR. and MRS. BROWN

FRANK BROWN, a boy, applicant for a position

SUSIE BROWN, a schoolgirl

THOMAS SNOW }  
GEORGE BLACK } Frank's friends

MR. and MRS. JAMESON

FREDERICK JAMESON, a boy, applicant for a position

HELEN JAMESON, a schoolgirl

HERBERT BURR }  
NICHOLAS KNIGHT } Frederick's friends

SCENE I

(PLACE, *Sitting-room in the Brown home.* MR. BROWN *is reading*; MRS. BROWN *is sewing*; SUSIE *is studying*. FRANK *bursts into the room. His hat is on the back of his head and he does not remove it.*)

*Frank* Is there any mail for me? Oh, here's a letter from Faulkner and Webster! (*Reads aloud.*)

Dear Mr. Brown:

We should be glad to have you report at our office ready to begin work Monday morning, July 1st, at 8.30. Your salary will be \$10 a week at the start and any increase will be based upon the value of your services to the office.

Very truly yours,  
JOHN FAULKNER.

Well, I've landed the old fellows at last ; but I don't believe I would have been given the job if Uncle Jack hadn't written them. They seem to have a great deal of respect for his opinion. Precious little he knows about me, though.

*Susie* It's lucky for you, Frank, that he does *not* know much about you. What would he think if he heard that you failed to get your diploma?

*Mrs. Brown* There, there, Susie! you're always picking upon Frank. Why can't you children stop your quarrelling?

*Mr. Brown* You'll have to do some hustling, young man, if you manage to please John Faulkner. He's a regular slave-driver. You'll be obliged to work harder than you ever dreamed of, to satisfy Faulkner and Webster.

*Frank* Pshaw! I shall not hurt myself. And I shall get along all right. Mr. Faulkner isn't in the office much of the time, and Mr. Webster looks to me like an easy mark.

*Mr. Brown* Well, you'll deserve a prize if you can outwit John Faulkner. Come, Mother and Susie, it's time that we started for the movies.

(MR. and MRS. BROWN and SUSIE leave the room,  
as THOMAS SNOW and GEORGE BLACK enter.)

*Thomas* Hello, Frank! You found anything yet?  
(FRANK hands him the letter, which he reads aloud.)

*George* Lucky boy! Faulkner and Webster is one of the finest firms in the city. I wish I could have a place there.



*Frank* I suppose it's all right, but I think it's going to be a great shame to be cooped up in an old office just as the baseball season is opening. I shall go to some of the games just the same.

*George* You'll see very few games of ball this summer, my friend.

*Thomas* No, Faulkner and Webster will hold your face so tightly to the grindstone that you wouldn't be able to see a ball after a few weeks in their office.

*Frank* Now, boys, you can make up your mind to this: I'm not going to make a slave of myself for anyone. I shall do enough work to earn my ten dollars a week and I shall take precious good care that I do not do any more than that.

*Thomas* That's the talk! Those heartless old codgers would work any boy to death if he did not protect himself in some way. George, what makes you look so solemn?

*George* I don't believe that we're giving Frank the right kind of talk, if he wants to stay on at Faulkner and Webster's. It surely is a fine office.

*Frank* Oh, don't you worry about me, George. I can get on all right. I know I can pull the wool over John Faulkner's eyes, and that is all that I shall have to do, for Mr. Webster will be easy.

*George* Well, Frank, you may make your plans work, but I doubt it. Good luck to you. I shall be curious to see how you get on. Good-bye.

(*The boys take their leave.*)

## SCENE II

(TIME: *Four weeks later*

PLACE: *Office of Faulkner and Webster*

MR. FAULKNER and MR. WEBSTER are seated in their office.

MR. FAULKNER is reading a letter.)

Mr. Faulkner This is a very serious complaint, Mr. Webster, and one that we must not ignore. Here, read this note.

(MR. WEBSTER reads.)

Messrs. Faulkner & Webster,  
18 Howard Street, New York.

Gentlemen:

I greatly regret the necessity that compels me to report the treatment that I received in your office last Friday afternoon; but, in justice to you gentlemen, by whom I have ever been treated with great courtesy, I feel that I must inform you of the conduct of your office boy during my last visit there. I reached the office at 3 o'clock, as I knew your regular hours, and entered the outer room, which I found open. To my surprise, no one was in either office, although the desks were open and papers were left about as if the room had been suddenly vacated. I sat there waiting fully half an hour before your office boy entered and exclaimed rudely: "How did you get in here?" The boy's manner was so discourteous that I answered shortly that I came through the door. "Well, you have no business to come in here when there was no one in the office," was the next remark. I glanced at the card upon the wall and replied: "There are your office hours and, as the door was open, I walked in." "Well, what do you want?" was the next remark of this young Chesterfield. By this time, I was

thoroughly indignant and said: "I do not wish anything," and left the office.

I have discussed this matter with Mr. Caldwell and we have decided to place our business in the hands of a firm which safeguards the interests of its clients more carefully, and one in which the employes treat visitors with absolute courtesy. You will, therefore, kindly close all our accounts and transfer the business of the estate to Messrs. Grey and Johnson, 17 Park Row, at your earliest convenience.

Regretting the necessity of taking this step, I am

Very truly yours,

HENRIETTA CALDWELL.

*Mr. Faulkner (angrily)* This is the result of engaging a boy on the recommendation of a relative! I have distrusted this young fellow from the first. He came here, evidently, with absolutely no correct ideas as to work or responsibility and with no home training in the fundamentals of character. His parents are as much to be blamed as the boy. But the fact remains that he is an utter failure and we must rid ourselves of him. We will make short work of his case.

*(He rings the bell. FRANK enters the room.)*

Frank, you may stop at the book-keeper's desk on your way out and he will pay you two weeks' salary. You need not return to the office and may consider yourself discharged from our employ at once.

*Frank (blusteringly)* Why, what have I done?

*Mr. Faulkner* It would be a waste of words, Frank, to tell you.

*(He turns aside and opens his desk.)*

*Mr. Webster* Frank, I will tell you what you have done. Your discourteous treatment of a valued client has caused her to withdraw her business from our firm, which means a financial loss of a good many hundred dollars a year to us. This, however, is not so greatly to be deplored as is the loss of the good name of our firm for courtesy and trustworthiness. You were left in entire charge here, Monday, while Mr. Faulkner and I were away, and the lady who visited the office during the afternoon found both private rooms open — even our desks were open — thus exposing papers of the greatest importance to the inspection of anyone who might stray in. This one incident might give our firm a reputation for carelessness which would soon close our office. A chain is not stronger than its weakest link and any business is at the mercy of its humblest employe. The name Faulkner and Webster has stood for absolute courtesy and reliability, but you can see from this letter that a firm's good name can be injured in one hour by the action of an irresponsible clerk.

(MR. WEBSTER *hands* FRANK *Mrs. Caldwell's letter, which he reads and sullenly returns.*)

*Mr. Webster* Frank, you had not been in this office one day before we saw that you were not the kind of young man that we wished to keep here, in fact that we must employ in this work. In many trifling ways you showed that you were not absolutely reliable, and, although you were sufficiently courteous to Mr. Faulkner and myself, we saw symptoms of a tendency to discourtesy in your manner towards the other



MASTERS OF THEIR FATE



employes which made us suspect that your veneer of courtesy was very thin. You will probably tell your friends that you were discharged at Faulkner and Webster's because they found that you went to a ball-game in their absence; but I hope I can make you understand that you are discharged because you would be a dangerous man in any office. The events rehearsed in this letter convict you of being disloyal, untrustworthy, a thief of time, and discourteous. You evidently entered upon work here without any definite aim or ambition, except to draw your ten dollars a week. You saw no future, grasped at no opportunities. Your deepest thought was given to the problem of how to "get by" with a minimum amount of work. Unless you change your ways entirely, and all your thought in regard to your work, you are marked "Failure" as surely as if the word were imprinted upon your forehead.

(MR. WEBSTER *motions towards the door* and FRANK *leaves the room.*)

### SCENE III

(*A living-room in the home of the Jamesons. MR. JAMESON is reading; MRS. JAMESON is sewing; and HELEN is studying. FREDERICK comes in gaily.*)

*Frederick* Good luck at last! Hear this letter from Faulkner and Webster, all you good people.

Dear Mr. Jameson: We have been considering your application for a position in our office, and are pleased to say that, as the firm for which you have worked

through the summer has given you a favorable recommendation, we shall be glad to have you report at our office on Monday, Sept. 1st, at 8.30. Your salary will be \$10 a week at the start, and its increase will depend on your service to the firm.

Very truly yours,  
JOHN FAULKNER.

*Helen* Oh, isn't that fine, Freddie! Faulkner and Webster are so — so gilt-edged! I mean their name always stands for quality, for something that is fine, solid and reliable.

*Mr. Jameson* This is indeed good news, Frederick. Nothing you could have told me would please me more. The salary is of small account compared with the advantages of working for a firm whose name is a synonym for reliability and honorable, courteous dealing. It is a liberal education for a young man to be associated with such men and such a business.

*Mrs. Jameson* O Frederick! What an opportunity! It will mean everything to you, my boy, to be associated in your work with men of such character and intelligence! The opportunities for growth and advancement in that office will be many and great. You must prove to Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Webster that you are worth helping and they will gladly assist you. Give them the very best that is in you.

(HERBERT BURR and NICHOLAS KNIGHT enter.)

*Frederick* Good luck at last, boys! I am to begin work at Faulkner and Webster's on Monday.

*Herbert* Good news, old chap! That is a fine



place. None better. And you're just the fellow to seize upon all the chances you will have there.

*Nicholas* Congratulations, Fred. A man who gets on at Faulkner and Webster's has his future all mapped out for him.

*Frederick* I do hope that I can please them. I'm going to brush up in my stenography and I shall take some evening courses in English composition and French, as I don't want to be too much of an ignoramus in so fine an office as that. Then, too, I shall need the very best English that I can possibly acquire in order to do the work; and while I was in there yesterday I noticed that Mr. Faulkner sent out to another department to have a letter written in French. I should like to show them that I can do that work. Then, too, I want to take a thorough course in book-keeping, as a knowledge of that may be useful to me later on. There will be no end of ways in which I can help in the office after I once get the hang of things, and I can learn something there every moment if I keep my eyes and ears open.

#### SCENE IV

(PLACE: *Office of Faulkner and Webster.*

TIME: *Six months later.*

MR. FAULKNER and MR. WEBSTER are discussing  
FREDERICK.)

*Mr. Faulkner* Did you notice how Frederick managed to secure that Monroe business the day we were away from the office?

*Mr. Webster* That boy is the most promising one that we have ever had. He actually shows initiative. Think how he called our attention to the Lucas business, and has shown again and again that he can assume responsibility. I did not know until to-day that the boy was taking courses in economics and business law, and was thoroughly surprised when he told us where to find the authorities in the Mills case. He is worth any salary that our office can give him.

*Mr. Faulkner* Well said, Mr. Webster, and I know that I am only voicing your thought when I say that we should raise his salary now and give him the opportunity to prepare himself to take Mr. Moore's position when he leaves us next year. (*Calls Frederick in.*) Come here, Frederick, we have something that we wish to talk over with you.

(*FREDERICK enters the room and MR. WEBSTER and MR. FAULKNER motion smilingly toward a chair.*)

— *Mary A. Laselle.*

## BACKBONE

What sacrifices are you willing to make to attain your ambition? Are you willing to forego the hundred and one little desires that you have been accustomed to gratify? How much criticism, misunderstanding, abuse, can you stand? If you are willing to pay the price for the thing your ambition calls for, no matter how forbidding your environment, how discouraging your outlook, or what obstacles bar the way, you will reach your goal.

— *Orison Swett Marden.*

## PLAIN BOB AND A JOB

Bob went lookin' for a job —

Didn't want a situation ; didn't ask a lofty station :

Didn't have a special mission for a topnotcher's  
position ;

Didn't have such fine credentials — but he had the  
real essentials —

Had a head that kept on workin' and two hands that  
were not shirkin' ;

Wasn't either shirk or snob ;

Wasn't Mister — just plain Bob,

Who was lookin' for a job.

Bob went lookin' for a job ;

And he wasn't scared or daunted when he saw a sign —  
“Men Wanted.”

Walked right in with manner fittin' up to where the  
Boss was sittin',

And he said : “My name is Bob, and I'm lookin' for  
a job ;

“And if you're the Boss that hires 'em, starts 'em  
workin' and that fires 'em,

“Put my name right down there, Neighbor, as a candi-  
date for labor ;

“For my name is just plain Bob,

“And my pulses sort o' throb

“For that thing they call a job.”

Bob kept askin' for a job,

And the Boss, he says : “What kind?” And Bob  
answered ; “Never mind ;

"For I am not a bit partic'ler and I never was a stickler  
"For proprieties in workin' — if you got some labor  
lurkin'

"Anywhere around about kindly go and trot it out.

"It's a job I want, you see —

"Any kind that there may be

"Will be good enough for me."

Well, sir, Bob he got a job.

But the Boss went 'round all day in a dreamy sort of  
way ;

And he says to me: "By thunder, we have got the  
world's Eighth Wonder!

"Got a feller name of Bob, who just asked me for a job —

"Never asks when he engages about overtime in wages ;

"Never asked if he'd get pay by the hour or by the  
day ;

"Never asked me if it's airy work and light and sani-  
tary ;

"Never asked me for my notion of the chances of  
promotion ;

"Never asked for the duration of his annual vacation ;

"Never asked for Saturday half-a-holiday with pay ;

"Never took me on probation till he tried the situation ;

"Never asked me if it's sittin' work or standin', or  
befittin'

"Of his birth and inclination — he just filed his appli-  
cation,

"Hung his coat up on a knob,

"Said his name was just plain Bob —

"And went workin' at a job!"

— *James W. Foley.*

## ONE GOOD TURN

*A Boy Scout Story*

It was raining a mild summer drizzle that evening as Bunny picked his dismal way to the patrol meeting at the clubhouse.

The outlook was as damp and dark as the skies. The invitation to come to Lakeville had been well received and, in spite of the season, it was certain that a fair crowd would be on hand; yet the promised rest-room seemed absolutely impossible. As a last resort Bunny had appealed to Mr. Sefton, but that usually open-handed person had drawn the line at providing the necessary fifty dollars.

"I am not a Christmas-tree," he had told the patrol leader candidly, "and I do not propose to be taken for one. I want to help you boys as much as I can, but this man Vanderlip evidently thinks he can gouge me through you. I am bound to show him that he cannot."

To add to the gloom, Jump walked a block of the distance with Bunny and once more expressed his contempt for the whole Scout idea.

"It's all foolishness," he sneered. "Look at this 'good turn' business. What does it get you? Not a thing. You do good turns for people, and they think you are easy. So they jump in and do you a bad turn, because they think you don't know enough to take care of yourself."

Bunny tried to argue with Jump, but his heart was not in what he said. Wasn't Jump right, after all, or,

at least, wasn't he partly right? Here the whole eight of them had been working with might and main to do a good turn for the town, a good turn that was about as unselfish as any good turn could be; and now, instead of pushing the work along, one of the persons to be benefited by the bigger, better, busier Lakeville was taking an unfair advantage of their position.

He felt sick of the whole affair. For a moment, he wished he were well out of it.

There was no cheer in the rest of the patrol, either. They gave the Scout yell without zest or snap, and slumped disconsolately in their chairs when Mr. Stanton rose to address them.

"I am going to speak to you," the scout master began, "about the rest-room. You know better than I how you worked to make it possible; how the movement started; how new difficulties sprang up at every turn; how you were finally refused the use of the Vanderlip building without payment of rent."

"You bet we do," remarked Specs, as Mr. Stanton paused.

The man smiled. "Well, now that these points are clear in your minds, I want to tell you a little story. Let me start in the good old-fashioned way. Once upon a time, then, two Scouts were talking.

"I wish," said one of them, "that I owned the store we want for a rest-room, don't you?"

"Don't I, though?" agreed the other. "I'd like to do a good turn by giving it to the town. That would be a good turn worth while. Everybody would thank you. People would look up to you. They'd

like you, and they'd go out of their way to do things for you. You'd get paid for a good turn like that.'

"'I didn't mean it that way,' the first boy objected. 'You don't do good turns for rewards. And I don't own any store building, of course, and I haven't money enough to rent that one; no boy has. But — well, I guess you and I and the other fellows ought to forget about Mr. Vanderlip and remember what all the other folks offered to do for us.'

"'I think,' said the second boy dispassionately, 'they were a little foolish to make those sacrifices, because now we can't ever start the rest-room in payment. And I say that the only good turn is the one that gets you something.'

"'Every good turn gets you something, sooner or later,' his companion argued. 'Maybe not right away and not directly, but —'

"'Prove it!' snapped the other. 'I don't believe it.'

"Then they both probably forgot all about the discussion, because they saw a man driving past. He was a man who didn't like boys; he didn't know them well enough, perhaps. Anyhow, he was about the last person in the world either of the Scouts wanted to help.

"And it happened just then that he needed help, too. A bolt had dropped from the shafts of his carriage, and, unless this was called to his attention, an accident would surely happen. The boy who wanted to get something definite for each good turn stood stock still. The other ran after the man and called his attention to the lost bolt.

"The man merely grunted, without even saying 'thank you.' He didn't offer any reward for the

good deed; the boy had known he would not. But he repaired the damage and drove on.

"Just the same, the kindness began to warm the cockles of his heart. The sun seemed a little brighter, and the world cleaner and better. He felt different, somehow. And a little later, when he met a doctor with whom he had disagreed earlier in the day, he pulled up and told him that he had decided not to close the short-cut road across his farm, after all, as he had threatened to do, but that he would leave it open, for the doctor to drive over as often as he pleased.

"The doctor needed just that little encouragement. Things hadn't been going right with him that day, and he had begun to despair of human nature. But now he said, 'Why, down at heart, people are good, of course. What have I been thinking of?' And he touched up his horse and whistled all the way home.

"As he was unhitching, a young fellow of about twenty went tramping dejectedly past his house, casting furtive glances here and there. The doctor felt so elated over his discovery that the world was still good that he wanted to do something for somebody. So he called the lad into the yard and offered him a bench to rest on and some apples to eat.

"It wasn't much, of course, but it seemed a lot to the young fellow, who was out of work, and who was facing the first real crisis of life. That little kindness worked a miracle. Never mind what was in the boy's heart to do; he didn't do it. He had a long talk with the doctor, instead, and he borrowed enough money to take him to the city, away from the temptation that had been gnawing at his heart.



"Better yet, his whole nature seemed changed. He was glad he was alive, and he knew he could make good where he was going. He hummed a little tune as he walked to the station, head up and chest out.

"On the train, he found a seat next to a prosperous business man who had been brought up in that section of the country. But this man's memories of the people there were unpleasant, and he told the young fellow he couldn't remember a single good thing about the locality.

"How about the apples?" grinned the boy, and gave him one of the doctor's to eat.

"The man said nothing. But he munched the apple slowly. It was a good apple, sure enough, and it brought back recollections of other good apples he had eaten there years before, and of the people who had given them to him. As he ate it slowly and silently, his heart mellowed, till in the end he had changed all his views just by thinking of the good people and the good deeds and forgetting all about the other kind.

"He felt so pleased, so in tune with the world, that at the very next station he got out and telegraphed his agent to extend a certain mortgage he had left instructions to foreclose. Where that good turn eventually ended would make another story.

"As he was walking back to his coach from the telegraph station, he heard a dog whining and howling in the baggage car. He knew animals, and he loved them. Because he couldn't bear to think of one suffering, he asked to be allowed to see it.

"It seemed the dog wouldn't eat or drink. The

baggage men didn't know what to do, and they were glad enough to have him examine the dog.

"Well, it turned out that the animal had a bit of sharp wire stuck in his mouth. The man worked with it till the train reached the next station, and by that time he had extracted the ugly prong from the dog's jaw. The dog wagged its tail by way of dumb appreciation, and the man patted its head and smiled himself, quite as if somebody had done something for him.

"Back in the train, he found its owner, who was naturally very grateful. He might even have offered a reward if the man had not explained.

"'You see,' he said, 'it was just a kindness I was passing along. Somebody did something for me, and I wanted to do something for somebody else.'

"This made the owner of the dog feel good, too. The men began to talk, and the one who had passed along the kindness told the other about this section of the country and particularly about this town. He told how the Boy Scouts were striving to make it bigger, better, and busier. Since he had boarded the train, you see, he had suddenly become proud of his home locality; it seemed to him now that everything was finer there than it was anywhere else — the people, the land, the spirit, and maybe the apples he had almost forgotten.

"He mentioned the campaign for a rest-room in Lakeville and Mr. Vanderlip's refusal of the use of his building without rent. If he could only afford it, he said, he'd put up the rent himself for a year or more.

"The owner of the dog heard him out. He thought

of a good turn he would like to do himself; thought of it, you see, because of the warm pulse of good cheer that was flowing through his veins. But he did not talk about what was in his mind.

"The next day, though, he caught a train for Lakeville. He wanted to be sure the other man's happiness had not misled him in his glowing statements about the good the Boy Scouts were doing. He talked to the business men about you. All of them seemed to have good turns to pass along. The farmer who had lost a bolt was not the least of these. The doctor offered to help. Everybody seemed willing to give of his time and money for the cause, and everybody said he was doing it without wanting any such rewards as even the mention of his name in connection with the project. In short, they were guaranteeing the rent of Mr. Vanderlip's store for one full year.

"Then, the man told me, he was sure of his ground. He knew all he wanted to know, and he revealed his identity. He was Mr. Vanderlip himself. He had come to Lakeville for the purpose, if the Scouts' intentions warranted the action, of offering his building, rent free, for as long a time as the rest-room should be conducted."

It was Specs who came to his feet like a jumping-jack.

"Fellows," he shouted, "let's shake the shingles for Mr. Vanderlip!"

If the booming cheer did not actually shake the shingles of the clubhouse, it was only because the Scouts had nailed them so firmly in place that no explosion could move them.

Mr. Stanton held up his hand. "Just one word more," he begged. "Mr. Vanderlip asked me to say that the offer of his store building was really due to the boy who wanted to prove — and has proved — that good turns come home, like chickens, to roost. That boy, according to the farmer who lost a bolt, is our patrol leader."

Bunny squirmed in his seat. His cheeks got very red. He remembered his doubt about good turns that didn't seem exactly worth while. He looked with blurring eyes at Mr. Stanton, at the other Scouts, at the receipt for "good turn" rent of the Vanderlip building. Then his heart began to churn so madly with pure happiness that he couldn't have said a single word if somebody had offered him a million dollars.

— *Leslie Quirk.*

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

Yon stars stand sentry at the doors of dawn ;  
Yon bars break empires ; kings in vain  
Shall rave and thunder at Freedom's fane,  
Till the stars leave heaven and the bars be gone.  
Then wave, O flag, like the waves of the sea ;  
Curve as the waves curve, wild and free,  
And cover the world. Exult in the sun,  
But thunder and threaten where the black clouds run.  
And the years shall be yours while the eons roll ;  
Ay, yours till the heavens be rolled as a scroll.

— *Joaquin Miller.*

## FOUNDATION STONES OF LIFE

## CHARACTER

The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual.

— *Charles Sumner.*

Character gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs. — *Emerson.*

Fine natures are like fine poems; a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you if you read on. — *Bulwer-Lytton.*

Give me the character and I will foretell the event. Character, it is said, is "victory organized." — *Bovee.*

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus of his own soul. — *Sir J. Stevens.*

Not in the clamor of the crowded streets;  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat. — *Long.*

Character is higher than intellect. — *Emerson.*

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested. — *Lowell.*

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character. — *Ségur.*

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed. — *Anon.*

Many men build as cathedrals were built, the part nearest the ground finished ; but the part that soars towards Heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete. — *Beecher*.

Man is the architect of Circumstance. — *Carlyle*.

Formed on the good old plan.

A true and brave and downright honest man.

— *Whittier*.

Nothing endures but personal qualities.

— *Walt Whitman*.

Character makes its own destiny.

— *Mrs. Campbell Praed*.

The great hope of society is individual character.

— *Channing*.

Character must be kept bright as well as keen.

— *Chesterfield*.

Our character is our will ; for what we will we are.

— *Cardinal Manning*.

Weakness of character is the only defect that cannot be amended. — *Rochevoucauld*.

No change of circumstance can remedy a defect of character. — *Emerson*.

Happiness is not the end of life ; character is.

— *Beecher*.

You must look *into* people as well as *at* them.

— *Chesterfield*.

In this world a man must either be hammer or anvil.

— *Selected*.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone. — *Bartol*.

Character is moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. — *Emerson*.

## A MAN

A man has fallen. I do not mean a mere human animal. I speak of that which God meant when he said, "Let us make man in Our image." A man that has a mind and uses it. A man that has a heart and yields to it. A man that shapes his circumstances. A man that cares not for himself. A man with the simplicity and the directness of a child. A man in justice, in generosity, in magnanimity. A man to meet emergencies. A man to dare and to bear. A man of love. — *George Washington Doane*.

## THE USE OF LIFE

We have but one life to live on this spinning globe. Let us disdain to be content with aught but the best it affords. Let our lives be rich with ideals of truth and honor and with the accumulated splendors and inspirations of all the ages.

— *Richard Watson Gilder*.

## THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER

## FIRST VOICE

What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?  
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?  
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

## SECOND VOICE

The stars are clear above me, scarcely one  
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;  
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge,  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge.

## FIRST VOICE

Look forth again, O watcher on the tower!  
The people wake and languish for the hour;  
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine  
For the full daylight which they know must shine.

## SECOND VOICE

I see not well, — the morn is cloudy still, —  
There is a radiance on the distant hill;  
Even as I watch the glory seems to grow;  
But the stars blink, and the night breezes blow.

## FIRST VOICE

And is that all, O watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain-copes,  
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?



## SECOND VOICE

A mist envelopes them, I cannot trace  
Their outline ; but the day comes on apace.  
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks.

## FIRST VOICE

We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower ;  
But look again ; and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest, — many of us die  
Ere the day comes ; O, give us a reply !

## SECOND VOICE

I see the hill-tops now ; and Chanticleer  
Crows his prophetic carol in mine ear ;  
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,  
And Ocean gleaming in the light of morn.

## FIRST VOICE

Again, — again, — O watcher on the tower !  
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,  
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be  
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free ?

## SECOND VOICE

I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,  
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong  
As of a lark, — young prophet of the noon, —  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune.

## FIRST VOICE

What doth he say, O watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,  
Filled with the glories of the future time?

## SECOND VOICE

He prophesies; his heart is full; his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day, —  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm.

## FIRST VOICE

We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,  
And Right shall rule supreme and vanquish Wrong?

## SECOND VOICE

He sings of brotherhood and joy and peace,  
Of days when hate and jealousies shall cease;  
When war shall die and man's progressive mind  
Soar as unfettered as its God designed.

## FIRST VOICE

Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!  
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it; tell us, yet again,  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?

## SECOND VOICE

It breaks, — it comes, — the misty shadows fly ; —  
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky ;  
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear ;  
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near.

— *Charles Mackay.*

## “I BELIEVE”

I believe in my Country and her destiny,  
In the great dream of her founders,  
In her place among the nations,  
In her ideals ;  
I believe that her democracy must be protected,  
Her privileges cherished,  
Her freedom defended ;  
That, humbly before the Almighty,  
But proudly before all mankind,  
We must safeguard her standards,  
The vision of her Washington,  
The martyrdom of her Lincoln,  
The patriotism of her Minute Men and the Boys in  
Blue  
Of her glorious Past.  
I believe  
In loyalty to my country,  
Utter, irrevocable, inviolate.

— *Elias Lieberman.*

## WHY AMERICA IS AT WAR

Primarily, every man who crosses the ocean to fight on foreign soil against the armies of the German Emperor goes forth to fight for his country, and for the preservation of those things for which our forefathers were willing to die. To those who thus offer themselves we owe the same debt that we owe to those men who in the past fought on American soil in the cause of liberty. No, not the same debt, but a greater one. It calls for more patriotism, more self-denial, and a truer vision, to wage war on distant shores than to repel an invader or defend one's home. The young men who have gone forth to fight for their country have done a splendid thing. They have earned already the gratitude of their countrymen and of generations of Americans to come. Their battle-flags will become the cherished trophies of a nation which will never forget those who bore them in the cause of liberty.

No thought of material gain and no thought of material loss impelled this action. Inspired by the highest motives, American manhood prepared to risk all for the right. I am proud of my country. I am proud of my countrymen. I am proud of our national character. With lofty purpose, with patriotic fervor, with intense earnestness the American democracy has drawn the sword, which it will not sheathe until the baneful forces of absolutism go down defeated and broken.

Who can longer doubt — and there have been many who have doubted in these critical days — the power

of that eternal spirit of freedom which lives in every true American?

It is to this great cause that hundreds of thousands of loyal Americans have dedicated themselves. These patriots are going forth into foreign lands, not only as guardians of the flag of their country and of the liberties of their countrymen, but as guardians of the national honor of the United States. American character will be judged by their conduct; American spirit, by their deeds. We believe and know that they will bring glory to the flag which we all love as the emblem of our national unity and independence.

It is in the toil and danger of so great an adventure as our soldiers and sailors are to experience that a man's true character will become manifest. He will be brought face to face with the realities. The little things which once engrossed his thought and called forth his energies will be forgotten in the stern events of his new life. The sternness of it will not deprive him of the satisfaction which comes from doing his best. As he found gratification and joy in the peaceful pursuits of the old life, so will he find a deeper gratification and greater joy in serving his country loyally and doing his part in molding the future aright.

— *Robert Lansing.*

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF MANKIND

The free peoples of the world must draw together in some common covenant, some genuine and practical coöperation that will in effect combine their force to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another.

The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase; it must be given a structure of force and reality. The nations must realize their common life and effect a workable partnership to secure that life against the aggressions of autocratic and self-pleasing power.

For these things we can afford to pour our blood and treasure. For these are the things we have always professed to desire, and unless we pour out blood and treasure now and succeed, we may never be able to unite or show conquering force again in the great cause of human liberty.

The day has come to conquer or submit. If the forces of autocracy can divide us, they will overcome us; if we stand together, victory is certain, and the liberty which victory will secure. We can afford, then, to be generous, but we cannot afford, then or now, to be weak or omit any single guarantee of justice and security.

— *Woodrow Wilson.*

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS AT THE  
TOMB OF WASHINGTON, JULY 4TH, 1918

Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps and my Fellow-Citizens — I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago, when General Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation.

From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement.

A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiring associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies around us and conceive anew the purpose that must set men free.

It is significant — significant of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting

afoot — that Washington and his associates, like the barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking, not of themselves and of the material interests which centred in the little groups of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them.

They entertained no private purpose, desired no peculiar privilege. They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of freemen. And we take our cue from them — do we not? We intend what they intended.

We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planted. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation what shall make not only the liberties of America secure, but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled once for all what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw to-day.

This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to



look out upon our task that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world — not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others also who suffered under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and every part of the world — the peoples of stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of governments who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; governments which fear their people and yet are for the time their sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power — governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The past and the present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-

way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace :

1. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world ; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence..

2. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

3. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another ; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

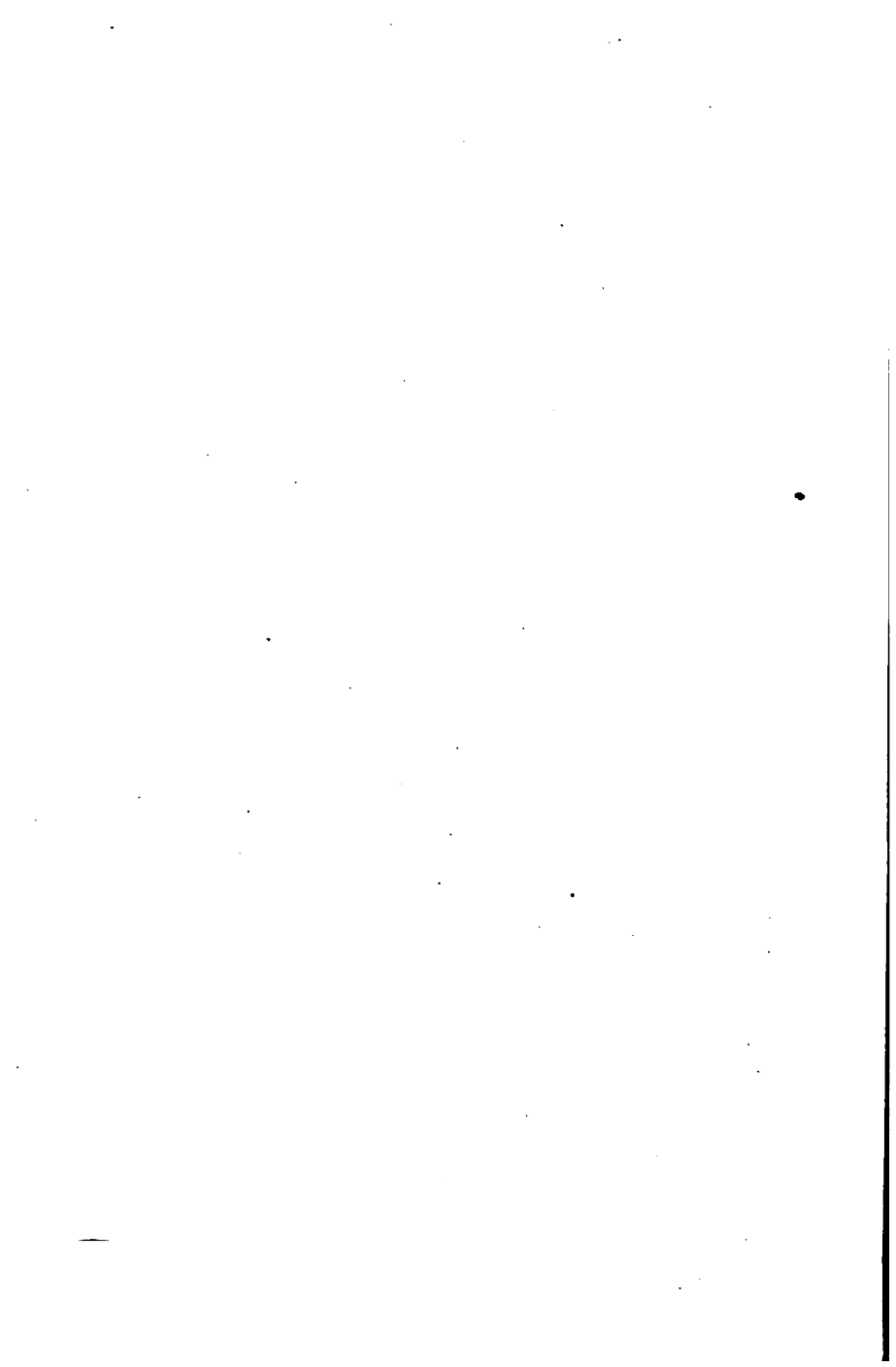
4. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I cannot but fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own peoples as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak — speak proudly and with confident hope — of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have aroused forces they know little of — forces which, once aroused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!

— *Woodrow Wilson.*



## NOTES

**Hymn of American Pioneers** is by Walt Whitman, an American poet (1819-1892), who wrote many verses in a style that is striking and original. He is best known to young people by his fine poem, "O Captain, My Captain", which he composed upon the death of Abraham Lincoln.

**Playing Pilgrims** is the first chapter in "Little Women", a book which is probably the most effective description of American home life ever written. Louisa M. Alcott (1852-1888) in this volume reached the hearts of all her readers with the powerful touch of genius. The life described is a natural, wholesome one, in a simple home, but the story is told in a style that makes it a joy and an inspiration. After reading "Little Women" we shall wish to read "Little Men", "Jo's Boys", "An Old-Fashioned Girl", "Eight Cousins", "Rose in Bloom", "Under the Lilacs" and "Jack and Jill"; besides the "Spinning-Wheel Stories", the "Proverb Stories", "Silver Pitchers" and "A Garland for Girls." In fact, we shall not be satisfied until we have made the acquaintance of all the Alcott books, for they are, one and all, delightful reading, and the author is known as the most popular American writer of books for boys and girls.

**The Love of Home**, by Daniel Webster (1782-1852), describes with tenderness and reverence the humble home of the parents of the great orator in Salisbury, New Hampshire.

**Famous Homes in Literature** are painted in those magic colors which only an artist in words can use. Countless readers have entered these homes with keen delight as they turned the pages of Longfellow, Dickens and Irving. "The Home of Little Nell" is from "The Old Curiosity Shop", and "Boffin's Bower" is from "Our Mutual Friend."

**Work and Play at Walden**, from "Walden: a Tale of Life in the Woods", by Henry D. Thoreau, is intensely interesting as we hoe

the beans or listen to the birds and squirrels or look out upon the lovely blue waters of the pond with this nature-lover. His experience of two years of life in this hut by Walden Pond — years in which he was alone, except for an occasional visitor, enabled him to get close to the heart of Nature, and he has recorded his experiences in a style that is as clear as it is beautiful. Some of his other books that young people would enjoy are "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers", "Cape Cod", and "The Maine Woods."

**Stepping-Stones** will delight all the friends of "Jo's Boys" at Plumfield, as they are described in "Little Men", and the method by which Nat was made to see the cruelty and cowardice of lying will impress many a boy.

**I Leave Home** is a chapter from a book for boys, "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger", by a writer who is as popular with boys as he is with grown people. John Masefield is an Englishman who has seen much of life at sea and has had many interesting experiences in different lines of effort. He is the author of many stories, dramas, and poems of worth and distinction.

**The Mother on the Farm**, by Elizabeth McCracken, was written in the course of an investigation of the homes of America that Miss McCracken was making for *The Outlook*.

**An Indian Boy and His Mother** is by a writer, Grace Coolidge, who spent ten years among the Indians in Wyoming and knows thoroughly the characteristics of the Indian of to-day, as he lives upon the Government reservations.

**The Tempest** is from Shakespeare's fascinating fairy tale of Prospero and Miranda, Ariel and Caliban, and all the rest of the group in that island home. Ariel's song,

Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,

suggests the happy termination of all the difficulties of the different characters in the play.

**Tributes to the Home** are selected from the countless flowers of affection that have blossomed about the threshold of Home.

**Being Neighborly** is from "Little Men." It has been said that the original of the attractive Laurie, whose loneliness made such

an appeal to these happy sisters, was a young Polish boy whom Miss Alcott met while abroad.

**The Homes of England** is by Felicia D. Hemans (1793-1835), an English author, who wrote many touching poems of home life. Among her best-known verses is "The Landing of the Pilgrims."

**The Homes of New England**, with its fine sentiments and ringing phrases, fitly follows "The Homes of England." We do not know the author, but the thought expressed is echoed in many hearts.

**The Lost Nation** is from the pen of an author who is an adept in the art of story-telling. Mary E. Waller, the writer of "A Daughter of the Rich", the book from which this selection is taken, is well known by her very popular novel, "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus.'"

**We Are All Here**, by Charles Sprague, an American writer (1791-1875), and **I Remember, I Remember**, by Thomas Hood (1798-1845), "that master of humor and pathos", are poems of home life that should be stored in the memory.

**Damon and Pythias** is another of the famous stories by Louisa M. Alcott. This one is from "Little Men", a book that is possibly as popular with boys as "Little Women" is with girls. It is a description of life in a home school in which there was a very jolly group of young people and the days were filled with happy and healthful activities. The name is taken from a classic friendship of history.

**Man's Faithful Friend** is the celebrated eulogy of the dog which gave a place in literature to George Graham Vest (United States Senator from 1879 to 1903).

**Evening** is by William Cowper (1731-1800), an English poet who wrote many well-known hymns but is remembered especially by the descriptive poem, "John Gilpin."

**April Airs**, by Bliss Carman, a distinguished Canadian writer, brings to us the real atmosphere of spring.

**A Winter Trip to the Mountains** was written by Rudyard Kipling after a journey in zero weather through the mountains of Vermont. This author, one of the most famous of present-day writers, was born in Bombay, India, in 1865, and was educated in England. Mr. Kipling is always original, and all of his prose,

poems and children's tales are written in an individual and convincing style. He is best known by his "Plain Tales from the Hills", "The Jungle Book", "Kim", "Captains Courageous", "Departmental and Other Ditties", "Barrack-Room Ballads", "The Seven Seas", and the majestic "Recessional."

**Nightfall on Mount Mansfield**, by Frank Roland Jewett, depicts in easy, flowing cadences a view in summer of the principal peak of those Green Mountains which Kipling visited in winter.

**A Rescue by Boy Scouts**, by Frank Roy Loope, will be enjoyed by all boys, as it is a good story showing the value of quick wit and resourcefulness, those qualities which the Boy Scout movement does so much toward developing.

**An Airman's Dream** is a word-painting of an exquisite English home. We like to think that war-time aviators have such dreams.

**The Brave Old Oak**, by Henry Chorley (1808-1872), an English writer, and **Woodman, Spare That Tree**, by George P. Morris, an American writer (1802-1864), are poems that we should learn and recall whenever we look up at any staunch old friend among the trees.

**Corny's Catamount** is a story in which the interest never flags. From the moment when Corny's daring project is conceived, to the one in which he disappears with his welcoming mother to be made clean and whole, we are under a spell — the spell of the great storyteller, Louisa M. Alcott. This tale is from the volume called "Spinning-Wheel Stories."

**A Colonial Garden** is a picture in words of the old-time flower beds and sweet-smelling herbs of our great-grandmothers. The author, James B. Kenyon, is especially happy in word-paintings of this kind. He is the author of several volumes of verse which are all characterized by fine feeling and a delicate touch.

**Ranch Life**, by Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885), is by the writer who with voice and pen did so much for the cause of the Indian whose life she has portrayed so pathetically in "Ramona." Mrs. Jackson was the author of many poems, essays and stories. One of her best poems is "October's Bright Blue Weather."

**The Mountains Are a Lonely Folk**, by Hamlin Garland, is one of the most beautiful and original descriptions of those "silent folk" ever written.



**Life on the Prairie** is a true picture of the boyhood of Hamlin Garland. In an autobiographical sketch he tells us that in his tenth year he plowed seventy acres of land. The same industry and resolution, combined with literary talent, have made him one of the noted writers of the time.

**The Air Craft in War Time**, by Lewis W. Smith, brings the glory of the airship and also the tragedy of its use in war time vividly before one.

**The N. B. B. O. O. Society** is a story in Miss Waller's best vein.

**Roland and Oliver** is from a delightful book called "With Spurs of Gold", by Frances N. Greene and Dolly W. Kirk. The classic friendship is one that always appeals to the heart of the reader.

**The Lion that Helped**, by Harriet Pearl Skinner, is from "Boys Who Became Famous Men", one of the best books of its kind.

**The French Boy Who Would be a Soldier** is from "L'Abbé Constantin", by Ludovic Halévy, a French author, who wrote many other good books which have been overshadowed by the enormous success of this one.

**To-Day** is from the pen of a modern author, Angela Morgan, who thinks deeply of the problems of the life of the times and writes of them with force and charm.

"**I Do Love My Country's Good**" are the words of Shakespeare, and this sentiment is nobly expressed in these selections by many other writers and patriots.

**Tributes to the Flag**, by George F. Hoar and President Wilson, are worthy of being memorized.

**The New Young-Old Man** and **File Three** describe the brave young American crusader of whom there were so many thousands in France when these selections were written.

**The Man Without a Country**, by Edward Everett Hale, has fired more souls with a spark of true patriotism than has any other story. Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909) was a clergyman, philanthropist, patriot, author, chaplain of the United States Senate, and the friend of every one. He was universally beloved, and his statue in the Boston Public Garden is almost constantly surrounded by a group of children and adults who have heard or have known personally of Dr. Hale's kindness to all living beings.

**The Address at Gettysburg** should surely become a part of the mental resources of every American boy or girl.

**Lincoln, the Great Commoner**, by Edwin Markham, an American writer who is best known by his poem, "The Man with the Hoe", is one of the greatest poems on Lincoln, as Mr. Markham has had the vision of what the forces were that made Lincoln greater than other men.

**Union** was written for the twenty-seventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, at Washington, June 4th, 1917, by the well-known Southern writer, Virginia Frazer Boyle.

**Washington's Farewell Address** is especially interesting for study and discussion at this period in the history of America. America long and wisely followed this counsel to the infant Republic to avoid European entanglements, but in this mighty world-struggle we can imagine the great soul of Washington rejoicing in General Pershing's words: "Lafayette, we are here."

**True Patriotism**, by Congressman Ashton C. Shallenberger, helps us to understand why Robert Burns is so beloved, and it makes clear what is meant by nationality. It is fitting that this eloquent tribute to the Scotch poet should be followed by his own verses, **A Man's a Man for a' That**.

**The Courage of an Obscure Life**, by W. J. Dawson, is a tender tribute to those brave souls who led useful, happy lives, with none of the luxuries and few of the comforts of modern times. This selection is given as an example of fine literature and also as an antidote to the feeling that one must have many luxuries in order to be happy.

**Why We Celebrate the Fourth of July**, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, an American writer and editor, and **All Souls**, by Edward Everett Hale, cause us to think of the work of the immigrant in developing this country and of the need of the spirit of true brotherhood in our intercourse with these newcomers.

**Moral Duties of a Free Citizen**, by Arthur T. Hadley, President of Yale University, should be read thoughtfully by every boy, for it is the wise counsel of one who has worked for the welfare of many boys.

**Masters of Their Fate**, and **Plain Bob and a Job**, illustrate the successful and the unsuccessful type of employee.

**One Good Turn** causes us to appreciate the Boy Scout movement, and it suggests the wonderful power that is exerted by a single good act.

**Foundation Stones of Life.** These stones are the crystallized wisdom of those who have learned by experience whereof they write.

**The Watcher on the Tower**, by Charles Mackay (1814-1889), the author also of good old "Tubal Cain", although written many years ago, voices very clearly the questions of these times.

**The American Flag** is by Joaquin Miller, whose real name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller (1841-1914), an American poet who is best remembered by his famous verses, "Columbus."

**Why America Is at War**, the **Address at Mount Vernon**, and "**I Believe**" should all be studied carefully, as they are eloquent expressions of the national heart in a tragic and soul-stirring period.



